



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

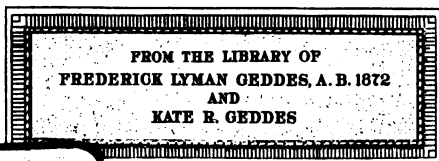
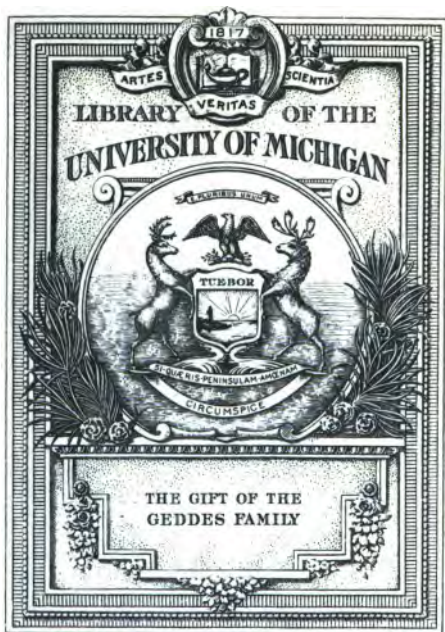
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



822.08

B428









# TAMERLANE.

---

A

TRAGEDY,

By N. ROWE, Esq.

---

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

---

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

*By Permission of the Manager.*

---

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation;"  
And those printed in Italics have been altered from the Original.

---

LONDON :

---

*Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of*  
JOHN BELL, *British Library*, STRAND,  
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

MDCCXCII.

✓



Gift  
Gladstone Family  
4.30.32

---

TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,  
**WILLIAM,**  
LORD MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.  
(Afterwards Duke of Devonshire.)

---

MY LORD,

*EVERY* body is now so full of business, that things of this kind, which are generally taken for the entertainment of leisure hours only, look like impertinence and interruption. I am sure it is a reason why I ought to beg your Lordship's pardon, for troubling you with this tragedy; not but that poetry has always been, and will still be, the entertainment of all wise men, that have any delicacy in their knowledge: yet, at so critical a juncture as this is, I must confess I think your Lordship ought to give entirely into those public affairs, which, at this time, seem to demand you. It is that happy turn which your Lordship has to business; that right understanding of your country's interest, and that constant zeal to pursue it; that just thinking; that strong and persuasive elocution, that firm and generous resolution, which, upon all occasions, you have shewn in parliament; and, to add that which is the crowning good quality, your Lordship's continual adherence, and unshaken

loyalty, to his present majesty, which make you at this time so necessary to the public. I must confess (tho' there is no part in your Lordship's character but what the world should be fond of) I cannot help distinguishing the last instance very particularly. It is doing, methinks, such a justice to goodness, to greatness, and to right reason, that posterity will believe there could be no man of good sense, but what must have agreed with your Lordship in it. When the next age shall read the history of this, what excuse can they make for those who did not admire a prince, whose life has been a series of good offices done to mankind? When they shall reckon up his labours, from the battle of Seneff, to some glorious action, which shall be his last, (and which, I therefore, hope, is very far remov'd from the present time) will they ever believe that he could have been too well loved, or too faithfully served and defended? The great things which he did before we had that immediate interest in him, which we now happily have, is a noble and just subject for panegyric; but as benefits done to others, can never touch us so sensibly as those we receive ourselves, tho' the actions may be equally great; so, methinks, I can hardly have patience to run back to his having saved his own country, when I consider he has since done the same for us; let that be sufficient to us, for all we can say of him, or do for him. What dangers and difficulties has he not struggled through, for the honour

*and safety of these kingdoms? 'Tis a common praise, and what every one speaks, to say, he has continually exposed his life for his people. But there are some things more particular in his character, some things rarely found amongst the policies of princes; a zeal for religion, moderated by reason, without the rage and fire of persecution; a charitable compassion for those who cannot be convinced; and an unalterable perseverance in those principles, of whose truth he is satisfied; a desire of war, for the sake of peace, and of peace, for the good and honour of his subjects, equally with his own; a pious care for composing factions, tho' to foment them might make him arbitrary; and a generous ambition, that only aims at power, to enable him to do good to all the rest of the world. I might add here, that inviolable and religious observance of his royal word, which the best part of the powers of Europe have so frequently, and so happily for themselves, depended upon in the greatest emergencies; but as this virtue is generally reckoned as no more than that common honesty, which the meanest man would blush to be without; so it can hardly claim a place amongst the more particular excellencies of a great prince. It were to be wished, indeed, that the world were honest to such a degree, and that there were not that scandalous defect of common morality. Certainly, nothing can be more shocking to humanity, to the peace and order of the world, nothing can approach nearer to that savage state of*

*nature, in which every man is to eat his fellow, if he can master him, than an avowed liberty of breaking thro' all the most solemn engagements of public faith. 'Tis something that brands a man with an infamy, which nothing can extenuate, or wipe out; he may protest, and pretend to explain his meaning, but the world has generally too much indignation for the affront, to bear it at that easy rate. Ministers and secretaries of state may display their own parts in memorials, with as much pomp and flourish as they please; I fancy the common answer, upon such occasions, will always be, You have deceived us grossly, and we neither can nor will trust you any more. When this vice comes amongst men of the first rank, it is the more shocking, and I could wish there were none such, to whose charge it might be laid.*

*Some people (who do me a very great honour in it) have fancied, that in the person of Tamerlane, I have alluded to the greatest character of the present age. I don't know whether I ought not to apprehend a great deal of danger from avowing a design like that. It may be a task, indeed, worthy the greatest genius, which this, or any other time, has produced; but therefore I ought not to stand the shock of a parallel, lest it should be seen, to my disadvantage, how far the hero has transcended the poet's thought. There are many features, 'tis true, in that great man's life, not unlike his majesty; his courage, his piety, his*



---

*moderation, his justice, and his fatherly love of his people; but above all, his hate of tyranny and oppression, and his zealous care for the common good of mankind, carry a strong resemblance of him. Several incidents are alike in their stories; and there wants nothing to his majesty, but such a deciding victory, as that by which Tamerlane gave peace to the world. That is yet to come; but I hope we may reasonably expect it, from the unanimity of the present parliament, and so formidable a force as that unanimity will give life and vigour to.*

*If your Lordship can find any thing in this poem, like a prince, who is so justly the object of your Lordship's, and indeed of the world's veneration, I persuade myself it will prevail with you to forgive every thing else that you find amiss. You will excuse the faults in writing, for the goodness of the intention. I hope, too, your Lordship will not be displeased, that I take this opportunity of renewing the honour which I formerly had to be known to your Lordship, and which gives me, at once, the pleasure of expressing those just and dutiful sentiments I have for his majesty, and that strong inclination which I have always had, to be thought,*

*My Lord,  
Your Lordship's most obedient  
humble servant,  
N. ROWE.*

---

---

## TAMERLANE.

---

THE prevailing sentiments of this play are lofty and majestic, such as the pomp of Asiatic grandeur may be supposed to furnish to mighty sovereigns, whose hatred is founded upon mutual ambition.

The characters are well contrasted, and oppose each other like contradictory principles, between which all coalition is impracticable. Where clemency is scorn'd, and nothing from the victor is welcom'd but death, there could be no other contrast than dignified serenity and rational rebuke, to insist upon the ravages that tyranny causes in the world, and justify its misery of abasement.

The under plot is tender and affecting. The lovers have our entire sympathy, and their scenes soothe the mind agitated by the tempestuous hurricane of imperial rage.

Much of the play is declamatory—but the easy virtue of TAMERLANE, in the representation, fades before the vicious fierceness of BAJAZET.—Something has been hinted of an intended allusion to the characters of WILLIAM III. and the GRANDE MONARQUE—but the caricature applies as portrait to both—If LOUIS were not a BAJAZET, WILLIAM could only, by the grossest flattery, be resembled to the TIMUR BEG of ROWE.

---

---

## PROLOGUE.

---

*OF all the muse's various labours, none  
Have lasted longer, or have higher flown,  
Than those that tell the fame by ancient heroes won.  
With pleasure, Rome, and great Augustus, heard  
'Arms and the man' sung by the Mantuan bard.  
In spite of time, the sacred story lives,  
And Cæsar and his empire still survives.  
Like him (tho' much unequal to his flame)  
Our author makes a pious prince his theme :  
High with the foremost names, in arms he stood,  
Had fought, and suffer'd, for his country's good,  
Yet sought not fame, but peace, in fields of blood.  
Safe under him his happy people sat,  
And griev'd, at distance, for their neighbours' fate;  
Whilst with success a Turkish monarch crown'd,  
Like spreading flame, deform'd the nations round;  
With sword and fire he forc'd his impious way  
To lawless pow'r, and universal sway.  
Some abject states, for fear, the tyrant join,  
Others, for gold, their liberties resign,  
And venal princes sold their right divine :  
'Till Heav'n, the growing evil to redress,  
Sent Tamerlane to give the world a peace.  
The hero rous'd, asserts the glorious cause,  
And to the field the cheerful soldier draws.*

*Around, in crowds, his valiant leaders wait,  
Anxious for glory, and secure of fate;  
Well pleas'd, once more, to venture on his side,  
And prove that faith again, which had so oft been try'd.  
The peaceful fathers, who in senates meet,  
Approve an enterprise so just, so great;  
While with their prince's arms, their voice thus join'd,  
Gains half the praise of having sav'd mankind.*

*Ev'n in a circle, where, like this, the fair  
Were met, the bright assembly did declare,  
Their house, with one consent, were for the war;  
Each urg'd her lover to unsheath his sword,  
And never spare a man who broke his word.  
Thus fir'd, the brave on to the danger press;  
Their arms were crown'd abroad with just success,  
And blest at home with beauty and with peace.*

---



---



---

**Dramatis Personae.**

---



---

**COVENT-GARDEN.**

---

*Men.*

TAMERLANE	•	•	•	•	- Mr. Harley.
BAJAZET	-	-	•	•	- Mr. Aickin.
AXALLA	-	-	•	•	- Mr. Macready.
MONESES	•	•	•	•	- Mr. Farren.
STRATOCLES	•	•	•	•	- Mr. Davies.
Prince of TANAI8	-	-	•	•	- Mr. Powel.
OMAR	-	•	•	•	- Mr. Hall.
MIRVAN	-	•	•	•	- Mr. Evatt.
ZAMA	-	•	•	•	- Mr. Cross.
HALY	-	•	•	•	- Mr. Cubit.
Dervise	-	•	•	•	- Mr. Thompson.

*Women.*

ARPASIA	-	-	•	•	- Mrs. Pope.
SELIMA	-	•	•	•	- Miss Chapman.

*Parthian and Tartarian Soldiers. Mutes belonging to Bajazet.*

*Other Attendants.*

**SCENE, Tamerlane's Camp, near Angoria in Galatia.**

---



---



# TAMERLANE.

---

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Before TAMERLANE's Tent. Enter the Prince of  
TANAIS, ZAMA, and MIRVAN.*

*Prince of Tanais.*

HAIL to the sun! from whose returning light  
The cheerful soldier's arms new lustre take,  
To deck the pomp of battle. O, my friends!  
Was ever such a glorious face of war?  
See, from this height, how all Galatia's plains  
With nations numberless are cover'd o'er;  
Who, like a deluge, hide the face of earth,  
And leave no object in the vast horizon,  
But glitt'ring arms, and skies.

*Zam.* Our Asian world,  
From this important day expects a lord;  
This day they hope an end of all their woes,  
Of tyranny, of bondage, and oppression,  
From our victorious emp'ror, Tamerlane.

*"Mir.* Well has our holy Alha mark'd him out  
"The scourge of lawless pride and dire ambition,

" The great avenger of the groaning world.  
" Well has he worn the sacred cause of justice  
" Upon his prosp'rous sword. Approving Heav'n  
" Still crown'd the righteous warrior with success ;  
" As if it said, Go forth, and be my champion,  
" Thou, most like me of all my works below.

" *Pr.* No lust of rule, the common vice of kings,  
" No furious zeal, inspir'd by hot-brain'd priests,  
" Ill hid beneath religion's specious name,  
" E'er drew his temp'rate courage to the field :  
" But to redress an injur'd people's wrongs,  
" To save the weak one from the strong oppressor,  
" Is all his end of war. And when he draws  
" The sword to punish, like relenting Heav'n,  
" He seems unwilling to deface his kind.

" *Mir.* So rich his soul in ev'ry virtuous grace,  
" That, had not nature made him great by birth,  
" Yet all the brave had sought him for their friend.  
" The Christian prince, Axallâ, nicely bred  
" In polish'd arts of European courts,  
" For him forsakes his native Italy,  
" And lives a happy exile in his service.

" *Pr.* Pleas'd with the gentle manners of that  
Prince,  
" Our mighty lord is lavish to his friendship ;  
" Tho' Omar and the Tartar lords repine,  
" And loudly tax their monarch as too partial.

" *Zam.* Ere the mid-hour of night, from tent to  
tent,  
" Unweary'd, thro' the num'rous host he past



“ Viewing with careful eyes each sev’ral quarter ;  
 “ Whilst from his looks, as from divinity,  
 “ The soldiers took presage, and cry’d, Lead on,  
 “ Great Alha, and our Emperor, lead on,  
 “ To victory, and everlasting fame.”

*Mir.* Hear you of Bajazet ?

*Pr.* Late in the evening

A slave of near attendance on his person  
 ‘Scap’d to our camp. From him we learn’d, the ty-  
 rant,

With rage redoubled, for the fight prepares ;  
 Some accidental passion fires his breast,  
 (Love, as ’tis thought, for a fair Grecian captive)  
 And adds new horror to his native fury.

“ For five returning suns, scarce was he seen  
 “ By any, the most favour’d of his court,  
 “ But in lascivious ease, among his women,  
 “ Liv’d from the war retir’d ; or else alone,  
 “ In sullen mood, sat meditating plagues  
 “ And ruin to the world ; ’till yester morn,  
 “ Like fire that lab’ring upwards rends the earth,  
 “ He burst with fury from his tent, commanding  
 “ All should be ready for the fight this day.

“ *Zam.* I know his temper well, since in his court,  
 “ Companion of the brave Axalla’s embassy.  
 “ I oft observ’d him proud, impatient  
 “ Of aught superior, e’en of Heav’n that made him.  
 “ Fond of false glory, of the savage pow’r  
 “ Of ruling without reason, of confounding  
 “ Just and unjust, by an unbounded will ;

“ By whom religion, honour, all the bands  
“ That ought to hold the jarring world in peace,  
“ Were held the tricks of state, snares of wise princes,  
“ To draw their easy neighbours to destruction.

“ *Mir.* Thrice, by our law and prophet, has he  
sworn,

“ By the world's Lord and Maker, lasting peace,  
“ With our great master, and his royal friend  
“ The Grecian Emperor; as oft, regardless  
“ Of plighted faith, with most unkingly baseness,  
“ Has ta'en th' advantage of their absent arms,  
“ Without a war proclaim'd, or cause pretended,  
“ To waste with sword and fire their fruitful fields:  
“ Like some accursed fiend, who, 'scap'd from hell,  
“ Poisons the balmy air thro' which he flies,  
“ He blasts the bearded corn, and loaded branches,  
“ The lab'ring hind's best hopes, and marks his way  
with ruin.”

*Pr.* But see his fate! The mighty Tamerlane  
Comes, like the proxy of inquiring Heav'n,  
To judge, and to redress. [*Flourish of trumpets.*]

*Enter TAMERLANE, Guards, and other Attendants.*

*Tam.* Yet, yet a little, and destructive slaughter  
Shall rage around, and mar this beauteous prospect;  
Pass but an hour, which stands betwixt the lives  
Of thousands and eternity. What change  
Shall hasty death make in yon glitt'ring plain?  
Oh, thou fell monster, war! that in a moment  
Lay'st waste the noblest part of the creation,

The boast and masterpiece of the great Maker,  
That wears in vain th' impression of his image,  
Unprivileg'd from thee.

Health to our friends, and to our arms success,

[*To the Prince, Zama, and Mirvan.*]

Such as the cause for which we fight deserves!

*Pr.* Nor can we ask beyond what Heav'n bestows,  
Preventing still our wishes. See, great sir,  
The universal joy your soldiers wear,  
Omen of prosp'rous battle.

Impatient of the tedious night, in arms  
Watchful they stood, expecting op'ning day;  
And now are hardly by their leaders held  
From darting on the foe. "Like a hot courser,  
"That bounding paws the mould'ring soil, disdain  
"The rein that checks him, eager for the race."

*Tam.* Yes, prince, I mean to give a loose to war.  
This morn Axalla, with my Parthian horse,  
Arrives to join me. He, who, like a storm,  
Swept, with his flying squadrons, all the plain  
Between Angoria's walls and yon tall mountains,  
That seem to reach the clouds; and now he comes,  
Loaden with spoils and conquest, to my aid.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*]

*Zam.* These trumpets speak his presence——

*Enter AXALLA, who kneels to TAMERLANE.*

*Tam.* Welcome! thou worthy partner of my laurels,  
Thou brother of my choice, a band more sacred  
Than nature's brittle tie. By holy friendship!

Glory and Fame stood still for thy arrival ;  
My soul seem'd wanting in its better half,  
And languish'd for thy absence ; " like a prophet,  
" That waits the inspiration of his god."

*Ax.* My emperor ! My ever royal master !  
To whom my secret soul more lowly bends,  
Than forms of outward worship can express ;  
How poorly does your soldier pay this goodness,  
Who wears his every hour of life out for you !  
Yet 'tis his all, and what he has, he offers ;  
Nor now disdain t' accept the gift he brings,

*Enter SELIMA, MONESES, STRATOCLES, Prisoners ;  
Guards, Mutes, &c.*

This earnest of your fortune. See, my lord,  
The noblest prize that ever grac'd my arms !  
Approach, my fair——

*Tam.* This is indeed to conquer,  
And well to be rewarded for thy conquest ;  
The bloom of op'ning flow'rs, unsully'd beauty,  
Softness, and sweetest innocence she wears,  
And looks like nature in the world's first spring.  
But say, Axalla——

*Sel.* Most renown'd in war,            [*Kneeling to Tam.*  
Look with compassion on a captive maid,  
Tho' born of hostile blood ; nor let my birth,  
Deriv'd from Bajazet, prevent that mercy,  
Which every subject of your fortune finds.  
War is the province of ambitious man,  
Who tears the miserable world for empire ;

Whilst our weak sex, incapable of wrong,  
On either side claims privilege of safety.

*Tam.* [*raising her.*] Rise, royal maid! the pride of  
haughty pow'r

Pays homage, not receives it, from the fair.

Thy angry father fiercely calls me forth,

And urges me unwillingly to arms.

Yet, tho' our frowning battles menace death

And mortal conflict, think not that we hold

Thy innocence and virtue as our foe.

Here, till the fate of Asia is decided,

In safety stay. To-morrow is your own.

Nor grieve for who may conquer, or who lose ;

Fortune on either side shall wait thy wishes.

*Sel.* Where shall my wonder and my praise begin ?

From the successful labours of thy arms ;

Or from a theme more soft, and full of peace,

Thy mercy and thy gentleness ? Oh, Tamerlane !

What can I pay thee for this noble usage,

But grateful praise ? So Heav'n itself is paid.

Give peace, ye pow'rs above, peace to mankind ;

Nor let my father wage unequal war

Against the force of such united virtues.

*Tam.* Heav'n hear thy pious wish !—But since our  
prospect

Looks darkly on futurity, till fate

Determine for us, let thy beauty's safety

Be my Axalla's care ; in whose glad eyes,

I read what joy the pleasing service gives him.

Is there amongst thy other pris'ners aught [To Ax.  
Worthy our knowledge ?

Ax. This brave man, my lord, [*Pointing to Mon.*  
With long resistance held the combat doubtful.  
His party, prest with numbers, soon grew faint,  
And would have left their charge an easy prey ;  
Whilst he alone, undaunted at the odds,  
Tho' hopeless to escape, fought well and firmly ;  
Nor yielded, till o'ermatch'd by many hands,  
He seem'd to shame our conquest, whilst he own'd it.

Tam. Thou speak'st him as a soldier should a soldier,  
dier,

Just to the worth he finds. I would not war [To Mon,  
With aught that wears thy virtuous stamp of greatness.

Thy habit speaks thee Christian—Nay, yet more,  
My soul seems pleas'd to take acquaintance with thee,

As if ally'd to thine : perhaps 'tis sympathy  
Of honest minds ; like strings wound up in music,  
Where, by one touch, both utter the same harmony.  
Why art thou then a friend to Bajazet ?  
And why my enemy ?

Mon. If human wisdom  
Could point out every action of our lives,  
And say, Let it be thus, in spite of fate  
Or partial fortune, then I had not been  
The wretch I am.

Tam. The brave meet every accident

With equal minds. Think nobler of thy foes,  
Than to account thy chance in war an evil.

*Mon.* Far, far from that : I rather hold it grievous  
That I was forc'd ev'n but to seem your enemy ;  
Nor think the baseness of a vanquish'd slave  
Moves me to flatter for precarious life,  
Or ill-bought freedom, when I swear by Heav'n !  
Were I to choose from all mankind a master,  
It should be Tamerlane.

*Tam.* A noble freedom  
Dwells with the brave, unknown to fawning syco-  
phants,  
And claims a privilege of being believ'd.  
I take thy praise as earnest of thy friendship.

*Mon.* Still you prevent the homage I should offer.  
O, royal sir ! let my misfortunes plead,  
And wipe away the hostile mark I wore.  
I was, when not long since my fortune hail'd me,  
Bless'd to my wish, I was the prince Moneses ;  
Born, and bred up to greatness : witness the blood,  
Which thro' successive heroes veins, ally'd  
To our Greek emperors, roll'd down to me,  
Feeds the bright flame of glory in my heart.

*Tam.* Ev'n that ! that princely tie should bind thee  
to me,  
If virtue were not more than all alliance.

*Mon.* I have a sister, oh, severe remembrance !  
Our noble house's, nay, her sex's pride ;  
Nor think my tongue too lavish, if I speak her  
Fair as the fame of virtue, and yet chaste

As its cold precepts ; wise beyond her sex  
 And blooming youth ; soft as forgiving mercy,  
 Yet greatly brave, and jealous for her honour :  
 Such as she was, to say I barely lov'd her,  
 Is poor to my soul's meaning. From our infancy  
 There grew a mutual tenderness between us,  
 Till not long since her vows were kindly plighted  
 To a young lord, the equal of her birth.  
 The happy day was fix'd, and now approaching,  
 When faithless Bajazet (upon whose honour,  
 In solemn treaty given, the Greeks depended)  
 With sudden war broke in upon the country,  
 Secure of peace, and for defence unready.

*Tam.* Let majesty no more be held divine,  
 Since kings, who are call'd gods, profane themselves.

*Mon.* Among the wretches, whom that deluge  
 swept

Away to slavery, myself and sister,  
 Then passing near the frontiers to the court,  
 (Which waited for her nuptials) were surpris'd,  
 And made the captives of the tyrant's pow'r.  
 Soon as we reach'd his court, we found our usage  
 Beyond what we expected, fair and noble ;  
 'Twas then the storm of your victorious arms  
 Look'd black, and seem'd to threaten, when he prest  
 me

(By oft repeating instances) to draw  
 My sword for him : But when he found my soul  
 Disdain'd his purpose, he more fiercely told me,  
 That my Arpasia, my lov'd sister's fate



Depended on my courage shewn for him.  
 I had long learnt to hold myself at nothing ;  
 But for her sake, to ward the blow from her,  
 I bound my service to the man I hated.  
 Six days are past, since, by the sultan's order,  
 I left the pledge of my return behind,  
 And went to guard this princess to his camp :  
 The rest the brave Axalla's fortune tells you.

*Tam.* Wisely the tyrant strove to prop his cause,  
 By leaguings with thy virtue ; but just Heav'n  
 Has torn thee from his side, and left him naked  
 To the avenging bolt that drives upon him.  
 Forget the name of captive, and I wish  
 I could as well restore that fair one's freedom,  
 Whose loss hangs heavy on thee : yet ere night,  
 Perhaps, we may deserve thy friendship nobler ;  
 Th' approaching storm may cast thy shipwreck'd  
 wealth

Back to thy arms : till that be past, since war  
 (Tho' in the justest cause) is ever doubtful,  
 I will not ask thy sword to aid my victory,  
 Lest it should hurt that hostage of thy valour  
 Our common foe detains.

*Mon.* Let Bajazet  
 Bend to his yoke repining slaves by force ;  
 You, sir, have found a nobler way to empire,  
 Lord of the willing world.

" *Tam.* Oh, my Axalla !  
 " Thou hast a tender soul, apt for compassion,

" And art thyself a lover and a friend.

" Does not this prince's fortune move thy temper ?

" *Ax.* Yes, sir, I mourn the brave Moneses' fate,

" The merit of his virtue hardly match'd

" With disadvent'rous chance : yet, prince, allow me,

" Allow me, from th' experience of a lover,

" To say, one person, whom your story mention'd

" (If he survive) is far beyond you wretched :

" You nam'd the bridegroom of your beauteous sister.

" *Mon.* I did. Oh, most accurst !

" *Ax.* Think what he feels,

" Dash'd in the fierceness of his expectation :

" Then, when th' approaching minute of possession

" Had wound imagination to the height,

" Think if he lives !

" *Mon.* He lives ! he does : 'tis true

" He lives ! But how ? To be a dog, and dead,

" Were Paradise to such a state as his :

" He holds down life, as children do a potion,

" With strong reluctance and convulsive strugglings,

" Whilst his misfortunes press him to disgorge it.

*Tam.* " Spare the remembrance, 'tis an useless grief,

" And adds to the misfortune by repeating.

" The revolution of a day may bring

" Such turns, as Heav'n itself could scarce have promis'd,

" Far, far beyond thy wish : let that hope cheer thee."

Haste, my Axalla, to dispose with safety

Thy beauteous charge, and on the foe revenge

The pain which absence gives; thy other care,  
 Honour and arms, now summon thy attendance.  
 Now do thy office well, my soul! Remember  
 Thy cause, the cause of Heaven and injur'd earth.  
 O thou Supreme! if thy great spirit warms  
 My glowing breast, and fires my soul to arms,  
 Grant that my sword, assisted by thy pow'r,  
 This day may peace and happiness restore,  
 That war and lawless rage may vex the world no more.

[*Exeunt Tamerlane, Moneses, Stratocles, Prince of  
 Tanais, Zama, Mirvan, and Attendants.*]

*Ax.* The battle calls, and bids me haste to leave  
 thee;

Oh, Selima! — But let destruction wait.  
 Are there not hours enough for blood and slaughter?  
 This moment shall be love's, and I will waste it  
 In soft complainings, for thy sighs and coldness,  
 For thy forgetful coldness; even at Birza,  
 When in thy father's court my eyes first own'd thee,  
 Fairer than light, the joy of their beholding,  
 Even then thou wert not thus.

“*Sel.* Art not thou chang'd,

“ Christian Axalla? Art thou still the same?

“ Those were the gentle hours of peace, and thou

“ The world's good angel, that didst kindly join

“ Its mighty masters in harmonious friendship:

“ But since those joys that once were ours are lost,

“ Forbear to mention 'em, and talk of war;

“ Talk of thy conquests and my chains, Axalla.

“ *Ax.* Yet I will listen, fair, unkind upbraider!

“ Yet I will listen to thy charming accents,  
“ Altho’ they make me curse my fame and fortune,  
“ My laurel wreaths, and all the glorious trophies,  
“ For which the valiant bleed—Oh, thou unjust one!  
“ Dost thou then envy me this small return  
“ My niggard fate has made for all the mournings,  
“ For all the pains, for all the sleepless nights  
“ That cruel absence brings ?

“ *Sel.* Away, deceiver !

“ I will not hear thy soothing. Is it thus  
“ That Christian lovers prove the faith they swear ?  
“ Are war and slavery the soft endearments  
“ With which they court the beauties they admire ?  
“ ’Twas well my heart was cautious of believing  
“ Thy vows, and thy protesting. Know, my conqueror,

“ Thy sword has vanquish’d but the half of Selima ;  
“ Her soul disdains thy victory.

“ *Ax.* Hear, sweet Heav’n !

“ Hear the fair tyrant, how she wrests love’s laws,  
“ As she had vow’d my ruin ! What is conquest ?  
“ What joy have I from that, but to behold thee,  
“ To kneel before thee, and with lifted eyes  
“ To view thee, as devotion does a saint,  
“ With awful, trembling pleasure ; then to swear  
“ Thou art the queen and mistress of my soul ?  
“ Has not ev’n Tamerlane (whose word, next  
“ Heav’n’s,  
“ Makes fate at second-hand) bid thee disclaim.  
“ Thy fears ? And dost thou call thyself a slave ;

" Only to try how far the sad impression

" Can sink into Axalla ?

" *Sel.* Oh, Axalla !

" Ought I to hear you ?

" *Ax.* Come back, ye hours,

" And tell my Selima what she has done !

" Bring back the time, when to her father's court

" I came ambassador of peace from Tamerlane ;

" When, hid by conscious darkness and disguise,

" I past the dangers of the watchful guards,

" Bold as the youth who nightly swam the Helles-  
pont :

" Then, then she was not sworn the foe of love ;

" When, as my soul confest its flame, and su'd

" In moving sounds for pity, she frown'd rarely,

" But, blushing, heard me tell the gentle tale ;

" Nay, ev'n confest, and told me softly, sighing,

" She thought there was no guilt in love like mine."

*Sel.* Young, and unskilful in the world's false arts,  
I suffer'd love to steal upon my softness,

And warm me with a lambent guiltless flame :

Yes, I have heard thee swear a thousand times,

And call the conscious pow'rs of Heav'n to witness

The tend'rest, truest, everlasting passion.

But, oh ! 'tis past ; and I will charge remembrance

To banish the fond image from my soul.

Since thou art sworn the foe of royal Bajazet,

I have resolv'd to have thee.

*Ax.* Is it possible !

Hate is not in thy nature ; thy whole frame

Is harmony, without one jarring atom.  
Why dost thou force thy eyes to wear this coldness?  
It damps the springs of life. Oh! bid me die,  
Much rather bid me die, if it be true  
That thou hast sworn to hate me.——

*Sel.* Let life and death  
Wait the decision of the bloody field;  
Nor can thy fate, my conqueror, depend  
Upon a woman's hate. Yet, since you urge  
A power, which once perhaps I had, there is  
But one request that I can make with honour.

*Ax.* Oh, name it! say!——

*Sel.* Forego your right of war,  
And render me this instant to my father.

*Ax.* Impossible!——The tumult of the battle,  
That hastes to join, cuts off all means of commerce  
Betwixt the armies.

*Sel.* Swear then to perform it,  
Which way soe'er the chance of war determines,  
On my first instance.

*Ax.* By the sacred majesty  
Of Heaven, to whom we kneel, I will obey thee;  
Yes, I will give thee this severest proof  
Of my soul's vow'd devotion; I will part with thee,  
(Thou cruel, to command it!) I will part with thee,  
As wretches that are doubtful of hereafter  
Part with their lives, unwilling, loth and fearful,  
And trembling at futurity. But is there nothing,  
No small return that honour can afford  
For all this waste of love?

*Sel.* The gifts of captives

“Wear somewhat of constraint; and generous minds

“Disdain to give, where freedom of the choice

“Does but seem wanting.

*Ax.* What! not one kind look?

Then thou art chang’d indeed. [*Trumpets.*] Hark, I  
am summon’d,

And thou wilt send me forth like one unblest’d;

Whom fortune has forsaken, and ill fate

Mark’d for destruction. “Thy surprising coldness

“Hangs on my soul, and weighs my courage down;

“And the first feeble blow I meet shall raze me

“From all remembrance:” nor is life or fame

Worthy my care, since I am lost to thee. [*Going.*

*Sel.* Ha! goest thou to the fight?——

*Ax.* I do.——Farewell!——

*Sel.* What! and no more! A sigh heaves in my  
breast,

And stops the struggling accents on my tongue,

Else, sure, I should have added something more,

And made our parting softer.

*Ax.* Give it way.

The niggard honour, that affords not love,

Forbids not pity——

“*Sel.* Fate perhaps has set

“This day, the period of thy life and conquests;

“And I shall see thee borne at evening back

“A breathless corse.——Oh! can I think on that,

“And hide my sorrows?—No—they will have way,

" And all the vital air that life draws in  
" Is render'd back in sighs.

" *Alc.* The murm'ring gale revives the drooping  
flame,

" That at thy coldness languish'd in my breast :  
" So breathe the gentle zephyrs on the spring,  
" And waken ev'ry plant, and od'rous flow'r,  
" Which winter frost had blasted, to new life.

" *Sci.* To see thee for this moment, and no more. —

" Oh! help me to resolve against this tenderness,  
" That charms my fierce resentments, and presents  
thee

" Not as thou art, mine and my father's foe,  
" But as thou wert, when first thy moving accents  
" Won me to hear ; when, as I listen'd to thee,  
" The happy hours past by us unperceiv'd,  
" So was my soul fix'd to the soft enchantment.

" *Alc.* Let me be still the same ; I am, I must be."  
If it were possible my heart could stray,  
One look from thee would call it back again,  
And fix the wanderer for ever thine.

*Sci.* Where is my boasted resolution now ?

*[Sinking into his arms.]*

Oh, yes! thou art the same ; my heart joins with  
thee,

" And to betray me will believe thee still ;  
" It dances to the sounds that mov'd it first,  
" And owns at once the weakness of my soul,  
" So, when some skilful artist strikes the strings,  
" The magic numbers rouse our sleeping passions,



“ And force us to confess our grief and pleasure.”

Alas! Axalla, say——dost thou not pity

My artless innocence, and easy fondness?

Oh! turn thee from me, or I die with blushing.

*Ax.* No, let me rather gaze, for ever gaze,  
And bless the new-born glories that adorn thee;

“ From every blush, that kindles in thy cheeks,

“ Ten thousand little loves and graces spring

“ To revel in the roses—’t wo’ not be,” [*Trumpets.*

This envious trumpet calls, and tears me from thee—

*Sel.* My fears increase, and doubly press me now:

I charge thee, if thy sword comes cross my father,

Stop for a moment, and remember me.

*Ax.* Oh, doubt not but his life shall be my care;  
Ev’n dearer than my own——

*Sel.* Guard that for me too.

*Ax.* O, Selima! thou hast restor’d my quiet.

The noble ardour of the war, with love

Returning, brightly burns within my breast,

And bids me be secure of all hereafter.

“ So cheers some pious saint a dying sinner

“ (Who trembled at the thought of pains to come)

“ With Heav’n’s forgiveness and the hopes of mercy;

“ At length, the tumult of his soul appeas’d,

“ And every doubt and anxious scruple eas’d,

“ Boldly he proves the dark, uncertain road,

“ The peace, his holy comforter bestow’d,

“ Guides, and protects him like a guardian god.”

[*Exit.*

*Sel.* In vain all arts a love-sick virgin tries,

Affects to frown, and seem severely wise,  
In hopes to cheat the wary lover's eyes.  
If the dear youth her pity strives to move,  
And pleads, with tenderness, the cause of love,  
Nature asserts her empire in her heart,  
And kindly takes the faithful lover's part.  
By love herself, and nature, thus betray'd,  
No more she trusts in pride's fantastic aid,  
But bids her eyes confess the yielding maid.  
[Exit Selima, Guards following.]

---

ACT II. SCENE I.

TAMERLANE's Camp. Enter MONESES.

*Moneses.*

THE dreadful business of the war is over :  
And slaughter, that, from yester morn 'till even,  
With giant steps, past striding o'er the field,  
Besmear'd and horrid with the blood of nations,  
Now weary sits among the mangled heaps,  
And slumbers o'er her prey ; while from this camp  
The cheerful sounds of victory and Tamerlane  
Beat the high arch of Heav'n. " Deciding fate,  
" That crowns him with the spoils of such a day,  
" Has giv'n it as an earnest of the world  
" That shortly shall be his.

*Enter STRATOCLES.*

My Stratocles!

Most happily return'd ; might I believe  
Thou bring'st me any joy ?

*Stra.* With my best diligence,  
This night I have enquir'd of what concerns you.  
Scarce was the sun, who shone upon the horror  
Of the past day, sunk to the western ocean,  
When, by permission from the prince Axalla,  
I mixt among the tumult of the warriors  
Returning from the battle: here a troop  
Of hardy Parthians, red with honest wounds,  
Confest the conquest they had well deserv'd :  
There a dejected crew of wretched captives,  
“ Sore with unprofitable hurts, and groaning  
“ Under new bondage,” follow'd sadly after  
The haughty victor's heels. But that, which fully  
Crown'd the success of Tamerlane, was Bajazet,  
Fall'n, like the proud archangel, from the height  
Where once (even next to majesty divine)  
Enthron'd he sat, down to the vile descent  
And lowness of a slave : but, oh ! to speak  
The rage, the fierceness, and the indignation !—  
It bars all words, and cuts description short.

*Mon.* Then he is fall'n ! that comet which on high  
Portended ruin ; he has spent his blaze,  
And shall distract the world with fears no more.  
“ Sure it must bode me well ; for oft my soul  
“ Has started into tumult at his name,  
“ As if my guardian angel took th' alarm,  
“ At the approach of somewhat mortal to me.”

But say, my friend, what hear'st thou of Arpasia ?  
For there my thoughts, my every care is center'd.

*Stra.* Tho' on that purpose still I bent my search,  
Yet nothing certain could I gain, but this ;  
That in the pillage of the Sultan's tent  
Some women were made pris'ners, who this morning  
Were to be offer'd to the emperor's view :  
Their names and qualities, tho' oft enquiring,  
I could not learn.

*Mon.* Then must my soul still labour  
Beneath uncertainty and anxious doubt,  
The mind's worst state. The tyrant's ruin gives me  
But a half ease.

*Stra.* 'Twas said, not far from hence  
The captives were to wait the emperor's passage.

*Mon.* Haste we to find the place. Oh, my Arpasia !  
Shall we not meet ? " Why hangs my heart thus  
heavy,

" Like death within my bosom ? Oh ! 'tis well,  
" The joy of meeting pays the pangs of absence,  
" Else who could bear it ? "

When thy lov'd sight shall bless my eyes again,  
Then I will own I ought not to complain,  
Since that sweet hour is worth whole years of pain.

[*Exeunt Moneses and Stratocles.*]

---

SCENE II.

*The Inside of a magnificent Tent. Symphony of Warlike Music. Enter TAMERLANE, AXALLA, Prince of TANAIS, ZAMA, MIRVAN, Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

*Ax.* From this auspicious day the Parthian name  
Shall date its birth of empire, and extend  
Ev'n from the dawning east to utmost Thule,  
The limits of its sway.

*Pr.* Nations unknown,  
Where yet the Roman eagles never flew,  
Shall pay their homage to victorious Tamerlane;  
Bend to his valour and superior virtue,  
And own, that conquest is not given by chance,  
But, bound by fatal and resistless merit,  
Waits on his arms.

*Tam.* It is too much: you dress me  
Like an usurper, in the borrow'd attributes  
Of injur'd Heaven. Can we call conquest ours?  
Shall man, this pigmy, with a giant's pride,  
Vaunt of himself, and say, Thus have I done this?  
Oh, vain pretence to greatness! Like the moon,  
We borrow all the brightness which we boast,  
Dark in ourselves, and useless. If that hand,  
That rules the fate of battles, strike for us,  
Crown us with fame, and gild our clay with honour,  
'Twere most ungrateful to disown the benefit,  
And arrogate a praise which is not ours.

*Ax.* With such unshaken temper of the soul  
To bear the swelling tide of prosp'rous fortune,  
Is to deserve that fortune : in adversity  
The mind grows tough by buffetting the tempest,  
Which, in success dissolving, sinks to ease,  
And loses all her firmness.

*Tam.* Oh, Axalla !  
Could I forget I am a man as thou art ;  
Would not the winter's cold, or summer's heat,  
Sickness, or thirst, and hunger, all the train  
Of Nature's clamorous appetites, asserting  
An equal right in kings and common men,  
Reprove me daily ?—No—If I boast of aught,  
Be it to have been Heav'n's happy instrument,  
The means of good to all my fellow-creatures :  
This is a king's best praise.

*Enter OMAR.*

*Om.* Honour and fame      [*Bowing to Tamerlane.*]  
For ever wait the emperor : may our prophet  
Give him ten thousand thousand days of life,  
And every day like this. The captive sultan,  
Fierce in his bonds, and at his fate repining,  
Attends your sacred will.

*Tam.* Let him approach.

*Enter BAJAZET, and other Turkish prisoners in chains,  
with a guard of Soldiers.*

When I survey the ruins of this field,  
The wild destruction, which thy fierce ambition

Has dealt among mankind, (so many widows  
And helpless orphans has thy battle made,  
That half our eastern world this day are mourners)  
Well may I, in behalf of Heav'n and earth,  
Demand from thee atonement for this wrong.

*Baj.* Make thy demand to those that own thy pow'r,  
Know, I am still beyond it ; and tho' Fortune  
(Curse on that changeling deity of fools !)  
Has stript me of the train and pomp of greatness,  
That out-side of a king, yet still my soul,  
Fixt high, and of itself alone dependent,  
Is ever free and royal, and ev'n now,  
As at the head of battle, does defy thee :  
I know what power the chance of war has giv'n,  
And dare thee to the use on't. This vile speeching,  
This after-game of words, is what most irks me ;  
Spare that, and for the rest 'tis equal all——  
Be it as it may.

*Tam.* Well was it for the world,  
When on their borders neighbouring princes met,  
Frequent in friendly parle, by cool debates  
Preventing wasteful war : such should our meeting  
Have been, hadst thou but held in just regard  
The sanctity of leagues so often sworn to.  
Canst thou believe thy prophet, or, what's more,  
That Pow'r supreme, which made thee and thy pro-  
phet,

Will, with impunity, let pass that breach  
Of sacred faith giv'n to the royal Greek ?

*Baj.* Thou pedant talker ! ha ! art thou a king.

Possest of sacred pow'r, Heav'n's darling attribute,  
And dost thou prate of leagues, and oaths, and prophets!

I hate the Greek (perdition on his name!)  
As I do thee, and would have met you both,  
As death does human nature, for destruction.

*Tam.* Causeless to hate, is not of human kind :  
The savage brute, that haunts in woods remote  
And desert wilds, tears not the fearful traveller,  
If hunger, or some injury, provoke not.

*Baj.* Can a king want a cause, when empire bids  
Go on ? What is he born for, but ambition ?  
It is his hunger, 'tis his call of nature,  
The noble appetite which will be satisfy'd,  
And, like the food of gods, makes him immortal.

*Tam.* Henceforth I will not wonder we were foes,  
Since souls that differ so by nature hate,  
And strong antipathy forbids their union.

*Baj.* The noble fire that warms me, does indeed  
Transcend thy coldness. I am pleas'd we differ,  
Nor think alike.

*Tam.* No—for I think like man.  
Thou like a monster, from whose baleful presence  
Nature starts back ; and tho' she fix'd her stamp  
On thy rough mass, and mark'd thee for a man,  
Now, conscious of her error, she disclaims thee  
As form'd for her destruction.—

'Tis true, I am a king, as thou hast been :  
Honour and glory too have been my aim ;  
But, tho' I dare face death, and all the dangers



Which furious war wears in its bloody front,  
 Yet would I choose to fix my name by peace,  
 By justice, and by mercy ; and to raise  
 My trophies on the blessings of mankind :  
 Nor would I buy the empire of the world  
 With ruin of the people whom I sway,  
 On forfeit of my honour.

*Baj.* Prophet, I thank thee.—

Damnation !—Couldst thou rob me of my glory,  
 To dress up this tame king, this preaching dervise ?  
 Unfit for war, thou shouldst have liv'd secure  
 In lazy peace, and with debating senates  
 Shar'd a precarious sceptre, sat tamely still,  
 And let bold factions canton out thy pow'r,  
 And wrangle for the spoils they robb'd thee of ;  
 Whilst I (curse on the power that stops my ardour !)  
 Would, like a tempest, rush amidst the nations,  
 Be greatly terrible, and deal, like Alha,  
 My angry thunder on the frighted world.

*Tam.* The world !—'twould be too little for thy  
 pride :

Thou wouldst scale Heav'n——

*Baj.* I would :—Away ! my soul  
 Disdains thy conference.

*Tam.* Thou vain, rash thing,  
 That, with gigantic insolence, hast dar'd  
 To lift thy wretched self above the stars,  
 And mate with pow'r Almighty : Thou art fall'n !

*Baj.* 'Tis false ! I am not fall'n from aught I have  
 been ;

At least my soul resolves to keep her state,  
And scorns to take acquaintance with ill fortune.

*Tam.* Almost beneath my pity art thou fall'n;  
Since, while th' avenging hand of Heav'n is on thee,  
And presses to the dust thy swelling soul,  
Fool-hardy, with the stronger thou contendest.  
To what vast heights had thy tumultuous temper  
Been hurry'd, if success had crown'd thy wishes:  
Say, what had I to expect, if thou hadst conquer'd?

*Baj.* Oh, glorious thought! By Heav'n I will enjoy it,

Tho' but in fancy; imagination shall  
Make room to entertain the vast idea.  
Oh! had I been the master but of yesterday,  
The world, the world had felt me; and for thee,  
I had us'd thee, as thou art to me—a dog,  
The object of my scorn and mortal hatred:  
I would have taught thy neck to know my weight,  
And mounted from that footstool to my saddle:  
Then, when, thy daily servile task was done,  
I would have cag'd thee, for the scorn of slaves,  
'Till thou hadst begg'd to die; and ev'n that mercy  
I had deny'd thee. Now thou know'st my mind,  
And question me no farther.

*Tam.* Well dost thou teach me  
What justice should exact from thee. Mankind,  
With one consent, cry out for vengeance on thee;  
Loudly they call to cut off this league-breaker,  
This wild destroyer, from the face of earth.

*Baj.* Do it, and rid thy shaking soul at once  
Of its worst fear.

*Tam.* Why slept the thunder  
That should have arm'd the idol deity,  
And given thee power, ere yester sun was set,  
To shake the soul of Tamerlane. Hadst thou an arm  
To make thee fear'd, thou shouldst have prov'd it  
on me,

Amidst the sweat and blood of yonder field,  
When, thro' the tumult of the war I sought thee,  
Fenc'd in with nations.

*Baj.* Curse upon the stars  
That fated us to different scenes of slaughter !  
Oh ! could my sword have met thee !——

*Tam.* Thou hadst then,  
As now, been in my pow'r, and held thy life  
Dependent on my gift—Yes, Bajazet,  
I bid thee, live.—“ So much my soul disdains  
“ That thou shouldst think I can fear aught but  
Heav'n :”

Nay more ; couldst thou forget thy brutal fierceness,  
And form thyself to manhood, I would bid thee  
Live, and be still a king, that thou mayst learn  
What man should be to man, in war remembering  
The common tie and brotherhood of kind.  
This royal tent, with such of thy domestics  
As can be found, shall wait upon thy service ;  
Nor will I use my fortune to demand  
Hard terms of peace, but such as thou mayst offer  
With honour, I with honour may receive.

[Tamerlane signs to an officer, who unbinds Bajazet.

*Baj.* Ha ! sayst thou—no—our prophet's vengeance  
blast me,

If thou shalt buy my friendship with thy empire.  
Damnation on thee ! thou smooth fawning talker !  
Give me again my chains, that I may curse thee,  
And gratify my rage : or, if thou wilt  
Be a vain fool, and play with thy perdition,  
Remember I'm thy foe, and hate thee deadly.  
Thy folly on thy head !

*Tam.* Be still my foe.

Great minds, like Heav'n, are pleas'd in doing good,  
Tho' the ungrateful subjects of their favours  
Are barren in return : " thy stubborn pride,  
" That spurns the gentle office of humanity,  
" Shall in my honour own, and thy despite,  
" I have done as I ought." Virtue still does  
With scorn the mercenary world regard,  
Where abject souls do good, and hope reward :  
Above the worthless trophies men can raise,  
She seeks not honours, wealth, nor airy praise,  
But with herself, herself the goddess pays.

[*Exeunt Tamerlane, Axalla, Prince of Tanais,  
Mirvan, Zama, and Attendants.*]

*Baj.* Come, lead me to my dungeon ; plunge me  
down

Deep from the hated sight of man and day,  
Where, under covert of the friendly darkness,  
My soul may brood, at leisure, o'er its anguish.

*Om.* Our royal master would with noble usage,  
Make your misfortunes light : he bids you hope—

*Baj.* I tell thee, slave, I have shook hands with hope,  
And all my thoughts are rage, despair, and horror.  
Ha! wherefore am I thus?—Perdition seize me!  
But my cold blood runs shiv'ring to my heart,  
As at some phantom, that in dead of night,  
With dreadful action stalks around our beds.  
The rage and fiercer passions of my breast  
Are lost in new confusion.——

*Enter HALY.*

*Arpasia!*—*Haly!*

*Ha.* Oh, emperor! for whose hard fate our prophet  
And all the heroes of thy sacred race  
Are sad in paradise, thy faithful Haly,  
The slave of all thy pleasures, in this ruin,  
This universal shipwreck of thy fortunes,

*Enter ARPASIA.*

Has gather'd up this treasure for thy arms :  
Nor ev'n the victor, haughty Tamerlane,  
(By whose command once more thy slave beholds  
thee)

Denies this blessing to thee, but, with honour,  
Renders thee back thy queen, thy beauteous bride,

*Baj.* Oh! had her eyes, with pity, seen my sorrows,  
Had she the softness of a tender bride,  
Heav'n could not have bestow'd a greater blessing,  
And love had made amends for loss of empire.  
But see, what fury dwells upon her charms!

What lightning flashes from her angry eyes !  
With a malignant joy she views my ruin :  
Even beauteous in her hatred, still she charms me,  
And awes my fierce tumultuous soul to love.

*Arp.* And dar'st thou hope, thou tyrant ! ravisher !  
That Heav'n has any joy in store for thee ?  
Look back upon the sum of thy past life,  
Where tyranny, oppression, and injustice,  
Perjury, murders, swell the black account ;  
Where lost Arpasia's wrongs stand bleeding fresh,  
Thy last recorded crime. But Heav'n has found  
thee ;

At length the tardy vengeance has o'erta'en thee.  
My weary soul shall bear a little longer  
The pain of life, to call for justice on thee :  
That once complete, sink to the peaceful grave,  
And lose the memory of my wrongs and thee.

*Baj.* Thou rail'st ! I thank thee for it—Be perverse,  
And muster all the woman in thy soul ;  
Goad me with curses, be a very wife,  
That I may fling off this tame love, and hate thee.

*Enter MONESES.* [Bajazet starting.

Ha ! Keep thy temper, heart ; nor take alarm  
At a slave's presence.

*Mon.* It is Arpasia !—Leave me, thou cold fear.  
Sweet as the rosy morn she breaks upon me,  
And sorrow, like the night's unwholesome shade,  
Gives way before the golden dawn she brings.

*Baj.* [*Advancing towards him.*] Ha, Christian! Is it well that we meet thus?

Is this thy faith?

*Mon.* Why does thy frowning brow  
Put on this form of fury? Is it strange  
We should meet here companions in misfortune,  
The captives in one common chance of war?  
Nor shouldst thou wonder that my sword has fail'd  
Before the fortune of victorious Tamerlane,  
When thou, with nations like the sanded shore,  
With half the warring world upon thy side,  
Couldst not stand up against his dreadful battle,  
That crush'd thee with its shock. Thy men can  
witness,

Those cowards that forsook me in the combat,  
My sword was not unactive.

*Baj.* No—'tis false;  
Where is my daughter, thou vile Greek? Thou hast  
Betray'd her to the Tartar; or even worse,  
Pale with thy fear, didst lose her like a coward;  
And like a coward now, would cast the blame  
On fortune and ill stars.

*Mon.* Ha! saidst thou, like a coward?  
What sanctity, what majesty divine  
Hast thou put on, to guard thee from my rage,  
That thus thou dar'st to wrong me?

*Baj.* Out, thou slave,  
And know me for thy lord——

*Mon.* I tell thee, tyrant,  
When in the pride of power thou sat'st on high,

When like an idol thou wert vainly worshipp'd,  
By prostrate wretches, born with slavish souls ;  
Ev'n when thou wert a king, thou wert no more,  
Nor greater than Moneses; born of a race  
Royal, and great as thine. What art thou now then?  
The fate of war has set thee with the lowest ;  
And captives (like the subjects of the grave)  
Losing distinction, serve one common lord.

*Baj.* Brav'd by this dog! Now give a loose to rage,  
And curse thyself; curse thy false cheating prophet.  
Ha! yet there's some revenge. Hear me, thou  
Christian !

Thou left'st that sister with me :—Thou impostor!  
Thou boaster of thy honesty! Thou liar!  
But take her to thee back.

Now to explore my prison—If it holds  
Another plague like this, the restless damn'd  
(If Mufties lie not) wander thus in hell ;  
From scorching flames to chilling frosts they run,  
Then from their frosts to fires return again,  
And only prove variety of pain.

[*Excunt Bajazet and Haly.*]

*Arp.* Stay, Bajazet, I charge thee by my wrongs!  
Stay and unfold a tale of so much horror  
As only fits thy telling.—Oh, Moneses!

“ *Mon.* Why dost thou weep? Why this tem-  
pestuous passion,  
“ That stops thy falt'ring tongue short on my name?  
“ Oh, speak! unveil this mystery of sorrow,  
“ And draw the dismal scene at once to sight.



*Arp.* Thou art undone, lost, ruin'd, and undone!

*Mon.* I will not think 'tis so, while I have thee;

"While thus 'tis given to fold thee in my arms;

"For while I sigh upon thy panting bosom,

"The sad remembrance of past woes is lost.

*Arp.* Forbear to sooth thy soul with flatt'ring thoughts,

"Of evils overpast, and joys to come:

"Our woes are like the genuine shade beneath,

"Where fate cuts off the very hopes of day,

"And everlasting night and horror reign."

*Mon.* By all the tenderness and chaste endearments  
Of our past love, I charge thee, my Arpasia,  
To ease my soul of doubts! Give me to know,  
At once, the utmost malice of my fate!

*Arp.* Take then thy wretched share in all I suffer,  
Still partner of my heart! Scarce hadst thou left  
The sultan's camp, when the imperious tyrant,  
Soft'ning the pride and fierceness of his temper,  
With gentle speech made offer of his love.  
Amaz'd, as at the shock of sudden death,  
I started into tears, and often urg'd  
(Tho' still in vain) the difference of our faiths.

At last, as flying to the utmost refuge,  
With lifted hands and streaming eyes, I own'd  
The fraud; which when we first were made his  
pris'ners,

"Conscious of my unhappy form, and fearing.

"For thy dear life," I forc'd thee to put on  
Thy borrow'd name of brother, mine of sister;

Hiding beneath that veil the nearer tie  
 Our mutual vows had made before the priest.  
 Kindling to rage at hearing of my story,  
 Then, be it so, he cry'd : Think'st thou thy vows,  
 Giv'n to a slave, shall bar me from thy beauties ?  
 Then bade the priest pronounce the marriage rites :  
 Which he perform'd ; whilst, shrieking with despair,  
 I call'd, in vain, the pow'rs of Heav'n to aid me.

*Mon.* Villain ! Imperial villain !—Oh, the coward !  
 Aw'd by his guilt, tho' back'd by force and power,  
 He durst not, to my face, avow his purpose ;  
 But, in my absence, like a lurking thief,  
 Stole on my treasure, and at once undid me.

*Arp.* Had they not kept me from the means of death,  
 Forgetting all the rules of Christian suffering,  
 I had done a desp'rate murder on my soul,  
 Ere the rude slaves, that waited on his will,  
 Had forc'd me to his——

*Mon.* Stop thee there, Arpasia,  
 And bar my fancy from the guilty scene !  
 Let not thought enter, lest the busy mind  
 Should muster such a train of monstrous images  
 As would distract me. Oh ! I cannot bear it.  
 Thou lovely hoard of sweets, where all my joys  
 Were treasur'd up, to have thee rifled thus !  
 “ Thus torn untasted from my eager wishes !”  
 But I will have thee from him. Tamerlane  
 (The sovereign judge of equity on earth)  
 Shall do me justice on this mighty robber,  
 And render back thy beauties to Moneses.

*Arp.* And who shall render back my peace, my honour,

The spotless whiteness of my virgin soul ?

Ah ! no, Moneses—Think not I will ever

Bring a polluted love to thy chaste arms :

I am the tyrant's wife. Oh, fatal title !

And, in the sight of all the saints, have sworn,

By honour, womanhood, and blushing shame,

To know no second bride-bed but my grave.

“ *Mon.* I swear it must not be, since still my eye

“ Finds thee as heav'nly white, as angel pure

“ As in the earliest hours of life thou wert :

“ Nor art thou his, but mine ; thy first vow's mine,

“ Thy soul is mine.——

“ *Arp.* O ! think not, that the pow'r

“ Of most persuasive eloquence can make me

“ Forget I've been another's, been his wife.

“ Now, by my blushes, by the strong confusion

“ And anguish of my heart, spare me, Moneses,

“ Nor urge my trembling virtue to the precipice.”

Shortly, oh ! very shortly, if my sorrows

Divine aright, and Heav'n be gracious to me,

Death shall dissolve the fatal obligation,

“ And give me up to peace, to that blest place

“ Where the good rest from care and anxious life.

“ *Mon.* Oh, teach me, thou fair saint, like thee to suffer !

“ Teach me, with hardy piety, to combat

“ The present ills : instruct my eyes to pass

“ The narrow bounds of life, this land of sorrow,

“ And, with bold hopes, to view the realms beyond

“ Those distant beauties of the future state.

“ Tell me, Arpasia—say, what joys are those

“ That wait to crown the wretch who suffers here ?

“ Oh ! tell me, and sustain my failing faith.

“ *Arp.* Imagine somewhat exquisitely fine,

“ Which fancy cannot paint, which the pleas'd mind

“ Can barely know, unable to describe it ;

“ Imagine 'tis a tract of endless joys

“ Without satiety or interruption ;

“ Imagine 'tis to meet, and part no more.

“ *Mon.* Grant, gentle Heav'n, that such may be our  
lot !

“ Let us be blest together.—Oh, my soul !

“ Build on that hope, and let it arm thy courage

“ To struggle with the storm that parts us now.”

*Arp.* Yes, my Moneses ! now the surges rise,  
The swelling sea breaks in between our barks,  
And drives us to our fate on different rocks.  
Farewell !——My soul lives with thee.——

*Mon.* Death is parting,

'Tis the last sad adieu 'twixt soul and body.

But this is somewhat worse——My joy, my comfort,

All that was left in life, fleets after thee ;

“ My aking sight hangs on thy parting beauties,

“ Thy lovely eyes, all drown'd in floods of sorrow.

“ So sinks the setting sun beneath the waves,

“ And leaves the traveller, in pathless woods,

“ Benighted and forlorn——Thus, with sad eyes,

“ Westward he turns, to mark the light's decay,

" Till, having lost the last faint glimpse of day,

" Cheerless, in darkness, he pursues his way."

[*Exeunt Moneses and Arpasia severally.*]

---

ACT III. SCENE I.

---

*The inside of the royal tent. Enter AXALLA, SELIMA,  
" and Women Attendants.*

" *Axalla.*

" CAN there be aught in love beyond this proof,

" This wondrous proof, I give thee of my faith?

" To tear thee from my bleeding bosom thus!

" To rend the strings of life, to set thee free,

" And yield thee to a cruel father's power,

" Foe to my hopes! What canst thou pay me back,

" What but thyself, thou angel! for this fondness?

" *Sel.* Thou dost upbraid me, beggar as I am,

" And urge me with my poverty of love.

" Perhaps thou think'st, 'tis nothing for a maid

" To struggle through the niceness of her sex,

" The blushes and the fears, and own she loves.

" Thou think'st 'tis nothing for my artless heart

" To own my weakness, and confess thy triumph.

" *Ax.* Oh! yes I own it; my charm'd ears ne'er  
knew

" A sound of so much rapture, so much joy.

" Not voices, instruments, not warbling birds,

" Not winds, not murm'ring waters join'd in concert,

“ Not tuneless nature, not th’ according spheres,  
“ Utter such harmony, as when my Selima,  
“ With down-cast looks and blushes, said—I love.—

“ *Sel.* And yet thou say’st, I am a niggard to thee.

“ I swear the balance shall be held between us,  
“ And love be judge, if, after all the tenderness,  
“ Tears and confusion of my virgin soul,  
“ Thou shouldst complain of aught, unjust Axalla!”

*Ax.* Why was I ever blest!—Why is remembrance  
Rich with a thousand pleasing images  
Of past enjoyments, since ’tis but plague to me?  
When thou art mine no more, what will it ease me  
To think of all the golden minutes past,  
To think that thou wert kind, and I was happy?  
But like an angel fall’n from bliss, to curse  
My present state, and mourn the heav’n I’ve lost.

*Sel.* Hope better for us both; nor let thy fears,  
Like an unlucky omen, cross my way.

“ My father, rough and stormy in his nature,  
“ To me was always gentle, and, with fondness  
“ Paternal, ever met me with a blessing.  
“ Oft, when offence had stirr’d him to such fury,  
“ That not grave counsellors for wisdom fam’d,  
“ Nor hardy captains that had fought his battles,  
“ Presum’d to speak, but struck with awful dread,  
“ Were hush’d as death; yet has he smil’d on me,  
“ Kiss’d me, and bade me utter all my purpose,  
“ Till, with my idle prattle, I had sooth’d him,  
“ And won him from his anger.

“ *Ax.* Oh! I know

"Thou hast a tongue to charm the wildest tempers.  
 "Herds would forget to graze, and savage beasts  
 "Stand still and lose their fierceness, but to hear thee,  
 "As if they had reflection, and by reason  
 "Forsook a less enjoyment for a greater.  
 "But, oh! when I revolve each circumstance,  
 "My Christian faith, my service closely bound  
 "To Tamerlane, my master, and my friend,  
 "Tell me, my charmer, if my fears are vain?  
 "Think what remains for me, if the fierce sultan  
 "Should doom thy beauties to another's bed!"

*Sel.* 'Tis a sad thought: but to appease thy doubts,  
 Here, in the awful sight of Heav'n, I vow  
 No pow'r shall e'er divide me from thy love,  
 Ev'n duty shall not force me to be false.  
 My cruel stars may tear thee from my arms,  
 But never from my heart; "and when the maids  
 "Shall yearly come with garlands of fresh flow'rs,  
 "To mourn with pious office o'er my grave,  
 "They shall sit sadly down, and weeping tell  
 "How well I lov'd, how much I suffer'd for thee:  
 "And while they grieve my fate, shall praise my  
 constancy."

*Ax.* But see, the sultan comes!—"My beating  
 heart

"Bounds with exulting motion; hope and fear  
 "Fight with alternate conquest in my breast.  
 "Oh! can I give her from me? Yield her up?  
 "Now mourn, thou god of love, since honour triumphs,  
 "And crowns his cruel altars with thy spoils."

*Enter BAJAZET.*

*Baj.* To have a nauseous courtesy forc'd on me,  
Spite of my will, by an insulting foe !  
Ha ! they would break the fierceness of my temper,  
And make me supple for their slavish purpose.  
Curse on their fawning arts ! " From Heav'n itself  
" I would not, on such terms, receive a benefit,  
" But spurn it back upon the giver's hand."

*[Selima comes forward and kneels to Bajazet.]*

*Sel.* My lord ! my royal father !

*Baj.* Ha ! what art thou ?

What heavenly innocence ! that in a form  
So known, so lov'd, hast left thy paradise,  
For joyless prison, for this place of woe !  
Art thou my Selima ?

*Sel.* Have you forgot me ?

Alas, my piety is then in vain !

Your Selima, your daughter whom you lov'd,  
The fondling once of her dear father's arms,  
Is come to claim her share in his misfortunes ;  
" To wait and tend him with obsequious duty ;  
" To sit, and weep for every care he feels ;"  
To help to wear the tedious minutes out,  
To soften bondage, and the loss of empire.

*Baj.* Now, by our prophet, if my wounded mind  
Could know a thought of peace, it would be now :  
Ev'n from thy prating infancy thou wert  
My joy, my little angel ; smiling comfort  
Came with thee, still to glad me. Now I'm curs'd



Ev'n in thee too. Reproach and infamy  
Attend the Christian dog t' whom thou wert trusted.  
To see thee here—'twere better see thee dead!

*Ax.* Thus Tamerlane, to royal Bajazet,  
With kingly greeting sends: since with the brave  
(The bloody business of the fight once ended)  
Stern hate and opposition ought to cease;  
Thy queen already to thy arms restor'd,  
Receive this second gift, thy beauteous daughter;  
And if there be aught farther in thy wish,  
Demand with honour, and obtain it freely.

*Baj.* Bear back thy fulsome greeting to thy master;  
Tell him, I'll none on't. Had he been a god,  
All his omnipotence could not restore  
My fame diminish'd, loss of sacred honour,  
The radiancy of majesty eclips'd:  
For aught besides, it is not worth my care;  
The giver and his gifts are both beneath me.

*Ax.* Enough of war the wounded earth has known;  
"Weary at length, and wasted with destruction,  
"Sadly she rears her ruin'd head, to shew  
"Her cities humbled, and her countries spoil'd,  
"And to her mighty masters sues for peace."  
Oh, sultan! by the Pow'r divine I swear,  
With joy I would resign the savage trophies  
In blood and battle gain'd, could I atone  
The fatal breach 'twixt thee and Tamerlane;  
And think a soldier's glory well bestow'd  
To buy mankind a peace.

*Baj.* And what art thou,

That dost presume to mediate 'twixt the rage  
Of angry kings?

*Ax.* A prince, born of the noblest,  
And of a soul that answers to that birth,  
That dares not but do well. Thou dost put on  
A forc'd forgetfulness, thus not to know me,  
A guest so lately to thy court, then meeting  
On gentler terms. —

*Sel.* Could aught efface the merit  
Of brave Axalla's name? yet when your daughter  
Shall tell how well, how nobly she was us'd,  
How light this gallant prince made all her bondage,  
Most sure the royal Bajazet will own  
That honour stands indebted to such goodness,  
Nor can a monarch's friendship more than pay it.

*Baj.* Ha! know'st thou that, fond girl?—Go—'tis  
not well,

And when thou couldst descend to take a benefit  
From a vile Christian, and thy father's foe,  
Thou didst an act dishonest to thy race:  
Henceforth, unless thou mean'st to cancel all  
My share in thee, and write thyself a bastard,  
Die, starve, know any evil, any pain,  
Rather than taste a mercy from these dogs.

*Sel.* Alas! Axalla!

*Ax.* Weep not, lovely maid!

I swear, "one pearly drop from those fair eyes  
"Would over-pay the service of my life!"  
One sigh from thee has made a large amends  
For all thy angry father's frowns and fierceness.

*Baj.* Oh, my curst fortune !—Am I fall'n thus low !  
Dishonour'd to my face ! Thou earth-born thing !  
Thou clod ! how hast thou dar'd to lift thy eyes  
Up to the sacred race of mighty Ottoman,  
Whom kings, whom e'en our prophet's holy offspring  
At distance have beheld ? And what art thou ?  
What glorious titles blazon out thy birth ?  
Thou vile obscurity ! ha !—say—thou base one.

*Ax.* Thus challeng'd, virtue, modest as she is,  
Stands up to do herself a common justice :  
To answer, and assert that inborn merit,  
That worth, which conscious to herself she feels.  
Were honour to be scann'd by long descent,  
From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt  
A lineage of the greatest, and recount,  
Among my fathers, names of ancient story,  
Heroes and god-like patriots, who subdu'd  
The world by arms and virtue, and, being Romans,  
Scorn'd to be kings ; but that be their own praise :  
Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,  
Myself an undeserver. I could prove  
My friendship such, as thou might'st deign t' accept  
With honour, when it comes with friendly office,  
To render back thy crown, and former greatness ;  
“ And yet e'en this, e'en all is poor, when Selima,  
“ With matchless worth, weighs down the adverse  
scale.”

*Baj.* To me give back what yesterday took from me,  
Would be to give like Heav'n, when having finish'd  
This world (the goodly work of his creation)

He bid his favourite man be lord of all.

But this——

*Ax.* Nor is this gift beyond my pow'r.  
Oft has the mighty master of my arms  
Urg'd me, with large ambition, to demand  
Crowns and dominions from his bounteous pow'r :  
'Tis true, I wav'd the proffer, and have held it  
The worthier choice to wait upon his virtues,  
To be the friend and partner of his wars,  
Than to be Asia's lord. Nor wonder then,  
If, in the confidence of such a friendship,  
I promise boldly for the royal giver,  
Thy crown and empire.

*Baj.* For our daughter thus  
Mean'st thou to barter? Ha! I tell thee, Christian,  
There is but one, one dowry thou canst give,  
And I can ask, worthy my daughter's love.

*Ax.* Oh! name the mighty ransom; task my pow'r;  
Let there be danger, difficulty, death,  
T'enhance the price.

*Baj.* I take thee at thy word.  
Bring me the Tartar's head.

*Ax.* Ha!

*Baj.* Tamerlane's!  
That death, that deadly poison, to my glory.

*Ax.* Prodigious! Horrid!

*Sel.* Lost! for ever lost!

*Baj.* And couldst thou hope to bribe me with aught  
else?  
With a vile peace, patch'd up on slavish terms?

With tributary kingship ?——No!——To merit

A recompence from me, sate my revenge.

The Tartar is my bane, I cannot bear him :

One heav'n and earth can never hold us both ;

Still shall we hate, and with defiance deadly

Keep rage alive, till one be lost for ever :

As if two suns should meet in the meridian,

And strive in fiery combat for the passage.

Weep'st thou, fond girl ? Now as thy king, and  
father,

I charge thee, drive this slave from thy remembrance !

Hate shall be pious in thee. Come and join

*[Laying hold on her hand.*

To curse thy father's foes.

“ *Sel.* Undone for ever !

“ Now, tyrant duty, art thou yet obeyed ?

“ There is no more to give thee. Oh, Axalla !

*[Bajazet leads out Selima, she looking back on  
Axalla.*

“ *Ax.* 'Tis what I fear'd; fool that I was t'obey !

“ The coward love, that could not bear her frown,

“ Has wrought his own undoing. Perhaps e'en now

“ The tyrant's rage prevails upon her fears :

“ Fiercely he storms; she weeps, and sighs, and  
trembles,

“ But swears at length to think on me no more.

“ He bade me take her. But, oh, gracious honour !

“ Upon what terms ? My soul yet shudders at it,

“ And stands but half recover'd of her fright.

“ The head of Tamerlane ! monstrous impiety !

- " Bleed, bleed to death, my heart, be virtue's martyr.  
" Oh, emperor! I own I ought to give thee  
" Some nobler mark, than dying, of my faith.  
" Then let the pains I feel my friendship prove,  
" 'Tis easier far to die, than cease to love.

[Exit Axalla.]

---

SCENE II.

---

TAMERLANE's Camp. " Enter severally MONKES,  
and Prince of TANAI8.

- " Mon. If I not press untimely on his leisure,  
" You would much bind a stranger to your service,  
" To give me means of audience from the emperor.

" Pr. Most willingly; tho' for the present moment  
" We must intreat your stay; he holds him private.

" Mon. His counsel, I presume?

" Pr. No, the affair

- " Is not of earth, but heav'n—A holy man,  
" (One whom our prophet's law calls such) a dervise,  
" Keeps him in conference.

" Mon. Hours of religion,  
" Especially of princes, claims a reverence,  
" Nor will be interrupted.

" Pr. What his business

- " Imports we know not; but with earnest suit,  
" This morn', he begg'd admittance. Our great  
master

" (Than whom none bows more lowly to high Heav'n)

" In reverend regard holds all that bear

" Relation to religion, and, on notice

" Of his request, receiv'd him on the instant.

" *Mon.* We will attend his pleasure. [ *Exeunt.* "

*Enter TAMERLANE and a Dervise.*

*Tam.* Thou bring'st me thy credentials from the  
highest,

From Alha, and our prophet. Speak thy message,  
It must import the best and noblest ends.

*Der.* Thus speaks our holy Mahomet, who has  
giv'n thee

To reign and conquer : ill dost thou repay  
The bounties of his hand, unmindful of  
The fountain whence thy streams of greatness flow.  
Thou hast forgot high Heav'n hast beaten down  
And trampled on religion's sanctity.

*Tam.* Now, as I am a soldier and a king,  
(The greatest names of honour) do but make  
Thy imputation out, and Tamerlane  
Shall do thee ample justice on himself.

So much the sacred name of Heaven awes me,  
Could I suspect my soul of harbouring aught  
To its dishonour, I would search it strictly,  
And drive th' offending thought with fury forth.

*Der.* Yes, thou hast hurt our holy prophet's  
honour,

By fostering the pernicious Christian sect :  
Those, whom his sword pursu'd, with fell destruction,  
Thou tak'st into thy bosom, to thy councils ;

They are thy only friends. The true believers  
Mourn to behold thee favour this Axalla.

*Tam.* I fear me, thou out-go'st the prophet's order,  
And bring'st his venerable name to shelter  
A rudeness ill-becoming thee to use,  
Or me to suffer. When thou nam'st my friend,  
Thou nam'st a man beyond a monk's discerning,  
Virtuous and great, a warrior and a prince.

*Der.* He is a Christian; there our law condemns  
him,

Altho' he were ev'n all thou speak'st, and more.

*Tam.* 'Tis false; no law divine condemns the vir-  
tuous,

For differing from the rules your schools devise.  
Look round, how Providence bestows alike  
Sunshine and rain, to bless the fruitful year,  
On different nations, all of diff'rent faiths;  
And (tho' by several names and titles worshipp'd)  
Heav'n takes the various tribute of their praise;  
Since all agree to own, at least to mean,  
One best, one greatest, only Lord of all.

"Thus, when he view'd the many forms of nature,  
"He found that all was good, and blest the fair va-  
riety."

*Der.* Most impious and profane!—Nay, frown not,  
prince!

Full of the prophet, I despise the danger  
Thy angry power may threaten. I command thee  
To hear, and to obey; since thus says Mahomet:  
Why have I made thee dreadful to the nations?



Why have I giv'n thee conquest ; but to spread  
My sacred law ev'n to the utmost earth,  
And make my holy Mecca the world's worship ?  
Go on, and wheresoe'er thy arms shall prosper,  
Plant there the prophet's name ; with sword and fire  
Drive out all other faiths, and let the world  
Confess him only.

*Tam.* Had he but commanded  
My sword to conquer all, to make the world  
Know but one Lord, the task were not so hard,  
'Twere but to do what has been done already ;  
And Philip's son, and Cæsar did as much ;  
But to subdue th' unconquerable mind,  
To make one reason have the same effect  
Upon all apprehensions ; to force this  
Or this man, just to think as thou and I do ;  
Impossible ! Unless souls were alike  
In all, which differ now like human faces.

*Der.* Well might the holy cause be carry'd on,  
If Mussulmen did not make war on Mussulmen.  
Why hold'st thou captive a believing monarch ?  
Now, as thou hop'st to 'scape the prophet's curse,  
Release the royal Bajazet, and join,  
With force united, to destroy the Christians.

*Tam.* 'Tis well—I've found the cause that mov'd  
thy zeal.

What shallow politician set thee on,  
In hopes to fright me this way to compliance ?

*Der.* Our prophet only——

*Tam.* No—thou dost belie him,

Thou maker of new faiths ! that dar'st to build  
 Thy fond inventions on religion's name.  
 Religion's lustre is, by native innocence,  
 Divinely pure, and simple from all arts ;  
 You daub and dress her like a common mistress,  
 The harlot of your fancies ; and by adding  
 False beauties, which she wants not, make the world  
 Suspect her angel's face is foul beneath,  
 And wo' not bear all lights. Hence ! I have found  
 thee.

*Der.* I have but one resort. Now aid me, prophet.

[*Aside.*

Yet I have somewhat further to unfold ;

Our prophet speaks to thee in thunder—thus——

[*The Dervise draws a conceal'd dagger, and offers  
 to stab Tamerlane.*

*Tam.* No, villain, Heav'n is watchful o'er its wor-  
 shippers, [*Wresting the dagger from him.*  
 And blasts the murderer's purpose. Think, thou  
 wretch !

Think on the pains that wait thy crime, and tremble  
 When I shall doom thee——

*Der.* 'Tis but death at last ;  
 And I will suffer greatly for the cause  
 That urg'd me first to the bold deed.

*Tam.* Oh impious !  
 Enthusiasm thus makes villains martyrs.  
 [*Pausing.*] It shall be so—To die ! 'twere a reward—  
 Now learn the difference 'twixt thy faith and mine :  
 Thine bids thee lift thy dagger to my throat ;

Mine can forgive the wrong, and bid thee live.  
 Keep thy own wicked secret, and be safe !  
 If thou repent'st, I have gain'd one to virtue,  
 And am, in that, rewarded for my mercy ;  
 If thou continu'st still to be the same,  
 'Tis punishment enough to be a villain.  
 Hence ! from my sight—It shocks my soul to think  
 That there is such a monster in my kind. [*Ex. Der.*  
 Whither will man's impiety extend ?  
 Oh, gracious Heav'n ! dost thou withhold thy thunder,  
 When bold assassins take thy name upon 'em,  
 And swear they are the champions of thy cause ?

*Enter MONESES.*

*Mon.* Oh, emperor ! before whose awful throne  
 Th' afflicted never kneel in vain for justice,

[*Kneeling to Tam.*

Undone, and ruin'd, blasted in my hopes,  
 Here let me fall before your sacred feet,  
 And groan out my misfortunes, till your pity,  
 (The last support and refuge that is left me)  
 Shall raise me from the ground and bid me live.

*Tam.* Rise, prince, nor let me reckon up the worth,  
 And tell how boldly that might bid thee ask,  
 Lest I should make a merit of my justice,  
 The common debt I owe to thee, to all,  
 Ev'n to the meanest of mankind, the charter  
 By which I claim my crown, and Heaven's protection.  
 Speak, then, as to a king, the sacred name  
 Where pow'r is lodg'd, for righteous ends alone.

*Mon.* One only joy, one blessing, my fond heart  
Had fix'd its wishes on, and that is lost ;  
That sister, for whose safety my sad soul  
Endur'd a thousand fears——

*Tam.* I well remember,  
When, ere the battle join'd, I saw thee first,  
With grief uncommon to a brother's love,  
Thou told'st a moving tale of her misfortunes,  
Such as bespoke my pity. Is there aught  
Thou canst demand from friendship? Ask, and  
have it.

*Mon.* First, oh ! let me entreat your royal goodness ;  
Forgive the folly of a lover's caution,  
That forg'd a tale of folly to deceive you.  
Said I, she was my sister?—Oh ! 'tis false ;  
She holds a dearer interest in my soul,  
“ Such as the closest ties of blood ne'er knew ;  
“ An interest, such as power, wealth and honour  
“ Cann't buy, but love, love only, can bestow ; ”  
She was the mistress of my vows, my bride,  
By contract mine ; and long ere this the priest  
Had ty'd the knot for ever, had not Bajazet——

*Tam.* Ha ! Bajazet!—If yet his pow'r withholds  
The cause of all thy sorrows, all thy fears,  
E'en gratitude for once shall gain upon him,  
Spite of his savage temper, to restore her.  
This morn' a soldier brought a captive beauty,  
Sad, tho' she seem'd, yet of a form more rare,  
By much the noblest spoil of all the field ;  
E'en Scipio, or a victor yet more cold,

Might have forgot his virtue at her sight.  
 Struck with a pleasing wonder, I beheld her,  
 Till, by a slave that waited near her person,  
 I learn'd she was the captive sultan's wife:  
 Strait I forbid my eyes the dangerous joy  
 Of gazing long, and sent her to her lord.

*Mon.* There was Moneses lost. Too sure my heart  
 (From the first mention of her wondrous charms)  
 Presag'd it could be only my Arpasia.

*Tam.* Arpasia! didst thou say?

*Mon.* Yes, my Arpasia.

*Tam.* Sure I mistake, or fain I would mistake thee;  
 I nam'd the queen of Bajazet, his wife.

*Mon.* His queen! his wife! He brings that holy  
 title

To varnish o'er the monstrous wrongs he has done me.

*Tam.* Alas! I fear me, prince, thy griefs are just;  
 Thou art, indeed, unhappy——

*Mon.* Can you pity me,

And not redress? Oh, royal Tamerlane! [*Kneeling.*

Thou succour of the wretched, reach thy mercy  
 To save me from the grave, and from oblivion;  
 Be gracious to the hopes that wait my youth.

“Oh! let not sorrow blast me, lest I wither,

“And fall in vile dishonour.” Let thy justice

Restore me my Arpasia; give her back,

Back to my wishes, to my transports give her,

To my fond, restless, bleeding, dying bosom.

Oh! give her to me yet while I have life

To bless thee for the bounty. Oh, Arpasia!

*Tam.* Unhappy, royal youth, why dost thou ask  
What honour must deny? Ha! is she not  
His wife, whom he has wedded, whom enjoy'd?  
And wouldst thou have my partial friendship break  
That holy knot, which, ty'd once, all mankind  
Agree to hold sacred and undissolveable?  
The brutal violence would stain my justice,  
And brand me with a tyrant's hated name  
To late posterity.

*Mon.* Are then the vows,  
The holy vows we register'd in heav'n,  
But common air?

*Tam.* Could thy fond love forget  
The violation of a first enjoyment?——  
But sorrow has disturb'd and hurt thy mind.

*Mon.* Perhaps it has, and like an idle madman,  
That wanders with a train of hooting boys,  
I do a thousand things to shame my reason.  
Then let me fly, and bear my follies with me,  
Far, far from the world's sight. Honour and fame,  
Arms, and the glorious war shall be forgotten;  
No noble sound of greatness, or ambition,  
Shall wake my drowsy soul from her dead sleep,  
Till the last trump do summon.

*Tam.* Let thy virtue  
Stand up and answer to these warring passions,  
That vex thy manly temper. From the moment  
When first I saw thee, something wondrous noble  
Shone thro' thy form, and won my friendship for thee,  
Without the tedious form of long acquaintance;

Nor will I lose thee poorly for a woman.  
Come, droop no more, thou shalt with me pursue  
True greatness, till we rise to immortality.  
Thou shalt forget these lesser cares, Meneſes;  
Thou shalt, and help me to reform the world.

*Mon.* "So the good genius warns his mortal charge  
"To fly the evil fate that still pursues him,  
"Till it have wrought his ruin." Sacred Tamerlane,  
Thy words are as the breath of angels to me.  
But, oh! too deep the wounding grief is fixt,  
For any hand to heal.

*Tam.* This dull despair  
Is the soul's laziness. Rouse to the combat,  
And thou art sure to conquer. War shall restore thee;  
The sound of arms shall wake thy martial ardour,  
And cure this amorous sickness of thy soul,  
"Begun by sloth, and nurs'd by too much ease.  
"The idle god of love supinely dreams,  
"Amidst inglorious shades and purling streams;  
"In rosy fetters and fantastic chains,  
"He blinds deluded maids and simple swains;  
"With soft enjoyments woos them to forget  
"The hardy toils and labours of the great.  
"But if the warlike trumpet's loud alarms  
"To virtuous acts excite, and manly arms,  
"The coward boy avows his abject fear,  
"On silken wings sublime he cuts the air,  
"Scar'd at the noble noise and thunder of the war."

*The boy, fond Love,*  
*Is nurs'd and bred in sloth, and too much ease;*

*Near purling streams, in gloomy shades, he lies,  
And loosely there, instructs his votaries,  
Honour, and active virtue to despise.  
But if the trumpets echo from afar,  
On silken wings sublime he cuts the air,  
Scar'd at the noise and clangor of the war.* [Exeunt.

---

*ACT IV. SCENE I.*

*BAJAZET's Tent. Enter HALY, and the Dervise.*

*Haly.*

To 'scape with life from an attempt like this,  
Demands my wonder justly.

*Der.* True, it may;

But 'tis a principle of his new faith;  
'Tis what his Christian favourites have inspir'd,  
Who fondly make a merit of forgiveness,  
And give their foes a second opportunity,  
If the first blow should miss.—Failing to serve  
The sultan to my wish, and e'en despairing  
Of further means t' effect his liberty,  
A lucky accident retriiv'd my hopes.

*Ha.* The prophet and our master will reward  
Thy zeal in their behalf; but speak thy purpose.

*Der.* Just ent'ring here I met the Tartar general,  
Fierce Omar.

*Ha.* He commands, if I mistake not,  
This quarter of the army, and our guards.



*Der.* The same. By his stern aspect, and the fires  
That kindled in his eyes, I guess'd the tumult  
Some wrong had rais'd in his tempestuous soul;  
A friendship of old date had giv'n me privilege  
To ask of his concerns. In short, I learn'd,  
That burning for the sultan's beauteous daughter,  
He had begg'd her, as a captive of the war,  
From Tamerlane; but meeting with denial  
Of what he thought his services might claim,  
Loudly he storms, and curses the Italian,  
As cause of this affront. I join'd his rage,  
And added to his injuries, the wrongs  
Our prophet daily meets with from Axalla.  
But see, he comes. Improve what I shall tell,  
And all we wish is ours.

*[They seem to talk together aside.]*

*Enter OMAR.*

*Om.* No——if I forgive it,  
Dishonour blast my name! Was it for this  
That I directed his first steps to greatness,  
Taught him to climb, and made him what he is?  
“When our great Cam first bent his eyes towards  
him,  
“(Then petty prince of Parthia) and, by me  
“Persuaded, rais'd him to his daughter's bed,  
“Call'd him his son, and successor of the empire;”  
Was it for this, that like a rock I stood  
And stemm'd a torrent of our Tartar lords,

Who scorn'd his upstart sway ? When Calibes,  
In bold rebellion, drew e'en half the provinces  
To own his cause, I, like his better angel,  
Stood by his shaking throne, and fix'd it fast ;  
And am I now so lost to his remembrance,  
That, when I ask a captive, he shall tell me,  
She is Axalla's right, his Christian minion ?

*Der.* Allow me, valiant Omar, to demand,  
Since injur'd thus, why right you not yourself ?  
The prize you ask is in your power.

*Om.* It is,  
And I will seize it in despite of Tamerlane,  
And that Italian dog.

*Ha.* What need of force,  
When every thing concurs to meet your wishes ?  
Our mighty master would not wish a son  
Nobler than Omar. From a father's hand  
Receive that daughter, which ungrateful Tamerlane  
Has to your worth deny'd.

*Om.* Now, by my arms,  
It will be great revenge. What will your sultan  
Give to the man that shall restore his liberty,  
His crown, and give him pow'r to wreak his hatred  
Upon his greatest foe ?

*Ha.* All he can ask,  
And far beyond his wish.— [Trumpets.

*Om.* These trumpets speak  
The emperor's approach ; he comes once more  
To offer terms of peace. Retire within.

I will know farther—he grows deadly to me;  
 And curse me, prophet, if I not repay  
 His hate with retribution full as mortal. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*Draws, and discovers ARPASIA lying on a Couch.*

S O N G.

To thee, O gentle Sleep, alone  
 Is owing all our peace,  
 By thee our joys are heighten'd shown,  
 By thee our sorrows cease.  
 The nymph whose hand, by fraud or force,  
 Some tyrant has possess'd,  
 By thee, obtaining a divorce,  
 In her own choice is bless'd.  
 Oh, stay! Arpasia bids thee stay;  
 The sadly weeping fair  
 Conjures thee, not to lose in day  
 The object of her care,  
 To grasp whose pleasing form she sought,  
 That motion chas'd her sleep;  
 Thus by ourselves are oft'nest wrought  
 The griefs, for which we weep.

Arp. Oh, death! thou gentle end of human sorrows,  
 Still must my weary eye-lids vainly wake  
 In tedious expectation of thy peace?  
 Why stand thy thousand thousand doors still open,

To take the wretched in, if stern religion  
Guard every passage, and forbids my entrance?—  
Lucrece could bleed, and Portia swallow fire,  
When urg'd with griefs beyond a mortal sufferance;  
But here it must not be. Think then, Arpasia,  
Think on the sacred dictates of thy faith,  
And let that arm thy virtue to perform  
What Cato's daughter durst not!—Live, Arpasia,  
And dare to be unhappy.

*Enter TAMERLANE.*

*Tam.* When fortune smiles upon the soldier's arms,  
And adds e'en beauty to adorn his conquest,  
Yet she ordains the fair should know no fears,  
“No sorrows to pollute their lovely eyes,  
“But should be us'd e'en nobly, as herself,  
“The queen and goddess of the warrior's vows.”—  
Such welcome as a camp can give, fair sultanness,  
We hope you have receiv'd; it shall be larger,  
And better as it may.

*Arp.* Since I have borne  
That miserable mark of fatal greatness,  
I have forgot all difference of conditions;  
Sceptres and fetters are grown equal to me,  
And the best change my fate can bring is death.

*Tam.* “When sorrow dwells in such an angel form,  
“Well may we guess that those above are mourners;  
“Virtue is wrong'd, and bleeding innocence  
“Suffers some wondrous violation here,  
“To make the saints look sad.” Oh! teach my power

To cure those ills which you unjustly suffer,  
Lest Heav'n should wrest it from my idle hand,  
If I look on, and see you weep in vain.

*Arp.* Not that my soul disdains the generous aid  
Thy royal goodness proffers: but, oh, emperor!  
It is not in my fate to be made happy;  
Nor will I listen to the coz'ner, Hope,  
But stand resolv'd to bear the beating storm  
That roars around me; safe in this alone,  
That I am not immortal.—Tho' 'tis hard,  
'Tis wondrous hard, when I remember thee,  
(Dear native Greece!) and you, ye weeping maids,  
That were companions of my virgin youth!  
My noble parents! Oh, the grief of heart,  
The pangs, that, for unhappy me, bring down  
Their reverend ages to the grave with sorrow.  
And yet there is a woe surpassing all:  
Ye saints and angels, give me of your constancy,  
If you expect I shall endure it long.

*Tam.* Why is my pity all that I can give  
To tears like yours? And yet I fear 'tis all;  
Nor dare I ask, what mighty loss you mourn,  
Lest honour should forbid to give it back.

*Arp.* No, Tamerlane, nor did I mean thou shouldst:  
But know, (tho' to the weakness of my sex  
I yield these tears) my soul is more than man.  
Think, I am born a Greek, nor doubt my virtue;  
“A Greek! from whose fam'd ancestors of old  
“Rome drew the patterns of her boasted heroes.”

They must be mighty evils that can vanquish  
A Spartan courage, and a Christian faith.

*Enter* **BAJAZET.**

*Baj.* To know no thought of rest! to have the mind  
Still minist'ring fresh plagues, as in a circle,  
Where one dishonour treads upon another;  
What know the fiends beyond it?—Ha! by hell,

*[Seeing Arp. and Tam.]*

There wanted only this to make me mad.  
Comes he to triumph here; to rob my love,  
And violate the last retreat of happiness?

*Tam.* But that I read upon thy frowning brow,  
That war yet lives, and rages in thy breast;  
Once more (in pity to the suff'ring world)  
I meant to offer peace.——

*Baj.* And mean'st thou too  
To treat it with our empress; and to barter  
The spoils which fortune gave thee for her favours?

*Arp.* What would the tyrant?— *[Aside.]*

*Baj.* Seek'st thou thus our friendship?  
Is this the royal usage thou didst boast?

*Tam.* The boiling passion that disturbs thy soul,  
Spreads clouds around, and makes thy purpose dark—  
Unriddle what thy mystic fury aims at.

*Baj.* Is it a riddle? Read it there explain'd;  
There, in my shame. Now judge me thou, O prophet,  
And equal Heav'n, if this demand not rage!  
The peasant-hind, begot and born to slavery,  
Yet dares assert a husband's sacred right,

And guards his homely couch from violation :  
And shall a monarch tamely bear the wrong  
Without complaining ?

*Tam.* If I could have wrong'd thee,  
If conscious virtue, and all-judging Heav'n,  
Stood not between to bar ungovern'd appetite,  
What hinder'd, but in spite of thee, my captive,  
I might have us'd a victor's boundless pow'r,  
And sated every wish my soul could form ?  
But to secure thy fears, know, Bajazet,  
This is among the things I dare not do.

*Baj.* By hell, 'tis false ! else wherefore art thou  
present ?

What cam'st thou for, but to undo my honour ?  
I found thee holding amorous parly with her,  
Gazing and glutting on her wanton eyes,  
And bargaining for pleasures yet to come :  
My life, I know, is the devoted price—  
But take it, I am weary of the pain.

*Tam.* Yet ere thou rashly urge my rage too far,  
I warn thee to take heed : I am a man,  
And have the frailties common to man's nature,  
The fiery seeds of wrath are in my temper,  
And may be blown up to so fierce a blaze,  
As wisdom cannot rule. Know, thou hast touch'd me  
Ev'n in the nicest, tend'rest part, my honour ;  
My honour ! which, like pow'r, disdains being ques-  
tion'd ;

Thy breath has blasted my fair virtue's fame,  
And mark'd me for a villain, and a tyrant.

*Arp.* And stand I here an idle looker-on,  
 To see my innocence murder'd and mangled  
 By barbarous hands, nor can revenge the wrong ?  
 Art thou a man, and dar'st thou use me thus ? [*To Baj.*  
 Hast thou not torn me from my native country,  
 From the dear arms of my lamenting friends,  
 From my soul's peace, and from my injur'd love ?  
 Hast thou not ruin'd, blotted me for ever,  
 And driv'n me to the brink of black despair ?  
 And is it in thy malice yet to add  
 A wound more deep, to sully my white name,  
 My virtue ? ———

*Baj.* Yes, thou hast thy sex's virtues,  
 Their affectation, pride, ill-nature, noise,  
 Proneness to change, e'en from the joy that pleas'd  
 'em :

So gracious is your idol, dear variety,  
 That for another love you would forego  
 An angel's form, to mingle with a devil's ;  
 " Through ev'ry state and rank of men you wander,  
 " Till e'en your large experience takes in all  
 " The different nations of the peopled earth."

*Arp.* Why sought'st thou not from thy own impious  
 tribe

A wife like one of these ? " For such thy race  
 " (If human nature brings forth such) affords.  
 " Greece, for chaste virgins fam'd, and pious matrons,  
 " Teems not with monsters like your Turkish wives,  
 " Whom guardian eunuchs, haggard and deform'd,  
 " Whom walls and bars make honest by constraint."



Know, I detest, like hell, the crime thou mention'st:  
Not that I fear, or reverence thee, thou tyrant;  
But that my soul, conscious of whence it sprung,  
Sits unpoisoned in its sacred temple,  
And scorns to mingle with a thought so mean.

*Tam.* Oh, pity! that a greatness so divine  
Should meet a fate so wretched, so unequal.—  
Thou, blind and wilful to the good that courts thee,  
[To Bajazet.

With open-handed bounty Heav'n pursues thee,  
And bids thee (undeserving as thou art,  
And monstrous in thy crimes) be happy yet;  
Whilst thou, in fury, dost avert the blessing,  
And art an evil genius to thyself.

*Baj.* No—Thou! thou art my greatest curse on  
earth!

Thou, who hast robb'd me of my crown and glory,  
And now pursu'st me to the verge of life,  
To spoil me of my honour. Thou! thou hypocrite!  
That wear'st a pageant outside shew of virtue,  
To cover the hot thoughts that glow within!  
Thou rank adulterer!

*Tam.* Oh; that thou wert  
The lord of all those thousands, that lie breathless  
On yonder field of blood, that I again  
Might hunt thee, in the face of death and danger,  
Through the tumultuous battle, and there force thee,  
Vanquish'd and sinking underneath my arm,  
To own thou hast traduc'd me like a villain.

*Baj.* Ha! Does it gall thee, Tartar? By revenge,

It joys me much to find thou feel'st my fury.  
Yes, I will echo to thee, thou adulterer !  
Thou dost profane the name of king and soldier,  
And, like a ruffian bravo, cam'st with force  
To violate the holy marriage-bed.

*Tam.* Wert thou not shelter'd by thy abject state,  
The captive of my sword, by my just anger,  
My breath, like thunder, should confound thy pride,  
And doom thee dead, this instant, with a word.

*Baj.* 'Tis false ! my fate's above thee, and thou  
dar'st not.

*Tam.* Ha ! dare not ! Thou hast rais'd my pond'rous  
rage,  
And now it falls to crush thee at a blow.

A guard there !—Seize and drag him to his fate !

*[Enter a guard, they seize Bajazet.]*

Tyrant, I'll do a double justice on thee ;  
At once revenge myself, and all mankind.

*Baj.* Well dost thou, ere thy violence and lust  
Invade my bed, thus to begin with murder :  
Drown all thy fears in blood, and sin securely.

*Tam.* Away !

*Arp.* *[Kneeling.]* Oh, stay ! I charge thee, by re-  
nown ;

By that bright glory thy great soul pursues,  
Call back the doom of death !

*Tam.* Fair injur'd excellence,  
Why dost thou kneel, and waste such precious  
pray'rs,  
“ As might e'en bribe the saints to partial justice,”

For one to goodness lost ; who first undid thee,  
Who still pursues and aggravates the wrong ?

*Baj.* By Alha! no—I will not wear a life  
Bought with such vile dishonour. Death shall free me  
At once from infamy, and thee, thou traitress!

*Alp.* No matter, tho' the whistling winds grow loud,  
And the rude tempest roars; 'tis idle rage :  
Oh! mark it not; but let thy steady virtue  
Be constant to its temper. Save his life,  
And save Arpasia from the sport of talkers.  
Think, how the busy, meddling world will toss  
Thy mighty name about, in scurril mirth ;  
Shall brand thy vengeance; as a foul design,  
And make such monstrous legends of our lives,  
As late posterity shall blush in reading.

*Tam.* Oh, matchless virtue! Yes, I will obey ;  
Tho' laggard in the race, admiring yet,  
I will pursue the shining path thou tread'st.  
Sultan, be safe! Reason resumes her empire,

[*The guards release Bajazet.*

And I am cool again.—Here break we off,  
Lest farther speech should minister new rage.  
Wisely from dangerous passions I retreat,  
To keep a conquest which was hard to get :  
And, oh! 'tis time I should for flight prepare,  
A war more fatal seems to threaten there,  
And all my rebel-blood assists the fair :  
One moment more, and I too late shall find,  
That love's the strongest pow'r that lords it o'er the  
mind. [*Exit Tam. followed by the guards.*

*Baj.* To what new shame, what plague am I reserv'd!  
“ Why did my stars refuse me to die warm,  
“ While yet my regal state stood unimpeach'd,  
“ Nor knew the curse of having one above me ?  
“ Then too (altho' by force I grasp'd the joy)  
“ My love was safe, nor felt the rack of doubt.”  
Why hast thou forc'd this nauseous life upon me ?  
Is it to triumph o'er me ?—But I will, . . .  
I will be free, I will forget thee all ;  
The bitter and the sweet, the joy and pain,  
Death shall expunge at once, and ease my soul.  
Prophet, take notice, I disclaim thy Paradise,  
Thy fragrant bow'rs, and everlasting shades ;  
Thou hast plac'd woman there, and all thy joys are  
tainted. [Exit Bajazet.

*Arp.* A little longer yet, be strong, my heart ;  
A little longer let the busy spirits  
Keep on their cheerful round.—It wo' not be !  
“ Love, sorrow, and the sting of vile reproach,  
“ Succeeding one another in their course,  
“ Like drops of eating water on the marble,  
“ At length have worn my boasted courage down :  
“ I will indulge the woman in my soul,  
“ And give a loose to tears and to impatience ;”  
Death is at last my due, and I will have it. —  
And see, the poor Moneses comes, to take  
One sad adieu, and then we part for ever.

*Enter MONESES.*

*Mon.* Already am I onward of my way,

Thy tuneful voice comes like a hollow sound  
At distance, to my ears. My eyes grow heavy,  
And all the glorious lights of Heav'n look dim ;  
'Tis the last office they shall ever do me,  
To view thee once, and then to close and die.

*Arp.* Alas! how happy have we been, Moneses!  
Ye gentle days, that once were ours, what joys  
Did every cheerful morning bring along!  
No fears, no jealousies, no angry parents,  
That for unequal births, or fortunes frown'd ;  
But love, that kindly join'd our hearts, to bless us,  
Made us a blessing too to all besides.

*Mon.* Oh, cast not thy remembrance back, Arpasia!  
'Tis grief unutterable, 'tis distraction !  
“ But let this last of hours be peaceful sorrow !”  
Here let me kneel, and pay my latest vows.  
Be witness, all ye saints, thou Heav'n and Nature,  
Be witness of my truth, for you have known it !  
Be witness, that I never knew a pleasure,  
In all the world could offer, like Arpasia !  
Be witness, that I liv'd but in Arpasia !  
And, oh, be witness, that her loss has kill'd me !

*Arp.* While thou art speaking, life begins to fail,  
And every tender accent chills like death.  
Oh ! let me haste then, yet, ere day declines  
And the long night prevail, once more to tell thee  
What, and how dear, Moneses has been to me.  
What has he not been ?—All the names of love,  
Brothers, or fathers, husbands, all are poor :  
Moneses is myself ; in my fond heart,

E'en in my vital blood, he lives and reigns:  
The last dear object of my parting soul  
Will be Moneses; the last breath that lingers  
Within my panting breast, shall sigh Moneses.

*Mon.* It is enough! Now to thy rest, my soul,  
The world and thou have made an end at once.

*Arp.* Fain would I still detain thee, hold thee still:  
Nor honour can forbid, that we together  
Should share the poor few minutes that remain.  
I swear, methinks this sad society  
Has somewhat pleasing in it.—Death's dark shades  
Seem, as we journey on, to lose their horror;  
At near approach the monsters, form'd by fear,  
Are vanish'd all, and leave the prospect clear;  
Amidst the gloomy vale, a pleasing scene,  
With flow'rs adorn'd, and never-fading green,  
Inviting stands, to take the wretched in:  
No wars, no wrongs, no tyrants, no despair,  
Disturb the quiet of a place so fair,  
But injur'd lovers find Elysium there. [Exeunt.

*Enter BAJAZET, OMAR, HALY, and the Dervise.*

*Baj.* Now, by the glorious tomb that shrines our  
prophet,  
By Mecca's sacred temple, here I swear,  
Our daughter is thy bride! and to that gift  
Such wealth, such pow'r, such honours will I add,  
That monarchs shall with envy view thy state,  
And own thou art a demy-god to them,

Thou hast giv'n me what I wish'd, power of revenge,  
And when a king rewards, 'tis ample retribution.

*Om.* Twelve Tartar lords, each potent in his tribe,  
Have sworn to own my cause, and draw their thou-  
sands,

To-morrow, from the ungrateful Parthian's side :  
The day declining, seems to yield to night,  
Ere little more than half her course be ended.  
In an auspicious hour prepare for flight ;  
The leaders of the troops thro' which we pass,  
Rais'd by my pow'r, devoted to my service,  
Shall make our passage secret and secure.

*Der.* Already, mighty sultan, art thou safe,  
Since, by yon passing torches' light, I guess,  
To his pavilion Tamerlane retires,  
Attended by a train of waiting courtiers.  
All who remain within these tents are thine,  
And hail thee as their lord.——

Ha ! the Italian prince,  
With sad Moneses, are not yet gone forth.

*Baj.* Ha ! with our queen and daughter !

*Om.* They are ours :

I mark'd the slaves, who waited on Axalla ;  
They, when the emperor past out, prest on,  
And mingled with the crowd, nor miss'd their lord :  
He is your pris'ner, sir : I go this moment,  
To seize, and bring him to receive his doom.

[*Exit Omar.*]

*Baj.* Haste, Haly, follow, and secure the Greek :  
Him too I wish to keep within my power. [*Exit Haly.*]

*Der.* If my dread lord permit his slave to speak,  
I would advise to spare Axalla's life,  
Till we are safe beyond the Parthian's pow'r:  
Him, as our pledge of safety, may we hold;  
And, could you gain him to assist your flight,  
It might import you much.

*Baj.* Thou counsell'st well;  
And tho' I hate him (for he is a Christian,  
And to my mortal enemy devoted),  
Yet, to secure my liberty and vengeance,  
I wish he now were ours.

*Der.* And see, they come!  
Fortune repents; again she courts your side,  
And, with this first fair offering of success,  
She wooes you to forget her crime of yesterday.

*Enter OMAR, with AXALLA Prisoner, SELIMA  
following weeping.*

*Ax.* I wo' not call thee villain; 'tis a name  
Too holy for thy crime: to break thy faith,  
And turn a rebel to so good a master,  
Is an ingratitude unmatch'd on earth.  
The first revolting angel's pride could only  
Do more than thou hast done. Thou copy'st well,  
And keep'st the black original in view.

*Om.* Do rage, and vainly call upon thy master  
To save his minion. My revenge has caught thee,  
And I will make thee curse that fond presumption  
That set thee on to rival me in aught.

*Baj.* Christian, I hold thy fate at my disposal!



One only way remains to mercy open ;  
Be partner of my flight and my revenge,  
And thou art safe. Thy other choice is death.

*Om.* What means the sultan ?

*Der.* I conjure you, hold——

Your rival is devoted to destruction ; [*Aside to Omar.*  
Nor would the sultan now defer his fate,  
But for our common safety. —Listen further.

[*Whispers.*

*Ax.* Then briefly thus. Death is the choice I make ;  
Since, next to Heav'n, my master and my friend  
Has interest in my life, and still shall claim it.

*Baj.* Then take thy wish—Call in our mutes !

*Sel.* My father,

If yet you have not sworn to cast me off,  
And turn me out to wander in misfortune ;  
If yet my voice be gracious in your ears ;  
If yet my duty and my love offend not,  
Oh, call your sentence back, and save Axalla !

*Baj.* Rise, Selima ! The slave deserves to die,  
Who durst, with sullen pride, refuse my mercy :  
Yet, for thy sake, once more I offer life.

*Sel.* Some angel whisper to my anxious soul,  
What I shall do to save him.—“ Oh, Axalla !

“ Is it so easy to thee to forsake me ?

“ Canst thou resolve, with all this cold indifference,

“ Never to see me more ? To leave me here

“ The miserable mourner of thy fate,

“ Condemn'd to waste my widow'd virgin youth,

" My tedious days and nights, in lonely weeping,

" And never know the voice of comfort more ?

" *Ax.* Search not too deep the sorrows of my breast :

" Thou say'st I am indifferent and cold.

" Oh ! is it possible my eyes should tell

" So little of the fighting storm within ?

" Oh ! turn thee from me, save me from thy beauties !

" Falsehood and ruin all look lovely there.

" Oh ! let my lab'ring soul yet struggle thro'——

" I will—I would resolve to die, and leave thee.

" *Baj.* Then let him die !—He trifles with my favour.

" I have too long attended his resolves.

" *Sel.* Oh ! stay a minute, yet a minute longer ;

[*To Bajazet.*

" A minute is a little space in life.

" There is a kind consenting in his eyes,

" And I shall wish him to your royal will."

Oh, my Axalla ! seem but to consent.—[*To Ax. aside.*

Unkind and cruel, will you then do nothing ?

I find I am not worth thy least of cares.

*Ax.* Oh ! labour not to hang dishonour on me !

I could bear sickness, pain and poverty,

Those mortal evils worse than death, for thee.

But this—It has the force of fate against us,

And cannot be.

*Sel.* See, see, sir, he relents,

[*To Bajazet.*

Already he inclines to own your cause.

A little longer, and he is all yours.

*Baj.* Then mark how far a father's fondness yields.

'Till midnight I defer the death he merits,  
And give him up 'till then to thy persuasion.  
If by that time he meets my will, he lives;  
If not, thyself shalt own he dies with justice.

*Ax.* 'Tis but to lengthen life upon the rack.

I am resolv'd already.

*Sel.* Oh! be still,

Nor rashly urge a ruin on us both;

'Tis but a moment more I have to save thee.

Be kind, auspicious Alha, to my pray'r;

More for my love, than for myself, I fear;

Neglect mankind awhile, and make him all thy care!

[*Exeunt Axalla and Selima.*]

*Baj.* Moneses,—is that dog secur'd?

*Om.* He is.

*Baj.* 'Tis well—My soul perceives returning greatness,

As nature feels the spring. Lightly she bounds,

And shakes dishonour, like a burden, from her;

Once more imperial, awful, and herself.

So, when of old, Jove from the Titans fled,

Ammon's rude front his radiant face bely'd,

And all the majesty of Heav'n lay hid.

At length, by fate, to pow'r divine restor'd,

His thunder taught the world to know its Lord,

The God grew terrible again, and was again ador'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.*BAJAZET's Tent.**Arpasia.*

SURE 'tis a horror, more than darkness brings,  
 That sits upon the night! Fate is abroad;  
 Some ruling fiend hangs in the dusky air,  
 And scatters ruin, death, and wild distraction,  
 O'er all the wretched race of man below.  
 Not long ago, a troop of ghastly slaves  
 Rush'd in, and forc'd Moneses from my sight;  
 Death hung so heavy on his drooping spirits,  
 That scarcely could he say—Farewell—for ever!  
 And yet, methinks, some gentle spirit whispers,  
 Thy peace draws near, Arpasia, sigh no more!  
 And see, the king of terrors is at hand;  
 His minister appears.

*Enter BAJAZET and HALY.*

*Baj. [Aside to Haly.]* The rest I leave  
 To thy dispatch. For, oh! my faithful Haly,  
 Another care has taken up thy master.  
 Spite of the high-wrought tempest in my soul,  
 Spite of the pangs which jealousy has cost me,  
 This haughty woman reigns within my breast;  
 "In vain I strive to put her from my thoughts,  
 "To drive her out with empire, and revenge.  
 "Still she comes back, like a retiring tide,

"That ebbs a while, but strait returns again,

"And swells above the beach."

*Ha.* Why wears my lord

An anxious thought for what his pow'r commands?

When, in an happy hour, you shall, ere long,

Have borne the empress from amidst your foes,

She must be yours, be only and all yours.

*Baj.* On that depends my fear. Yes, I must have  
her;

I own, I will not, cannot, go without her.

"But such is the condition of our flight,

"That should she not consent, 'twould hazard all

"To bear her hence by force. Thus I resolve then,

"By threats and pray'rs, by every way, to move her;

"If all prevail not, force is left at last;

"And I will set life, empire, on the venture,

"To keep her mine"—Be near to wait my will.

[Exit Haly.]

When last we parted, 'twas on angry terms;

Let the remembrance die, or kindly think

That jealous rage is but a hasty flame,

That blazes out, when love too fiercely burns.

*Arp.* For thee to wrong me, and for me to suffer,

Is the hard lesson that my soul has learnt,

And now I stand prepar'd for all to come:

Nor is it worth my leisure to distinguish

If love or jealousy commit the violence;

Each have alike been fatal to my peace,

Confirming me a wretch, and thee a tyrant.

*Baj.* Still to deform thy gentle brow with frowns,

And still to be perverse, it is a manner  
Abhorrent from the softness of thy sex :  
Women, like summer storms, a while are cloudy,  
Burst out in thunder, and impetuous show'rs;  
But strait, the sun of beauty dawns abroad,  
And all the fair horizon is serene.

*Arp.* Then, to retrieve the honour of my sex,  
Here I disclaim that changing and inconstancy :  
To thee I will be ever as I am.

*Baj.* Thou say'st I am a tyrant ; think so still,  
And let it warn thy prudence to lay hold  
On the good hour of peace, that courts thee now.  
Souls, form'd like mine, brook being scorn'd but ill.  
Be well advis'd, and profit by my patience ;  
It is a short-liv'd virtue.

*Arp.* Turn thy eyes  
Back on the story of my woes, barbarian !  
Thou that hast violated all respects  
Due to my sex, and honour of my birth.  
Thou brutal ravisher ! “ that hast undone me,  
“ Ruin'd my love ! ” Can I have peace with thee ?  
Impossible ! First Heav'n and hell shall join,  
They only differ more.

*Baj.* I see, 'tis vain  
To court thy stubborn temper with endearments.  
Resolve, this moment, to return my love,  
And be the willing partner of my flight,  
Or, by the prophet's holy law, thou dy'st.

*Arp.* And dost thou hope to fright me with the  
phantom,

Death? 'Tis the greatest mercy thou canst give;  
 So frequent are the murders of thy reign,  
 One day scarce passing by unmark'd with blood,  
 That children, by long use, have learnt to scorn it.  
 Know, I disdain to aid thy treach'rous purpose,  
 And shouldst thou dare to force me, with my cries  
 I will call Heav'n and earth to my assistance.

*Baj.* Confusion! dost thou brave me? But my  
 wrath

Shall find a passage to thy swelling heart,  
 And rack thee worse than all the pains of death.  
 That Grecian dog, the minion of thy wishes,  
 Shall be dragg'd forth, and butcher'd in thy sight;  
 Thou shalt behold him when his pangs are terrible;  
 Then, when he stares, and gasps, and struggles  
 strongly,

"Ev'n in the bitterest agony of dying;"  
 'Till thou shalt rend thy hair, tear out thy eyes,  
 And curse thy pride; while I applaud my vengeance.

*Arp.* Oh, fatal image! All my pow'rs give way,  
 And resolution sickens at the thought;

"A flood of passion rises in my breast,  
 And labours fiercely upward to my eyes."

Come, all ye great examples of my sex,  
 Chaste virgins, tender wives, and pious matrons;

"Ye holy martyrs, who, with wondrous faith

"And constancy unshaken, have sustain'd

"The rage of cruel men, and fiery persecution,"

Come to my aid, and teach me to defy

The malice of this fiend! I feel, I feel

Your sacred spirit arm me to resistance.  
Yes, tyrant, I will stand this shock of fate;  
Will live to triumph o'er thee, for a moment,  
Then die well pleas'd, and follow my Moneses.

*Baj.* Thou talk'st it well. But talking is thy privilege ;

'Tis all the boasted courage of thy sex ;  
Tho', for thy soul, thou dar'st not meet the danger.

*Arp.* By all my hopes of happiness, I dare !——

“ My soul is come within her ken of heav'n ;  
“ Charm'd with the joys and beauties of that place,  
“ Her thoughts and all her cares she fixes there,  
“ And 'tis in vain for thee to rage below ;  
“ Thus stars shine bright, and keep their place above,  
“ Tho' ruffling winds deform this lower world.”

*Baj.* This moment is the trial.

*Arp.* Let it come !

This moment then shall shew I am a Greek,  
And speak my country's courage in my suff'ring.

*Baj.* Here, mercy, I disclaim thee ! Mark me,  
                    traitress !

My love prepares a victim to thy pride,  
And when it greets thee next, 'twill be in blood.

[*Exit Bajazet.*]

*Arp.* My heart beats higher, and my nimble spirits  
Ride swiftly thro' their purple channels round.

“ 'Tis the last blaze of life. Nature revives,  
“ Like a dim winking lamp, that flashes brightly  
“ With parting light, and straight is dark for ever.”  
And see, my last of sorrows is at hand ;



Death and Moneses come together to me ;  
As if my stars, that had so long been cruel,  
Grew kind at last, and gave me all I wish.

*Enter MONESES, guarded by some mutes ; others attending with a cup of poison, and a bow-string.*

*Mon.* I charge ye, O ye ministers of fate !  
Be swift to execute your master's will ;  
Bear me to my Arpasia ; let me tell her,  
The tyrant is grown kind. He bids me go,  
And die beneath her feet. " A joy shoots thro'  
" My drooping breast ; as often when the trumpet  
" Has call'd my youthful ardour forth to battle,  
" High in my hopes, and ravish'd with the sound,  
" I have rush'd eager on amidst the foremost,  
" To purchase victory, or glorious death."

*Arp.* If it be happiness, alas ! to die,  
To lie forgotten in the silent grave,  
To love and glory lost, and from among  
The great Creator's works expung'd and blotted,  
Then, very shortly, shall we both be happy.

*Mon.* There is no room for doubt ; 'tis certain bliss.  
The tyrant's cruel violence, thy loss,  
Already seem more light ; nor has my soul  
One unrepented guilt upon remembrance,  
To make me dread the justice of hereafter ;  
But standing now on the last verge of life,  
Boldly I view the vast abyss, eternity,  
Eager to plunge, and leave my woes behind me.

*Arp.* By all the truth of our past loves, I vow,  
To die appears a very nothing to me.

"But, oh, Moneses! should I not allow  
 "Somewhat to love, and to my sex's tenderness?"  
 This very now I could put off my being  
 Without a groan; but to behold thee die!—  
 Nature shrinks in me at the dreadful thought,  
 Nor can my constancy sustain this blow.

*Mon.* Since thou art arm'd for all things after death,  
 Why should the pomp and preparation of it  
 Be frightful to thy eyes? There's not a pain,  
 Which age or sickness brings, the least disorder  
 That vexes any part of this fine frame,  
 But's full as grievous. All that the mind feels  
 Is much, much more.—And see, I go to prove it.

*Enter a Mute; he signs to the rest, who proffer a bow-  
 string to MONESSES.*

*Arp.* Think, ere we part!

*Mon.* Of what?

*Arp.* Of something soft,  
 Tender and kind, of something wondrous sad.  
 Oh, my full soul!

*Mon.* My tongue is at a loss;  
 Thoughts crowd so fast, thy name is all I've left,  
 My kindest, truest, dearest, best Arpasia!

*[The Mutes struggle with him.]*

*Arp.* I have a thousand, thousand things to utter,  
 A thousand more to hear yet. Barbarous villains!  
 Give me a minute. Speak to me, Moneses!

*Mon.* Speak to thee? 'Tis the business of my life,  
 'Tis all the use I have for vital air.

Stand off, ye slaves! To tell thee that my heart  
Is full of thee; that, even at this dread moment,  
My fond eyes gaze with joy and rapture on thee;  
Angels, and light itself, are not so fair.

*Enter BAJAZET, HALY, and Attendants.*

*Baj.* Ha! wherefore lives this dog? Be quick, ye  
slaves!

And rid me of my pain.

*Mon.* For only death,  
And the last night, can shut out my Arpasia.

*[The Mutes strangle Moneses.]*

*Arp.* Oh, dismal! 'tis not to be borne! Ye moralists!

Ye talkers! what are all your precepts now?  
Patience! Distraction! Blast the tyrant, blast him,  
Avenging lightnings! Snatch him hence, ye fiends!  
Love! Death! Moneses! "Nature can no more;  
" Ruin is on her, and she sinks at once.

*[She sinks down.]*

" *Baj.* Help, Haly! raise her up, and bear her out.

" *Ha.* Alas! she faints.

" *Arp.* No, tyrant, 'tis in vain.

" Oh! I am now beyond thy cruel pow'r;

" The peaceful slumber of the grave is on me:

" Ev'n all the tedious day of life I've wander'd,

" Bewilder'd with misfortunes:

" At length 'tis night, and I have reach'd my home.

" Forgetting all the toils and troubles past,  
 " Weary I'll lay me down, and sleep, till"———Oh

[*She dies.*]

*Baj.* Fly, ye slaves !

And fetch me cordials. No, she shall not die !  
 Spite of her sullen pride, I'll hold in life,  
 And force her to be blest against her will.

*Ha.* Already 'tis beyond the power of art ;  
 For, see, a deadly cold has froze the blood,  
 The pliant limbs grow stiff, and lose their use,  
 And all the animating fire is quench'd :  
 Ev'n beauty too is dead ; an ash pale  
 Grows o'er the roses, the red lips have lost  
 Their fragrant hue, for want of that sweet breath,  
 That blest 'em with its odours as it past.

*Baj.* Can it be possible ? Can rage and grief,  
 Can love and indignation be so fierce,  
 So mortal in a woman's heart ? Confusion !  
 Is she escap'd then ? What is royalty,  
 If those that are my slaves, and should live for me,  
 Can die, and bid defiance to my power ?

*Enter the Dervises*

*Der.* The valiant Omar sends, to tell thy greatness  
 The hour of flight is come, and urges haste ;  
 Since he descries, near Tamerlane's pavilion,  
 Bright troops of crowding torches, who from thence,  
 On either hand stretch far into the night,

And seem to form a shining front of battle.

Behold, ev'n from this place thou may'st discern them.

[*Looking out.*]

*Baj.* By Alha, yes! they cast a day around 'em,

And the plain seems thick set with stars, as heav'n.

Ha! or my eyes are false, they move this way;

'Tis certain so. Fly, Haly, to our daughter.

[*Exit Haly.*]

Let some secure the Christian prince Axalla;

We will begone this minute.

*Enter OMAR.*

*Om.* Lost! undone!

*Baj.* What mean'st thou?

*Om.* All our hopes of flight are lost.

Mirvan and Zama, with the Parthian horse,

Inclose us round, they hold us in a toil.

*Baj.* Ha! whence this unexpected curse of chance?

*Om.* Too late I learnt, that early in the night

A slave was suffer'd, by the princess' order,

To pass the guard. I clove the villain down,

Who yielded to his flight: but that's poor vengeance!

That fugitive has rais'd the camp upon us,

And unperceiv'd, by favour of the night,

In silence they have march'd to intercept us.

*Baj.* My daughter! Oh, the trait'ress!

*Dcr.* Yet, we have

Axalla in our power, and angry Tamerlane

Will buy his fav'rite's life, on any terms.

*Om.* With those few friends I have, I for a while

Can face their force : if they refuse us peace,  
Revenge shall sweeten ruin, " and 'twill joy me,  
" To drag my foe down with me, in my fall."

[*Exit Omar.*]

*Enter HALY, with SELIMA weeping.*

*Baj.* See where she comes, with well dissembled  
innocence ;

With truth and faith so lovely in her face,  
As if she durst e'en disavow the falsehood.——  
Hop'st thou to make amends with trifling tears,  
For my lost crown, and disappointed vengeance ?  
Ungrateful Selima ! thy father's curse !  
Bring forth the minion of her foolish heart !  
He dies this moment.——

*Ha.* Would I could not speak  
The crime of fatal love ! The slave who fled,  
By whom we are undone, was that Axalla.

*Baj.* Ha ! say'st thou ?

*Ha.* Hid beneath that vile appearance,  
The princess found a means for his escape.

*Sel.* I am undone ! ev'n nature has disclaim'd me !  
My father ! have I lost you all ? My father !

*Baj.* Talk'st thou of nature, who hast broke her  
bands !

Thou art my bane, thou witch ! thou infant parricide !  
But I will study to be strangely cruel ;  
I will forget the folly of my fondness ;  
Drive all the father from my breast ; now snatch thee,  
Tear thee to pieces, drink thy treacherous blood,

And make thee answer all my great revenge!

Now, now, thou trait'ress! [*Offers to kill her.*]

*Sel.* Plunge the poignard deep! [*She embraces him.*]

The life my father gave shall hear his summons,

And issue at the wound—"Start not to feel

"My heart's warm blood gush out upon your hands;"

Since from your spring I drew the purple stream,

And I must pay it back, if you demand it.

*Baj.* Hence, from my thoughts, thou soft relenting  
weakness.

Hast thou not given me up a prey? betray'd me!

*Sel.* Oh, not for worlds! not ev'n for all the joys,

Love, or the prophet's paradise can give!

"Amidst the fears and sorrows of my soul,"

Amidst the thousand pains of anxious tenderness,

I made the gentle, kind Axalla swear,

Your life, your crown, and honour should be safe.

*Baj.* Away! my soul disdains the vile dependence!

No, let me rather die, die like a king!

Shall I fall down at the proud Tartar's foot,

And say, Have mercy on me? Hark! they come!

[*Shout.*]

Disgrace will overtake my ling'ring hand;

Die then! Thy father's shame, and thine, die with  
thee.

[*Offers to kill her.*]

*Sel.* For Heav'n, for pity's sake!

*Baj.* No more, thou trifier!

[*She catches hold of his arm.*]

Ha! dar'st thou bar my will? Tear off her hold!

*Sel.* What, not for life! Should I not plead for life?  
“When nature teaches even the brute creation,  
“To hold fast that, her best, her noblest gift.”  
Look on my eyes, which you so oft have kiss’d,  
And swore they were your best-lov’d queen’s, my  
mother’s;

Behold ’em now streaming for mercy, mercy!  
Look on me, and deny me, if you can!

“’Tis but for life I beg. Is that a boon  
“So hard for me t’ obtain, or you to grant?”

Oh, spare me! Spare your Selima, father!

*Baj.* A lazy sloth hangs on my resolution:  
It is my Selima!—Ha! What, my child!  
And can I murder her?—Dreadful imagination!  
Again they come! I leave her to my foes! [*Shouts.*  
And shall they triumph o’er the race of Bajazet!  
Die, Selima! Is that a father’s voice?  
Rouse, rouse, my fury! Yes, she dies the victim  
To my lost hopes. Out, out, thou foolish nature!  
Seize her, ye slaves! and strangle her this moment!

[*To the Mutes.*

*Sel.* Oh, let me die by you! Behold my breast!  
I wo’not shrink! Oh, save me but from these!

*Baj.* Dispatch! [*The Mutes seize her.*

*Sel.* But for a moment, while I pray  
That Heav’n may guard my royal father.

*Baj.* Dogs!

*Sel.* That you may only bless me, ere I die. [*Shouts.*

*Baj.* Ye tedious villains, then the work is mine.



[*As Bajazet runs at Selima, with his sword, enter Tamerlane, Axalla, &c. Axalla gets between Bajazet and Selima, whilst Tamerlane and the rest drive Bajazet and the Mutes off the Stage.*]

*Ax.* And am I come to save thee? Oh, my joy!  
"Be this the whitest hour of all my life:"

This one success is more than all my wars,  
The noblest, dearest glory of my sword.

*Sel.* Alas, Axalla! Death has been around me;  
My coward soul still trembles at the fright,  
And seems but half secure, ev'n in thy arms.

*Ax.* Retire, my fair, and let me guard thee forth:  
Blood and tumultuous slaughter are about us,  
"And danger, in her ugliest forms, is here;"  
Nor will the pleasure of my heart be full,  
'Till all my fears are ended in thy safety.

[*Exeunt Axalla and Selima.*]

*Enter TAMERLANE, the Prince of TANAIIS, ZAMA, MIRVAN, and Soldiers; with BAJAZET, OMAR, and the Dervise, Prisoners.*

*Tam.* Mercy at length gives up her peaceful sceptre,  
And justice sternly takes her turn to govern;  
'Tis a rank world, and asks her keenest sword,  
To cut up villany of monstrous growth.  
Zama, take care, that with the earliest dawn,  
Those traitors meet the fate their treason merits!

[*Pointing to Omar and the Dervise.*]

For thee, thou tyrant! [*To Baj.*] whose oppressive  
violence

Has ruin'd those thou shouldst protect at home ;  
" Whose wars, whose slaughters, whose assassinations,  
" (That basest thirst of blood ! that sin of cowards !)  
" Whose faith, so often giv'n, and always violated,  
" Have been th' offence of Heav'n, and plague of  
earth,"

What punishment is equal to thy crimes ?  
The doom, thy rage design'd for me, be thine :  
Clos'd in a cage, like some destructive beast,  
I'll have thee borne about, in public view,  
A great example of that righteous vengeance  
That waits on cruelty, and pride, like thine.

*Baj.* It is beneath me to decline my fate,  
I stand prepar'd to meet thy utmost hate :  
Yet think not, I will long thy triumph see :  
None want the means, when the soul dares be free.  
I'll curse thee with my last, my parting breath,  
And keep the courage of my life, in death ;  
Then boldly venture on that world unknown :  
It cannot use me worse than this has done.

[*Exit Bajazet, guarded.*]

*Tam.* Behold the vain effects of earth-born pride,  
That scorn'd Heav'n's laws, and all its pow'r defy'd,  
That could the hand, which form'd it first, forget,  
And fondly say, I made myself be great !  
But justly those above assert their sway,  
And teach ev'n kings what homage they should pay,  
Who then rule best, when mindful to obey.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

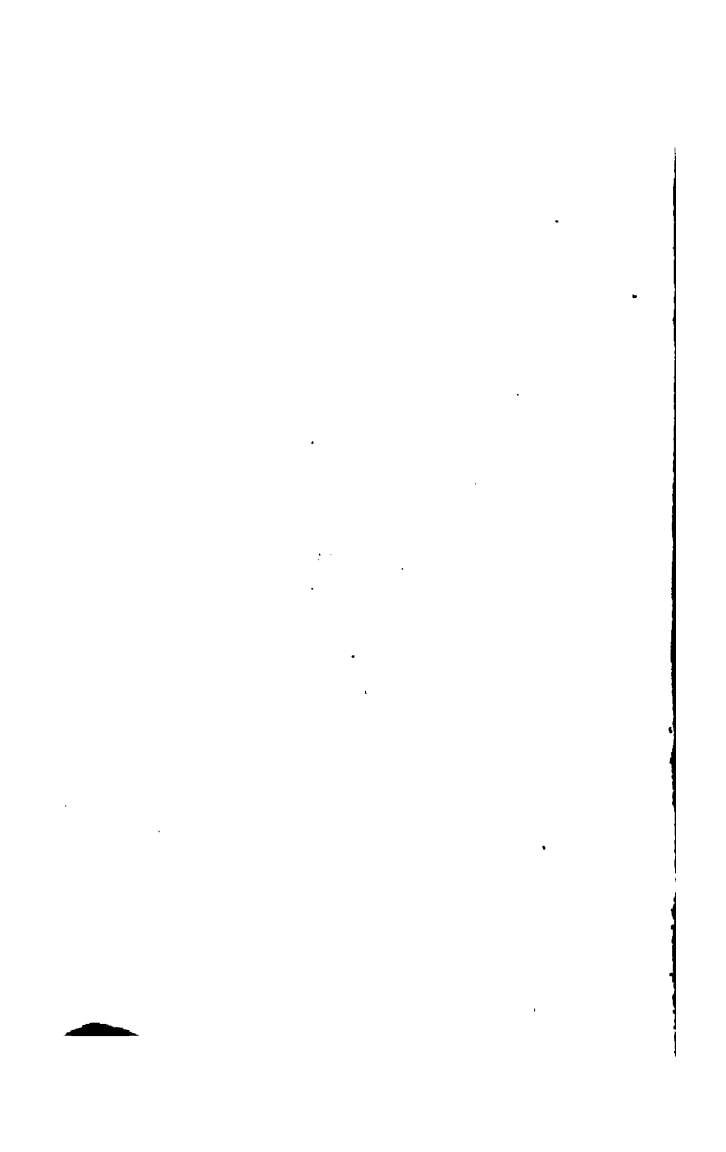
---

---

## EPILOGUE.

---

*Too well we saw what must have been our fate,  
When harmony with beauty join'd, of late,  
Threaten'd the ruins of our sinking state ;  
Till you, from whom our being we receive,  
In pity bid your own creation live ;  
With moving sounds you kindly drew the fair,  
And fix'd, once more, that shining circle here :  
The lyre you bring is half Apollo's praise ;  
Be ours the task to win and wear his bays.  
Thin houses were before so frequent to us,  
We wanted not a project to undo us ;  
We seldom saw your honours, but by chance,  
As some folks meet their friends of Spain and France :  
'Twas verse decay'd, or politics improv'd,  
That had estrang'd you thus from what you lov'd.  
Time was, when busy faces were a jest,  
When wit and pleasure were in most request ;  
When cheerful theatres with crowds were grac'd ;  
But those good days of poetry are past ;  
Now sour reformers in an empty pit,  
With table-books, as at a lecture, sit,  
To take notes, and give evidence 'gainst wit.  
Those who were once our friends, employ'd elsewhere,  
Are busy now in settling peace and war :*



# *THE REVENGE.*

---

A

TRAGEDY,

By EDWARD YOUNG, L. L. D.

---

ADAPTED FOR

*THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,*

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

---

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

*By Permission of the Managers.*

---

“ The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.”

---

LONDON :

---

*Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of*

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,  
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

---

MDCCXGII.



---

## THE REVENGE

---

OF YOUNG is one of the noblest compositions in the language. There are few Writers who would have adventured to treat a subject already so finely wrought upon by SHAKSPERE.

The aim of YOUNG seems to have been to give a probability to jealousy, and a motive to treachery, stronger than his great Master had shewn in his OTHELLO and IAGO. But I know not whether such conduct is other than injurious.—With the jealous, trifling semblances are most striking proofs—it is the quality of jealousy to shape things that are not upon the most idle suggestions, and to multiply effects from one weak unfounded cause. The treacherous are the naturally bad—they have spirits that, for the most part, “toil in an incessant frame of villanies.” To give treachery the strong provocation of ZANGA, is to divide the mind between pity for his high wrongs, and abhorrence of the mode by which he avenges them. I know not if ZANGA is hated at all. If he be not, the cause of virtue is injured by YOUNG.—The betrayed certainly have little of our love.

The REVENGE is a masterly play.—The sentiments are lofty, the language magnificently bold.—It is yet better in the closet than upon the Stage.

---

---

---

## PROLOGUE.

---

---

BY A FRIEND.

---

*OF*T has the bushin'd muse, with action mean,  
Debas'd the glory of the tragic scene :  
While puny villains, dress'd in purple pride,  
With crimes obscene the heav'n-born rage bely'd.  
To her belongs to mourn the hero's fate,  
To trace the errors of the wise and great ;  
To mark th' excess of passions too refin'd,  
And paint the tumults of a god-like mind ;  
Where, mov'd with rage, exalted thoughts combine,  
And darkest deeds with beauteous colours shine.  
So lights and shades in a well-mingled draught,  
By curious touch of artful pencils wrought,  
With soft deceit amuse the doubtful eye,  
Pleas'd with the conflict of the various dye.  
Thus, through the following scenes, with sweet surprise,  
Virtue and guilt in dread confusion rise,  
And love, and hate, at once, and grief and joy,  
Pity and rage, their mingled force employ.  
Here the soft virgin sees, with secret shame,  
Her charms excell'd by friendship's purer flame,  
Forc'd with reluctant virtue to approve  
The gen'rous hero who rejects her love.



---

*Behold him there, with gloomy passions stain'd,  
A wife suspected, and an injur'd friend ;  
Yet such the toil where innocence is caught,  
That rash suspicion seems without a fault.  
We dread awhile lest beauty should succeed,  
And almost wish ev'n virtue's self may bleed.  
Mark well the black revenge, the cruel guile,  
The traitor-fiend trampling the lovely spoil  
Of beauty, truth, and innocence oppress,  
Then let the rage of furies fire your breast.  
Yet may his mighty wrongs, his just disdain,  
His bleeding country, his lov'd father slain,  
His martial pride, your admiration raise,  
And crown him with involuntary praise.*

---

---

---

**Dramatis Personae.**

---

---

**COVENT-GARDEN.**

---

*Men.*

Don ALONZO, *the Spanish General*, - - Mr. Wroughton.  
Don CARLOS, *his friend*, - - - Mr. Whitfield.  
Don ALVAREZ, *a courtier*, - - - Mr. Thompson.  
Don MANUEL, *attendant of Don Carlos*, - Mr. Davies.  
ZANGA, *a captive Moor*, - - - Mr. Aickin.

*Women.*

LEONORA, *Alvarez's daughter*, - - Mrs. S. Kemble.  
ISABELLA, *the Moor's mistress*, - - Mrs. Whitfield.

SCENE, *Spain.*

---

---



# THE REVENGE.

---

## *ACT I. SCENE I.*

---

*Battlements, with a Sea Prospect. Enter ZANGA.*

*Zanga.*

WHETHER first nature, or long want of peace,  
Has wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell ;  
But horrors now are not displeasing to me : [*Thunder.*  
I like this rocking of the battlements.  
Rage on, ye winds, burst, clouds, and waters roar !  
You bear a just resemblance of my fortune,  
And suit the gloomy habit of my soul.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

Who's there ? My love !

*Isa.* Why have you left my bed ?

Your absence more affrights me than the storm.

*Zan.* The dead alone in such a night can rest,  
And I indulge my meditation here.

Woman, away. I choose to be alone.

B ij

*Isa.* I know you do, and therefore will not leave you ;

Excuse me, Zanga, therefore dare not leave you.

Is this a night for walks of contemplation ?

Something unusual hangs upon your heart,

And I will know it : by our loves I will.

“ To you I sacrific’d my virgin fame ; ”

Ask I too much to share in your distress.

*Zan.* In tears ? Thou fool ! then hear me, and be plung’d

In hell’s abyss, if ever it escape thee.

To strike thee with astonishment at once,

I hate Alonzo. First recover that,

And then thou shalt hear farther.

*Isa.* Hate Alonzo !

I own, I thought Alonzo most your friend,

And that he lost the master in that name.

*Zan.* Hear then. ’Tis twice three years since that great man

(Great let me call him, for he conquer’d me)

Made me the captive of his arm in fight.

He slew my father, and threw chains o’er me,

While I with pious rage pursu’d revenge.

I then was young, he plac’d me near his person,

And thought me not dishonour’d by his service.

One day, (may that returning day be night,

The stain, the curse of each succeeding year !)

For something, or for nothing, in his pride

He struck me. (While I tell it, do I live ?)

He smote me on the cheek—I did not stab him,

For that were poor revenge——E'er since, his folly  
Has strove to bury it beneath a heap  
Of kindnesses, and thinks it is forgot.

Insolent thought ! and like a second blow !  
Affronts are innocent, where men are worthless ;  
And such alone can wisely drop revenge. .

*Isa.* But with more temper, Zanga, tell your story ;  
To see your strong emotions startles me.

*Zan.* Yes, woman, with the temper that befits it.  
Has the dark adder venom ? So have I  
When trod upon. Proud Spaniard, thou shalt feel me !  
For from that day, that day of my dishonour,  
I from that day have curs'd the rising sun,  
Which never fail'd to tell me of my shame.  
I from that day have bless'd the coming night,  
Which promis'd to conceal it ; but in vain ;  
The blow return'd for ever in my dream.  
Yet on I toil'd, and groan'd for an occasion  
Of ample vengeance ; none is yet arriv'd.  
Howe'er, at present I conceive warm hopes  
Of what may wound him sore, in his ambition,  
Life of his life, and dearer than his soul.  
By nightly march he purpos'd to surprise  
The Moorish camp ; but I have taken care  
They shall be ready to receive his favour.  
Failing in this, a cast of utmost moment  
Would darken all the conquests he has won.

*Isa.* Just as I enter'd an express arriv'd.

*Zan.* To whom ?

*Isa.* His friend, Don Carlos.

*Zan.* Be propitious,  
Oh! Mahomet, on this important hour,  
And give at length my famish'd soul revenge?  
What is revenge, but courage to call in  
Our honour's debts, "and wisdom to convert  
"Other's self-love into our own protection?"  
But see, the morning dawns;  
I'll seek Don Carlos, and enquire my fate. [*Exeunt.*]

---

*SCENE II.*

---

*The Palace. Enter Don MANUEL and Don CARLOS.*

*Man.* My Lord Don Carlos, what brings your express?

*Car.* Alonzo's glory, and the Moors' defeat.  
The field is strew'd with twice ten thousand slain,  
Though he suspects his measures were betray'd.  
He'll soon arrive. Oh, how I long to embrace  
The first of heroes, and the best of friends!  
I lov'd fair Leonora long before  
The chance of battle gave me to the Moors,  
From whom so late Alonzo set me free;  
And while I groan'd in bondage, I deputed  
This great Alonzo, whom her father honours,  
To be my gentle advocate in love,  
To stir her heart, and fan its fires for me.

*Man.* And what success?

*Car.* Alas, the cruel maid——  
Indeed her father, "who, though high at court,

“ And powerful with the king, has wealth at heart  
 “ To heal his devastation from the Moors,”  
 Knowing I’m richly freighted from the east,  
 My fleet now sailing in the sight of Spain,  
 (Heav’n guard it safe through such a dreadful storm!)  
 Carresses me, and urges her to wed.

*Man.* Her aged father, see,  
 Leads her this way.

*Car.* She looks like radiant truth,  
 Brought forward by the hand of hoary time——  
 You to the port with speed, ’tis possible  
 Some vessel is arriv’d. Heav’n grant it bring  
 Tidings which Carlos may receive with joy!

*Enter Don ALVAREZ and LEONORA.*

*Alv.* Don Carlos, I am labouring in your favour  
 With all a parent’s soft authority,  
 And earnest counsel.

*Car.* Angels second you!  
 For all my bliss or misery hangs on it.

*Alv.* Daughter, the happiness of life depends  
 On our discretion, and a prudent choice;  
 Look into those they call unfortunate,  
 And closer view’d, you’ll find they are unwise:  
 Some flaw in their own conduct lies beneath,  
 “ And ’tis the trick of fools to save their credit,  
 “ Which brought another language into use.”  
 Don Carlos is of ancient, noble blood,  
 And then his wealth might mend a prince’s fortune.  
 For him the sun is labouring in the mines,

A faithful slave, and turning earth to gold.

His keels are freighted with that sacred power,  
By which ev'n kings and emperors are made.

Sir, you have my good wishes, and I hope [To Car.  
My daughter is not indispos'd to hear you. [Exit.

Car. Oh, Leonora! why art thou in tears?  
Because I am less wretched than I was?  
Before your father gave me leave to woo you,  
Hush'd was your bosom, and your eyes serene.

"Will you for ever help me to new pains,  
"And keep reserves of torment in your hand,  
"To let them loose on ev'ry dawn of joy?"

Leon. Think you my father too indulgent to me,  
That he claims no dominion o'er my tears?  
A daughter sure may be right dutiful,  
Whose tears alone are free from a restraint.

"Car. Ah, my torn heart!

"Leon. Regard not me, my lord,  
"I shall obey my father.

"Car. Disobey him,  
"Rather than come thus coldly, than come thus  
"With absent eyes and alienated mien,  
"Suff'ring address, the victim of my love.  
"Oh, let me be undone the common way,  
"And have the common comfort to be pity'd,  
"And not be ruin'd in the mask of bliss,  
"And so be envy'd, and be wretched too!  
"Love calls for love. Not all the pride of beauty,  
"Those eyes that tell us what the sun is made of,  
"Those lips, whose touch is to be bought with life,



“ Those hills of driven snow, which seen are felt ;  
 “ All these possess’d, are nought, but as they are  
 “ The proof, the substance of an inward passion,  
 “ And the rich plunder of a taken heart.

“ *Leon.* Alas, my lord, we are too delicate ;  
 “ And when we grasp the happiness we wish’d,  
 “ We call on wit to argue it away :  
 “ A plainer man would not feel half your pains :  
 “ But some have too much wisdom to be happy.”

*Car.* Had I known this before, it had been well :  
 I had not then solicited your father  
 To add to my distress ; as you behave,  
 Your father’s kindness stabs me to the heart.  
 Give me your hand—— Nay, give it, Leonora :  
 “ You give it not——nay, yet you give it not——  
 “ I ravish it.——”

*Leon.* I pray, my lord, no more.

*Car.* “ Ah, why so sad ? You know each sigh does  
 shake me :

“ Sighs there, are tempests here.——  
 “ I’ve heard, bad men would be unblest in heav’n :  
 “ What is my guilt, that makes me so with you ?”  
 Have I not languish’d prostrate at thy feet ?  
 Have I not liv’d whole days upon thy sight ?  
 Have I not seen thee where thou hast not been ?  
 And, mad with the idea, clasp’d the wind,  
 And doated upon nothing ?

*Leon.* Court me not,  
 Good Carlos, by recounting of my faults,  
 And telling how ungrateful I have been.

Alas, my lord, if talking would prevail,  
I could suggest much better arguments  
Than those regards you threw away on me;  
Your valour, honour, wisdom, prais'd by all.  
But bid physicians talk our veins to temper,  
And with an argument new-set a pulse;  
Then think, my lord, of reasoning into love.

*Car.* Must I despair then? Do not shake me thus:  
My temper-beaten heart is cold to death.  
Ah, turn, and let me warm me in thy beauties.  
Heav'ns! what a proof I gave, but two nights past,  
Of matchless love! To fling me at thy feet,  
I slighted friendship, and I flew from fame;  
Nor heard the summons of the next day's battle:  
But darting headlong to thy arms, I left  
The promis'd fight, I left Alonzo too,  
To stand the war, and quell a world alone. [*Trumpets.*]

*Leon.* The victor comes. My lord, I must withdraw.

“*Car.* And must you go?”

“*Leon.* Why should you wish me stay?”

“Your friend's arrival will bring comfort to you,

“My presence none; it pains you and myself;

“For both our sakes permit me to withdraw.”

[*Exit.*]

*Car.* Sure, there's no peril but in love. “Oh, how  
“My foes would boast to see me look so pale.”

*Enter Don ALONZO.*

*Car.* Alonzo!

*Alon.* Carlos!—I am whole again;  
Clasp'd in thy arms, it makes my heart entire.

*Car.* Whom dare I thus embrace? The conqueror  
Of Afric.

*Alon.* Yes, much more—Don Carlos' friend.  
The conquest of the world would cost me dear,  
Should it beget one thought of distance in thee.  
I rise in virtues to come nearer to thee.  
I conquer with Don Carlos' in my eye,  
And thus I claim my victory's reward.

[*Embracing him.*]

*Car.* A victory indeed! your godlike arm  
Has made one spot the grave of Africa;  
Such numbers fell! and the survivors fled  
As frightened passengers from off the strand,  
When the tempestuous sea comes roaring on them.

*Alon.* 'Twas Carlos conquer'd, 'twas his cruel chains  
Inflam'd me to a rage unknown before,  
And threw my former actions far behind.

*Car.* I love fair Leonora. How I love her!  
Yet still I find (I know not how it is)  
Another heart, another soul for thee.  
"Thy friendship warms, it raises, it transports  
"Like music, pure the joy, without allay,  
"Whose very rapture is tranquillity:  
"But love, like wine, gives a tumultuous bliss,  
"Heighten'd indeed beyond all mortal pleasures;  
"But mingles pangs and madness in the bowl."

*Enter ZANGA.*

*Zan.* Manuel, my lord, returning from the port,  
On business both of moment and of haste,  
Humbly begs leave to speak in private with you.

*Car.* In private!—Ha!—Alonzo, I'll return;  
No business can detain me long from thee. [*Exit.*

*Zan.* My Lord Alonzo, I obey'd your orders.

*Alon.* Will the fair Leonora pass this way?

*Zan.* She will, my lord, and soon.

*Alon.* Come near me, Zanga;  
For I dare open all my heart to thee.  
Never was such a day of triumph known.  
There's not a wounded captive in my train,  
That slowly follow'd my proud chariot wheels,  
With half a life, and beggary, and chains,  
But is a god to me : I am most wretched.—  
In his captivity, thou know'st, Don Carlos;  
My friend, (and never was a friend more dear)  
Deputed me his advocate in love,  
To talk to Leonora's heart, and make  
A tender party in her thoughts for him.  
What did I do?—I lov'd myself. Indeed,  
One thing there is might lessen my offence,  
(If such offence admits of being lessen'd)  
I thought him dead; for (by what fate I know not)  
His letters never reach'd me.

*Zan.* Thanks to Zanga,  
Who thence contriv'd that evil which has happen'd.  
[*Aside.*

*Alon.* Yes, curs'd of Heav'n! I lov'd myself, and now,  
In a late action, rescu'd from the Moors,  
I have brought home my rival in my friend.

*Zan.* We hear, my lord, that in that action too,  
Your interposing arm preserv'd his life.

*Alon.* It did—with more than the expence of mine;  
For, Oh, this day is mention'd for their nuptials.  
But see, she comes—I'll take my leave, and die.

*Zan.* Hadst thou a thousand lives, thy death would  
please me.

Unhappy fate! My country overcome!  
My six years hope of vengeance quite expir'd!——  
Would nature were—I will not fall alone:  
But others' groans shall tell the world my death.  
[*Aside, and exit.*]

*Enter LEONORA.*

*Alon.* When nature ends with anguish like to this,  
Sinners shall take their last leave of the sun,  
And bid his light adieu.

*Leon.* The mighty conqueror  
Dismay'd! I thought you gave the foe your sorrows.

*Alon.* Oh, cruel insult! are those tears your sport,  
Which nothing but a love for you could draw?  
Afric I quell'd, in hope by that to purchase  
Your leave to sigh unscorn'd; but I complain not;  
'Twas but a world, and you are—Leonora.

*Leon.* That passion which you boast of is your guilt,  
A treason to your friend. You think mean of me,  
To plead your crimes as motives of my love.

*Alon.* You, madam, ought to thank those crimes  
you blame?

'Tis they permit you to be thus inhuman,  
Without the censure both of earth and heav'n—  
I fondly thought a last look might be kind.  
Farewell for ever.—This severe behaviour  
Has, to my comfort, made it sweet to die.

*Leon.* Farewell for ever!—Sweet to die!—Oh,  
Heav'n! [*Aside.*

Alonzo, stay; you must not thus escape me;  
But hear your guilt at large.

*Alon.* Oh, Leonora!  
What could I do?—In duty to my friend,  
I saw you; and to see is to admire.  
For Carlos did I plead, and most sincerely.  
Witness the thousand agonies it cost me.  
You know I did. I sought but your esteem;  
If that is guilt, an angel had been guilty.  
“I often sigh'd, nay, wept, but could not help it:  
“And sure it is no crime to be in pain.  
“But grant my crime was great; I'm greatly curs'd;  
“What would you more? Am I not most undone?  
“This usage is like stamping on the murder'd,  
“When life is fled; most barbarous and unjust.”

*Leon.* If from your guilt none suffer'd but your-  
self,  
It might be so—Farewell. [*Going.*

*Alon.* Who suffers with me?

*Leon.* Enjoy your ignorance, and let me go.

“*Alon.* Alas! what is there I can fear to know,

" Since I already know your hate ? Your actions

" Have long since told me that.

" *Leon.* They flatter'd you.

" *Alon.* How, flatter'd me !

" *Leon.* Oh, search in fate no farther !

" I hate thee—Oh, Alonzo, how I hate thee !

" *Alon.* Indeed ! and do you weep for hatred too !

" Oh, what a doubtful torment heaves my heart !

" I hope it most, and yet I dread it more.

" Should it be so—should her tears flow from thence ;

" How would my soul blaze up in ecstasy !

" Ah, no ! how sink into the depth of horrors !

" *Leon.* Why would you force my stay ?"

*Alon.* What mean these tears ?

*Leon.* I weep by chance ; nor have my tears a meaning.

But, Oh, when first I saw Alonzo's tears,

I knew their meaning well !

[ *Alon. falls passionately on his knees, and takes her hand.*

*Alon.* Heavens ! what is this ? That excellence, for which

Desire was planted in the heart of man ;

Virtue's supreme reward on this side Heav'n ;

The cordial of my soul—and this destroys me——

Indeed, I flatter'd me that thou didst hate.

*Leon.* Alonzo, pardon me the injury

Of loving you. I struggled with my passion,

And struggled long : let that be some excuse.

*Alon.* Unkind ! you know I think your love a blessing  
Beyond all human blessings ! 'tis the price

Of sigh and groans, and a whole year of dying.  
But, Oh, the curse of curses!—Oh, my friend!—

*Leon.* Alas!

*Alon.* What says my love? Speak, Leonora.

*Leon.* Was it for you, my lord, to be so quick  
In finding out objections to our love?  
Think you so strong my love, or weak my virtue,  
It was unsafe to leave that part to me;

*Alon.* Is not the day then fix'd for your espousals?

*Leon.* Indeed my father once had thought that way;  
But marking how the marriage pain'd my heart,  
Long he stood doubtful; but at last resolv'd,  
Your counsel, which determines him in all,  
Should finish the debate.

*Alon.* Oh, agony!  
Must I not only lose her, but be made  
Myself the instrument? Not only die  
But plunge the dagger in my heart myself?  
This is refining on calamity.

*Leon.* What, do you tremble lest you should be  
mine?

For what else can you tremble? Not for that  
My father places in your power to alter.

*Alon.* What's in my pow'r? Oh, yes, to stab my  
friend!

*Leon.* To stab your friend were barbarous indeed!  
Spare him—and murder me. “I own, Alonzo,  
“You well may wonder at such words as these;  
“I start at them myself; they fright my nature.  
“Great is my fault; but blame not me alone:



" Give him a little blame who took such pains

" To make me guilty.

" *Alon.* Torment! [*After a pause, Leon. speaks.*

" *Leon.* Oh, my shame!

" I sue, and sue in vain: it is most just,

" When women sue, they sue to be deny'd.

" You hate me, you despise me! you do well;

" For what I've done I hate and scorn myself.

" Oh, night, fall on me! I shall blush to death."

*Alon.* First perish all!

" *Leon.* Say, what have you resolv'd?

" My father comes; what answer will you give him?

" *Alon.* What answer! let me look upon that face,

" And read it there.—Devote thee to another!

" Not to be borne! a second look undoes me.

" *Leon.* And why undo you? Is it then, my lord,

" So terrible to yield to your own wishes,

" Because they happen to concur with mine?

" Cruel! to take such pains to win a heart,

" Which you was conscious you must break with  
parting.

" *Alon.*" No, Leonora, I am thine for ever,

[*Runs and embraces her.*

In spite of Carlos—" Ha! who's that? My friend?

" [*Starts wide from her.*

" Alas, I see him pale! I hear his groan!

" He foams, he tears his hair, he raves, he bleeds,

" (I know him by myself) he dies distracted!

" *Leon.* How dreadful to be cut from what we love!

" *Alon.* Ah, speak no more!

“ *Leon.* And ty’d to what we hate !

“ *Alon.* Oh !

“ *Leon.* Is it possible ?

“ *Alon.* Death !

“ *Leon.* Can you ?

“ *Alon.* Oh——

“ Yes, take a limb ; but let my virtue ’scape.

“ Alas, my soul, this moment I die for thee !

“ [*Breaks away.*

“ *Leon.* And are you perjur’d then for virtue’s sake ?

“ How often have you sworn !—but go, for ever.

[*Swoons.*

“ *Alon.* Heart of my heart, and essence of my joy !

“ Where art thou !—Oh, I’m thine, and thine for  
ever !

“ The groans of friendship shall be heard no more.

“ For whatsoever crime I can commit,

“ I’ve felt the pains already.”

*Leon.* Hold, Alonzo,

And hear a maid whom doubly thou hast conquer’d.

I love thy virtue as I love thy person,

And I adore thee for the pains it gave me ;

But as I felt the pains, I’ll reap the fruit ;

I’ll shine out in my turn, and shew the world

Thy great example was not lost upon me.

“ Be it enough that I have once been guilty ;

“ In sight of such a pattern, to persist,

“ Ill suits a person honour’d with your love.

“ My other titles to that bliss are weak ;

“ I must deserve it by refusing it.

" Thus then I tear me from thy hopes for ever.

" Shall I contribute to Alonzo's crimes ?

" No, tho' the life-blood gushes from my heart.

" You shall not be asham'd of Leonora ;

" Or that late time may put our names together."

Nay, never shrink ; take back the bright example

You lately lent ; Oh, take it while you may,

While I can give it you, and be immortal ! [Exit.

*Alon.* She's gone, and I shall see that face no more ;

But pine in absence, and till death adore.

When with cold dew my fainting brow is hung,

And my eyes darken, from my fault'ring tongue

Her name will tremble with a feeble moan,

And love with fate divide my dying groan. [Exit.

---

ACT II. SCENE I.

---

*Continues. Enter Don MANUEL and ZANGA.*

*Zanga.*

If this be true, I cannot blame your pain

For wretched Carlos ; 'tis but humane in you.

But when arriv'd your dismal news ?

*Man.* This hour.

*Zan.* What, not a vessel sav'd ?

*Man.* All, all the storm

Devour'd ; and now o'er his late envy'd fortune

The dolphins bound, and wat'ry mountains roar,

Triumphant in his ruin.

*Zan.* Is Alvarez

Determin'd to deny his daughter to him?  
That treasure was on shore; must that too join  
The common wreck?

*Man.* Alvarez pleads, indeed,  
That Leonora's heart is disinclin'd,  
And pleads that only; so it was this morning,  
When he concurr'd: the tempest broke the match;  
And sunk his favour, when it sunk the gold.  
The love of gold is double in his heart,  
The vice of age, and of Alvarez too.

*Zan.* How does Don Carlos bear it?

*Man.* Like a man  
Whose heart feels most a human heart can feel,  
And reasons best a human heart can reason.

*Zan.* But is he then in absolute despair?

*Man.* Never to see his Leonora more.  
And, quite to quench all future hope, Alvarez  
Urges Alonzo to espouse his daughter  
This very day; for he has learnt their loves.

*Zan.* Ha! was not that receiv'd with ecstasy  
By Don Alonzo?

*Man.* Yes, at first; but soon  
A damp came o'er him, it would kill his friend.

*Zan.* Not if his friend consented: and since now  
He can't himself espouse her——

*Man.* Yet, to ask it  
Has something shocking to a generous mind;  
At least, Alonzo's spirit startles at it.  
Wide is the distance between our despair,

And giving up a mistress to another.  
But I must leave you. Carlos wants support  
In his severe affliction.

[Exit.

*Zan.* Ha, it dawns!——

It rises to me, like a new-found world

“To mariners long time distress’d at sea,

“Sore from a storm, and all their viands spent;”

Or like the sun just rising out of chaos,

Some dregs of ancient night not quite purg’d off.

But shall I finish it?——Hoe, Isabella!

*Enter ISABELLA.*

I thought of dying; better things come forward;

Vengeance is still alive; from her dark covert,

With all her snakes erect upon her crest,

She stalks in view, and fires me with her charms.

When, Isabella, arriv’d Don Carlos here?

*Isa.* Two nights ago.

*Zan.* That was the very night

Before the battle——Memory, set down that;

It has the essence of the crocodile,

Tho’ yet but in the shell——I’ll give it birth——

What time did he return?

*Isa.* At midnight.

*Zan.* So——

Say, did he see that night his Leonora?

*Isa.* No, my good lord.

*Zan.* No matter——tell me, woman,

Is not Alonzo rather brave than cautious,

Honest than subtle, above fraud himself,  
Slow, therefore, to suspect it in another ?

*Isa.* You best can judge ; but so the world thinks  
of him.

*Zan.* Why, that was well—go, fetch my tablets  
hither. [*Exit Isa.*]

Two nights ago my father's sacred shade  
Thrice stalk'd around my bed, and smil'd upon me ;  
He smil'd a joy then little understood—  
It must be so—and if so, it is vengeance  
Worth waking of the dead for.

*Re-enter ISABELLA with the Tablets ; ZANGA writes,  
then reads as to himself.*

Thus it stands——  
The father's fix'd——Don Carlos cannot wed——  
Alonzo may——but that will hurt his friend——  
Nor can he ask his leave——or, if he did,  
He might not gain it——It is hard to give  
Our own consent to ills, tho' we must bear them.  
Were it not then a master-piece, worth all  
The wisdom I can boast, first to persuade  
Alonzo to request it of his friend,  
His friend to grant——then from that very grant,  
The strongest proof of friendship man can give,  
(And other motives) to work out a cause  
Of jealousy, to rack Alonzo's peace ?——  
I have turn'd o'er the catalogue of human woes,  
Which sting the heart of man, and find none equal.  
It is the Hydra of calamities,

The seven-fold death ; the jealous are the damn'd.  
 Oh, jealousy, each other passion's calm  
 To thee, thou conflagration of the soul !  
 Thou king of torments, thou grand counterpoise  
 For all the transports beauty can inspire !

*Isa.* Alonzo comes this way.

*Zan.* Most opportunely.

Withdraw—" Ye subtle dæmons, which reside

[*Exit Isa.*

" In courts, and do your work with bows and smiles,  
 " That little engin'ry, more mischievous  
 " Than fleets and armies, and the cannon's murder,  
 " Teach me to look a lie ; give me your maze  
 " Of gloomy thought and intricate design,  
 " To catch the man I hate, and then devour."

*Enter Don ALONZO.*

My lord, I give you joy.

*Alon.* Of what, good Zanga ?

*Zan.* Is not the lovely Leonora yours ?

*Alon.* What will become of Carlos ?

*Zan.* He's your friend ;

And since he can't espouse the fair himself,  
 Will take some comfort from Alonzo's fortune.

*Alon.* Alas, thou little know'st the force of love !  
 Love reigns a sultan with unrivall'd sway ;  
 Puts all relations, friendship's self to death,  
 If once he's jealous of it. I love Carlos ;  
 Yet well I know what pangs I felt this morning

At his intended nuptials. For myself  
I then felt pains, which now for him I feel.

*Zan.* You will not wed her then ?

*Alon.* Not instantly.

Insult his broken heart the very moment !

*Zan.* I understand you : but you'll wed hereafter,  
When your friend's gone, and his first pain assuag'd.

*Alon.* Am I to blame in that ?

*Zan.* My lord, I love

Your very errors ; they are born from virtue.

Your friendship (and what nobler passion claims  
The heart ?) does lead you blindfold to your ruin.

Consider, wherefore did Alvarez break

Don Carlos' match, and wherefore urge Alonzo's ?

'Twas the same cause, the love of wealth. To-  
morrow

May see Alonzo in Don Carlos' fortune ;

A higher bidder is a better friend,

And there are princes sigh for Leonora.

When your friend's gone you'll wed ; why, when the  
cause

Which gives you Leonora now will cease.

Carlos has lost her ; should you lose her too,

Why, then you heap new torments on your friend,

By that respect which labour'd to relieve him——

'Tis well he is disturb'd ; it makes him pause. [*Aside.*

*Alon.* Think'st thou, my Zanga, should I ask Don  
Carlos,

His goodness would consent that I should wed her ?

*Zan.* I know it would.



*Alon.* But then the cruelty  
To ask it, and for me to ask it of him!

*Zan.* Methinks you are severe upon your friend:  
Who was it gave him liberty and life?

*Alon.* That is the very reason which forbids it.  
Were I a stranger I could freely speak :  
In me it so resembles a demand,  
Exacting of a debt, it shocks my nature.

*Zan.* My lord, you know the sad alternative:  
Is Leonora worth one pang or not?  
It hurts not me, my lord, but as I love you :  
Warmly as you I wish Don Carlos well ;  
But I am likewise Don Alonzo's friend :  
There all the difference lies between us two.  
In me, my lord, you hear another self ;  
And, give me leave to add, a better too,  
Clear'd from those errors, which, though caus'd by  
virtue,

Are such as may hereafter give you pain——  
Don Lopez of Castile would not demur thus.

*Alon.* Perish the name ! What, sacrifice the fair  
To age and ugliness, because set in gold ?  
I'll to Don Carlos, if my heart will let me.  
I have not seen him since his sore affliction ;  
But shunn'd it, as too terrible to bear.  
How shall I bear it now ? I'm struck already. [*Exit.*]

*Zan.* Half of my work is done. I must secure  
Don Carlos, ere Alonzo speak with him.

[*He gives a message to a servant, then returns.*]  
Proud hated Spain, oft drench'd in Moorish blood !

Dost thou not feel a deadly foe within thee ?  
Shake not the towers where-e'er I pass along,  
Conscious of ruin, and their great destroyer ?  
Shake to the centre if Alonzo's dear. .  
Look down, Oh, holy prophet ! see me torture  
This Christian dog, this infidel, which dares  
To smite thy votaries, and spurn thy law ;  
And yet hopes pleasure from two radiant eyes,  
Which look as they were lighted up for thee !  
Shall he enjoy thy paradise below ?  
Blast the bold thought, and curse him with her charms !  
But see, the melancholy lover comes.

*Enter Don CARLOS.*

*Car.* Hope, thou hast told me lies from day to day,  
For more than twenty years ; vile promiser !  
None here are happy, but the very fool,  
Or very wise ; and I wasn't fool enough  
To smile in vanities, and hug a shadow ;  
Nor have I wisdom to elaborate  
An artificial happiness from pains :  
Ev'n joys are pains, because they cannot last. [*Sighs.*  
“ Yet much is talk'd of bliss ; it is the art  
“ Of such as have the world in their possession,  
“ To give it a good name, that fools may envy ;  
“ For envy to small minds is flattery.”  
How many lift the head, look gay, and smile  
Against their consciences ? And this we know,  
Yet, knowing, disbelieve, and try again  
What we have try'd, and struggle with conviction.

Each new experience gives the former credit ;  
And reverend grey threescore is but a voucher,  
That thirty told us true.

*Zan.* My noble lord,

I mourn your fate : but are no hopes surviving ?

*Car.* No hopes. Alvarez has a heart of steel.

'Tis fix'd—'tis past—'tis absolute despair !

*Zan.* You wanted not to have your heart made  
tender,

By your own pains, to feel a friend's distress.

*Car.* I understand you well. Alonzo loves ;  
I pity him.

*Zan.* I dare be sworn you do.

Yet he has other thoughts.

*Car.* What canst thou mean ?

*Zan.* Indeed he has ; and fears to ask a favour :  
A stranger from a stranger might request ;  
What costs you nothing, yet is all to him :  
Nay, what indeed will to your glory add,  
For nothing more than wishing your friend well.

*Car.* I pray, be plain ; his happiness is mine.

*Zan.* He loves to death ; but so reveres his friend,  
He can't persuade his heart to wed the maid  
Without your leave, and that he fears to ask.  
In perfect tenderness I urg'd him to it.  
Knowing the deadly sickness of his heart,  
Your overflowing goodness to your friend,  
Your wisdom, and despair yourself to wed her,  
I wrung a promise from him he would try :  
And now I come, a mutual friend to both,

Without his privacy, to let you know it,  
And to prepare you kindly to receive him.

*Car.* Ha! if he weds I am undone indeed;  
Not Don Alvarez' self can then relieve me.

*Zan.* Alas, my lord, you know his heart is steel:  
'Tis fix'd, 'tis past, 'tis absolute despair.

*Car.* Oh, cruel Heaven! and is it not enough  
That I must never, never see her more?  
Say, is it not enough that I must die;  
But I must be tormented in the grave?—  
Ask my consent!—Must I then give her to him?  
Lead to his nuptial sheets the blushing maid?  
Oh!—Leonora! never, never, never!

*Zan.* A storm of plagues upon him! he refuses.

[*Aside.*

*Car.* What, wed her?—and to-day?

*Zan.* To-day, or never.

To-morrow may some wealthier lover bring,  
And then Alonzo is thrown out like you:  
Then whom shall he condemn for his misfortune?  
Carlos is an Alvarez to his love.

*Car.* Oh, torment! whither shall I turn?

*Zan.* To peace.

*Car.* Which is the way?

*Zan.* His happiness is yours——

I dare not disbelieve you.

*Car.* Kill my friend!

Or worse——Alas! and can there be a worse?  
A worse there is; nor can my nature bear it.

*Zan.* You have convinc'd me 'tis a dreadful task.

I find Alonzo's quitting her this morning  
For Carlos' sake, in tenderness to you,  
Betray'd me to believe it less severe  
Than I perceive it is.

*Car.* Thou dost upbraid me.

*Zan.* No, my good lord; but since you can't  
comply,

'Tis my misfortune that I mention'd it;  
For had I not, Alonzo would indeed  
Have dy'd, as now, but not by your decree.

*Car.* By my decree! Do I decree his death?  
I do——Shall I then lead her to his arms?  
Oh, which side shall I take? Be stabb'd, or——stab?  
'Tis equal death! a choice of agonies?——  
Ah, no!—all other agonies are ease  
To one——Oh, Leonora!—never, never!  
Go, Zanga, go, defer the dreadful trial,  
Tho' but a day; something, perchance, may happen  
To soften all to friendship and to love.  
Go, stop my friend, let me not see him now;  
But save us from an interview of death.

*Zan.* My lord, I'm bound in duty to obey you——  
If I not bring him, may Alonzo prosper. [*Aside and exit.*]

*Car.* What is this world?—Thy school, Oh, misery!  
Our only lesson is to learn to suffer;  
And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.  
“Tho' deep my pangs, and heavy at my heart,  
“My comfort is, each moment takes away  
“A grain, at least, from the dead load that's on me,  
“And gives a nearer prospect of the grave.”

But put it most severely——should I live——  
 Live long——alas, there is no length in time !  
 Nor in thy time, Oh, man!—What's fourscore years?  
 Nay, what, indeed, the age of time itself,  
 Since cut from out eternity's wide round ?  
 " Away, then I——To a mind resolv'd and wise,  
 " There is an impotence in misery,  
 " Which makes me smile, when all its shafts are in  
 me."

Yet Leonora——she can make time long,  
 Its nature alter, as she alter'd mine.

*While in the lustre of her charms I lay,  
 Whole summer suns roll'd unperceiv'd away ;  
 I years for days, and days for moments told,  
 And was surpris'd to hear that I grew old.  
 Now fate does rigidly its dues regain,  
 And every moment is an age of pain.*

*As he is going out, enter ZANGA and Don ALONZO,  
 ZANGA stops Don CARLOS.*

Zan. Is this Don Carlos? this the boasted friend?  
 How can you turn your back upon his sadness?  
 Look on him, and then leave him if you can.  
 " Whose sorrows thus depress him? Not his own:  
 " This moment he could wed without your leave."

Car. I cannot yield; nor can I bear his griefs.

Alonzo!

*[Going to him, and taking his hand.]*

Alon. Oh, Carlos!

Car. Pray, forbear,

*Alon.* Art thou undone, and shall Alonzo smile ?  
 Alonzo, who, perhaps, in some degree  
 Contributed to cause thy dreadful fate ?  
 I was deputed guardian of thy love ;  
 But, Oh, I lov'd myself ! Pour down afflictions  
 On this devoted head ; make me your mark ;  
 And be the world by my example taught,  
 How sacred it should hold the name of friend.

*Car.* You charge yourself unjustly ; well I know  
 The only cause of my severe affliction.  
 Alvarez, curs'd Alvarez !—So much anguish  
 Felt for so small a failure, is one merit  
 Which faultless virtue wants. The crime was mine,  
 Who plac'd thee there, where only thou couldst fail ;  
 Tho' well I knew that dreadful post of honour  
 I gave thee to maintain. Ah ! who could bear  
 Those eyes unhurt ? The wounds myself have felt,  
 (Which wounds alone should cause me to condemn  
 thee)

They plead in thy excuse ; for I too strove  
 To shun those fires, and found 'twas not in man.

*Alon.* You cast in shades the failure of a friend,  
 And soften all ; but think not you deceive me ;  
 I know my guilt, and I implore your pardon,  
 As the sole glimpse I can obtain of peace.

*Car.* Pardon for him, who but this morning threw  
 Fair Leonora from his heart, all bath'd  
 In ceaseless tears, and blushing for her love !  
 Who, like a rose-leaf wet with morning dew,  
 Would have stuck close, and clung for ever there !

But 'twas in thee, thro' fondness for thy friend,  
To shut thy bosom against ecstacies ;  
For which, while this pulse beats, it beats to thee ;  
While this blood flows, it flows for my Alonzo,  
And every wish is levell'd at thy joy.

*Zan.* [*To Alon.*] My lord, my lord, this is your  
time to speak.

*Alon.* [*To Zan.*] Because he's kind ? It therefore is  
the worst ;

" For 'tis his kindness which I fear to hurt.

" Shall the same moment see him sink in woes,

" And me providing for a flood of joys,

" Rich in the plunder of his happiness ?

" No, I may die ; but I can never speak.

" *Car.* Now, now it comes ! they are concerting it :

" The first word strikes me dead—Oh, Leonora !

" And shall another taste her fragrant breath ?

" Who knows what after-time may bring to pass ?

" Fathers may change, and I may wed her still. [*Aside.*

" *Alon.*" [*To Zan.*] Do I not see him quite possess'd  
with anguish,

" Which, like a dæmon, writhes him to and fro ;"

And shall I pour in new ? No fond desire,

No love : one pang at parting, and farewell.

I have no other love but Carlos now.

*Car.* Alas ! my friend, why with such eager grasp  
Dost press my hand, and weep upon my cheek ?

*Alon.* If, after death, our forms (as some believe)  
Shall be transparent, naked every thought,  
And friends meet friends, and read each other's hearts,



Thou'lt know one day that thou wast held most dear.  
Farewell.

*Car.* Alonzo, stay—he cannot speak— [*Holds him.*  
Lest it should grieve me—Shall I be outdone?  
And lose in glory, as I lose in love? [*Aside.*  
I take it much unkindly, my Alonzo,  
You think so meanly of me, not to speak,  
When well I know your heart is near to bursting.  
Have you forgot how you have bound me to you?  
Your smallest friendship's liberty and life.

*Alon.* There, there it is, my friend, it cuts me there,  
How dreadful is it to a generous mind  
To ask, when sure he cannot be deny'd!

*Car.* How greatly thought! In all he towers above  
me. [*Aside.*

Then you confess you would ask something of me?

*Alon.* No, on my soul.

*Zan.* [*To Alon.*] Then lose her.

*Car.* Glorious spirit!

Why, what a pang has he run through for this!  
By Heaven, I envy him his agonies.

“Why was not mine the most illustrious lot,

“Of starting at one action from below,

“And flaming up into consummate greatness?

“Hail angels strengthen me!”—It shall be so——

“I can't want strength. Great actions, once conceived,

“Strengthen like wine, and animate the soul,

“And call themselves to being. [*Aside.*]” My  
Alonzo!

Since thy great soul disdains to make request,  
Receive with favour that I make to thee.

*Alon.* What means my Carlos ?

*Car.* Pray observe me well.

Fate and Alvarez tore her from my heart,  
And plucking up my love, they had well nigh  
Pluck'd up life too, for they were twin'd together.  
Of that no more—What now does reason bid ?  
I cannot wed—Farewell my happiness !  
But, O my soul, with care provide for hers !  
In life, how weak, how helpless is woman !  
“ Soon hurt ; in happiness itself unsafe,  
“ And often wounded while she plucks the rose ;  
“ So properly the object of affliction,  
“ That Heaven is pleas'd to make distress become  
her,  
“ And dresses her most amiably in tears.”  
Take then my heart in dowry with the fair,  
Be thou her guardian, and thou must be mine,  
Shut out the thousand pressing ills of life  
With thy surrounding arms—Do this, and then  
Set down the liberty and life thou gav'st me,  
As little things, as essays of thy goodness,  
And rudiments of friendship so divine.

*Alon.* There is a grandeur in thy goodness to me,  
Which with thy foes would render thee ador'd.  
“ But have a care, nor think I can be pleas'd  
“ With any thing that lays in pains for thee.  
“ Thou dost dissemble, and thy heart's in tears.

*Car.* My heart's in health, my spirits dance their round,

"And at my eyes pleasure looks out in smiles.

*Alon.*" And canst thou, canst thou part with Leonora?

*Car.* I do not part with her, I give her thee.

*Alon.* O, Carlos!

*Car.* Don't disturb me, I'm sincere,

"Nor is it more than simple justice in me.

"This morn didst thou resign her for my sake;

"I but perform a virtue learnt from thee;

"Discharge a debt, and pay her to thy wishes.

*Alon.* Ah, how?"—But think not words were ever made

For such occasions. Silence, tears, embraces,

Are languid eloquence; I'll seek relief

In absence from the pain of so much goodness,

There thank the blest above, thy sole superiors,

Adore, and raise my thoughts of them by thee.

[Exit.

*Zan.* Thus far success has crown'd my boldest hope.

My next care is to hasten these new nuptials,

And then my master-works begin to play. [Aside.

Why this was greatly done, without one sigh [To Car.

To carry such a glory to its period.

*Car.* Too soon thou praisest me. He's gone, and now

I must unsluice my over-burthen'd heart,

And let it flow. I would not grieve my friend

With tears; nor interrupt my great design;

Great sure as ever human breast durst think of.  
But now my sorrows, long with pain suppress,

*Burst their confinement with impetuous sway,  
O'er-swell all bounds, and bear e'en life away :  
So till the day was won, the Greek renown'd  
With anguish wore the arrow in his wound,  
Then drew the shaft from out his tortur'd side,  
Let gush the torrent of his blood, and dy'd. [Exeunt.*

---

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter ZANGA.*

*Zanga.*

O JOY, thou welcome stranger ! twice three years  
I have not felt thy vital beam ; but now  
It warms my veins, and plays around my heart :  
A fiery instinct lifts me from the ground,  
And I could mount—the spirits numberless  
Of my dear countrymen, which yesterday  
Left their poor bleeding bodies on the field,  
Are all assembled here, and o'er-inform me.—  
O, bridegroom ! great indeed thy present bliss ;  
Yet ev'n by me unenvy'd ; for be sure  
It is thy last, thy last smile, that which now  
Sits on thy cheek ; enjoy it while thou may'st ;  
Anguish, and groans, and death bespeak to-morrow.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

My Isabella !

*Isa.* What commands, my Moor?

*Zan.* My fair ally! my lovely minister!  
'Twas well Alvarez, by my arts impell'd,  
(To plunge Don Carlos in the last despair,  
And so prevent all future molestation)  
Finish'd the nuptials soon as he resolv'd them;]  
This conduct ripen'd all for me, and ruin.  
Scarce had the priest the holy rite perform'd,  
When I, by sacred inspiration, forg'd  
That letter, which I trusted to thy hand;  
That letter, which in glowing terms conveys,  
From happy Carlos to fair Leonora,  
The most profound acknowledgment of heart,  
For wondrous transports which he never knew.  
This is a good subservient artifice,  
To aid the nobler workings of my brain.

*Isa.* I quickly dropt it in the bride's apartment,  
As you commanded.

*Zan.* With a lucky hand;  
For soon Alonzo found it; I observ'd him  
From out my secret stand. He took it up;  
But scarce was it unfolded to his sight,  
When he, as if an arrow pierc'd his eye,  
Started, and trembling dropt it on the ground.  
Pale and aghast awhile my victim stood,  
Disguis'd a sigh or two, and puff'd them from him;  
Then rubb'd his brow, and took it up again.  
At first he look'd as if he meant to read it;  
But check'd by rising fears, he crush'd it thus,  
And thrust it, like an adder, in his bosom.

*Isa.* But if he read it not, it cannot sting him,  
At least not mortally.

*Zan.* At first I thought so;  
But farther thought informs me otherwise,  
And turns this disappointment to account.  
“He more shall credit it, because unseen,  
“ (If ’tis unseen) as thou anon may’st find.

“*Isa.* That would indeed commend my Zanga’s  
skill.”

*Zan.* This, Isabella, is Don Carlos’ picture;  
Take it, and so dispose of it, that found,  
It may raise up a witness of her love;  
Under her pillow, in her cabinet,  
Or elsewhere, as shall best promote our end.

*Isa.* I’ll weigh it as its consequence requires,  
Then do my utmost to deserve your smile. [*Exit.*

*Zan.* Is that Alonzo prostrate on the ground?—  
Now he starts up like flame from sleeping embers,  
And wild distraction glares from either eye.  
If thus a slight surmise can work his soul,  
How will the fulness of the tempest tear him?

*Enter Don ALONZO.*

*Alon.* And yet it cannot be—I am deceiv’d—  
I injure her: she wears the face of Heaven.

*Zan.* He doubts. [*Aside.*

*Alon.* I dare not look on this again.  
If the first glance, which gave suspicion only,  
Had such effect, so smote my heart and brain,

The certainty would dash me all in pieces.

It cannot——Ha! it must, it must be true. [*Starts.*

*Zan.* Hold there, and we succeed. He has de-  
sery'd me.

And (for he thinks I love him) will unfold  
His aching heart, and rest it on my counsel.

I'll seem to go, to make my stay more sure. [*Aside.*

*Alon.* Hold, Zanga, turn.

*Zan.* My lord.

*Alon.* Shut close the doors,

That not a spirit find an entrance here.

*Zan.* My lord's obey'd.

*Alon.* I see that thou art frightened.

If thou dost love me, I shall fill thy heart  
With scorpions stings.

*Zan.* If I do love, my lord?

*Alon.* Come near me, let me rest upon thy bosom;  
(What pillow like the bosom of a friend?)  
For I am sick at heart.

*Zan.* Speak, sir, O speak,  
And take me from the rack.

“*Alon.* And is there need

“Of words? Behold a wonder! See my tears!

“*Zan.* I feel 'em too. Heaven grant my senses  
fail me!

“I rather would lose them, than have this real.

“*Alon.* Go, take a round thro' all things in thy  
thought,

“And find that one; for there is only one

" Which could extort my tears ; find that, and tell

" Thyself my misery, and spare me the pain.

" *Zan.* Sorrow can think but ill—I am bewilder'd ;

" I know not where I am.

" *Alon.* Think, think no more.

" It ne'er can enter in an honest heart.

" I'll tell thee then—I cannot—yet I do

" By wanting force to give it utterance.

" *Zan.* Speak, ease your heart ; its throbs will  
break your bosom."

*Alon.* I am most happy : mine is victory,  
Mine the king's favour, mine the nation's shout,  
And great men make their fortunes of my smiles.  
O curse of curses ! in the lap of blessing  
To be most curst !—My Leonora's false !

*Zan.* Save me, my lord !

*Alon.* My Leonora's false ! [*Gives him the letter.*

*Zan.* Then Heaven has lost its image here on earth.

[*While Zanga reads the letter, he trembles, and  
shews the utmost concern.*

*Alon.* Good-natur'd man ! he makes my pains his  
own.

I durst not read it ; but I read it now

In thy concern.

*Zan.* Did you not read it then ?

*Alon.* Mine eye just touch'd it, and could bear no  
more.

*Zan.* Thus perish all that gives Alonzo pain !

[*Tears the letter.*

*Alon.* Why didst thou tear it ?



*Zan.* Think of it no more.

'Twas your mistake, and groundless are your fears.

*Alon.* And didst thou tremble then for my mistake ?  
Or give the whole contents, or by the pangs  
That feed upon my heart, thy life's in danger.

*Zan.* Is this Alonzo's language to his Zanga ?  
Draw forth your sword, and find the secret here.  
For whose sake is it, think you, I conceal it ?  
Wherefore this rage ? Because I seek your peace ?  
I have no interest in suppressing it,  
But what good-natur'd tenderness for you  
Obliges me to have. Not mine the "heart  
" That will be rent in two. Not mine the" fame  
That will be damn'd, though all the world should  
know it.

*Alon.* Then my worst fears are true, and life is past.

*Zan.* What has the rashness of my passion utter'd ?  
I know not what ; but rage is our destruction,  
And all its words are wind——Yet sure, I think,  
I nothing own'd——but grant I did confess,  
What is a letter ? letters may be forg'd.  
For Heav'n's sweet sake, my lord, lift up your heart.  
Some foe to your repose——

*Alon.* So, Heaven look on me,  
As I can't find the man I have offended.

*Zan.* Indeed ! [*Aside.*]——Our innocence is not our  
shield :

They take offence, who have not been offended ;  
They seek our ruin too, who speak us fair,  
And death is often ambush'd in their smiles.

"We know not whom we have to fear." 'Tis certain  
A letter may be forg'd, and in a point  
Of such a dreadful consequence as this,  
One would rely on nought that might be false——  
Think, have you any other cause to doubt her?  
Away, you can find none. Resume your spirit;  
All's well again.

*Alon.* O that it were!

*Zan.* It is;

For who would credit that, which credited,  
Makes hell superfluous by superior pains,  
Without such proofs as cannot be withstood;  
Has she not ever been to virtue train'd?  
Is not her fame as spotless as the sun,  
Her sex's envy, and the boast of Spain?

*Alon.* O, Zanga! it is that confounds me most,  
That full in opposition to appearance——

*Zan.* No more, my lord, for you condemn yourself.  
What is absurdity, but to believe  
Against appearance!——You can't yet, I find,  
Subdue your passion to your better sense;——  
And, truth to tell, it does not much displease me.  
'Tis fit our indiscretions should be check'd  
With some degree of pain.

*Alon.* What indiscretion?

*Zan.* Come, you must bear to hear your faults  
from me.

Had you not sent Don Carlos to the court  
The night before the battle, that foul slave,  
Who forg'd the senseless scroll which gives you pain,  
Had wanted footing for his villany.

*Alon.* I sent him not.

*Zan.* Not send him!—Ha!—That strikes me.  
 I thought he came on message to the king.  
 Is there another cause could justify  
 His shunning danger, and the promis'd fight?  
 But I perhaps may think too rigidly;  
 So long an absence, and impatient love——

*Alon.* In my confusion that had quite escap'd me.  
 By Heaven, my wounded soul does bleed afresh;  
 'Tis clear as day—for Carlos is so brave,  
 He lives not but on fame, he hunts for danger,  
 And is enamour'd of the face of death.  
 How then could he decline the next day's battle,  
 But for the transports?—Oh, it must be so——  
 Inhuman! by the loss of his own honour,  
 To buy the ruin of his friend!

*Zan.* You wrong him;  
 He knew not of your love.

*Alon.* Ha!——

*Zan.* That stings home. [*Aside.*

*Alon.* Indeed, he knew not of my treacherous  
 love——

Proofs rise on proofs, and still the last the strongest.  
 "Th' eternal law of things declares it true,  
 "Which calls for judgment on distinguish'd guilt,  
 "And loves to make our crime our punishment."  
 Love is my torture, love was first my crime;  
 For she was his, my friend's, and he (O horror!)  
 Confided all in me. O, sacred faith!  
 How dearly I abide thy violation!

*Zan.* Were then their loves far gone ?

*Alon.* The father's will

There bore a total sway ; and he, as soon  
As news arriv'd that Carlos' fleet was seen  
From off our coast, fir'd with the love of gold,  
Determin'd, that the very sun which saw  
Carlos' return, should see his daughter wed.

*Zan.* Indeed, my lord ; then you must pardon me,  
If I presume to mitigate the crime.

Consider, strong allurements soften guilt ;  
Long was his absence, ardent was his love,  
At midnight his return, the next day destin'd  
For his espousals—'twas a strong temptation.

*Alon.* Temptation !

*Zan.* 'Twas but gaining of one night.

*Alon.* One night !

*Zan.* That crime could ne'er return again.

*Alon.* Again ! By Heaven, thou dost insult thy lord.  
Temptation ! One night gain'd ! O stings and death !  
And am I then undone ? Alas, my Zanga !  
And dost thou own it too ? Deny it still,  
And rescue me one moment from distraction.

*Zan.* My lord, I hope the best.

*Alon.* False, foolish hope,

“ And insolent to me !” Thou know'st it false ;

It is as glaring as the noon-tide sun.

Devil !—This morning, after three years coldness,  
To rush at once into a passion for me !

'Twas time to feign, 'twas time to get another,  
When her first fool was sated with her beauties.

*Zan.* What says my lord? Did Leonora then  
Never before disclose her passion for you?

*Alon.* Never.

*Zan.* Throughout the whole three years?

*Alon.* O never! never!

Why, Zanga, shouldst thou strive? 'Tis all in vain:  
Tho' thy soul labours, it can find no reed  
For hope to catch at. Ah! I'm plunging down  
Ten thousand thousand fathoms in despair.

*Zan.* Hold, sir, I'll break your fall—Wave ev'ry  
fear,

And be a man again—Had he enjoy'd her,  
Be most assur'd, he had resign'd her to you  
With less reluctance.

*Alon.* Ha! Resign her to me!——

Resign her!—Who resign'd her?—Double death!  
How could I doubt so long? "My heart is broke."  
First love her to distraction! then resign her!

*Zan.* But was it not with utmost agony?

*Alon.* Grant that, he still resign'd her; that's  
enough.

Would he pluck out his eye to give it me?  
Tear out his heart?—She was his heart no more—  
Nor was it with reluctance he resign'd her;  
By Heav'n, he ask'd, he courted me to wed.  
I thought it strange; 'tis now no longer so.

*Zan.* Was't his request? Are you right sure of  
that?

I fear the letter was not all a tale,

*Alon.* A tale! There's proof equivalent to sight.

*Zan.* I should distrust my sight on this occasion.

*Alon.* And so should I; by Heaven, I think I should.

What! Leonora, the divine, by whom  
We guess'd at angels! Oh! I'm all confusion.

*Zan.* You now are too much ruffled to think clearly.  
Since bliss and horror, life and death hang on it,  
Go to your chamber, there maturely weigh  
Each circumstance; consider, above all,  
That it is jealousy's peculiar nature  
To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought  
To conjure much, and then to lose its reason  
Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.

*Alon.* Had I ten thousand lives, I'd give them all  
To be deceiv'd. "I fear 'tis doomsday with me."  
And yet she seem'd so pure, that I thought Heaven  
Borrow'd her form for virtue's self to wear,  
To gain her lovers with the sons of men.  
O, Leonora! Leonora!

[*Exit.*

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Zan.* Thus far it works auspiciously. My patient  
Thrives underneath my hand in misery.  
He's gone to think; that is, to be distracted.

*Isa.* I overheard your conference, and saw you,  
To my amazement, tear the letter.

*Zan.* There,  
There, Isabella, I out-did myself.  
For tearing it, I not secure it only  
In its first force; but superadd a new.

For who can now the character examine  
To cause a doubt, much less detect the fraud ?  
And after tearing it, as loth to shew  
The foul contents, if I should swear it now  
A forgery, my lord would disbelieve me,  
Nay, more, would disbelieve the more I swore.  
But is the picture happily dispos'd of ?

*Isa.* It is.

*Zan.* That's well—Ah ! what is well ? O pang to  
think !

O dire necessity ! is this my province ?  
Whither, my soul ! ah ! whither art thou sunk  
“ Beneath thy sphere ? Ere while, far, far above  
“ Such little arts, dissembling, falsehoods, frauds,  
“ The trash of villany itself, which falls  
“ To cowards, and poor wretches wanting bread.”  
Does this become a soldier ? This become  
Whom armies follow'd, and a people lov'd ?  
My martial glory withers at the thought.  
But great my end ; and since there are no other,  
These means are just, they shine with borrow'd light,  
Illustrious from the purpose they pursue.

*And greater sure my merit, who, to gain  
A point sublime, can such a task sustain ;  
To wade thro' ways obscene, my honour bend,  
And shock my nature, to attain my end.  
Late time shall wonder ; that my joys will raise ;  
For wonder is involuntary praise.* [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Don ALONZO and ZANGA.*

*Alonzo.*

OH, what a pain to think! when every thought,  
Perplexing thought, in intricacies runs,  
And reason knits th' inextricable toil,  
In which herself is taken! "I am lost,  
" Poor insect that I am, I am involv'd,  
" And bury'd in the web myself have wrought!  
" One argument is balanc'd by another,  
" And reason reason meets in doubtful fight,  
" And proofs are countermin'd by equal proofs."  
No more I'll bear this battle of the mind,  
This inward anarchy; but find my wife,  
And to her trembling heart presenting death,  
Force all the secret from her.

*Zan.* O, forbear!

You totter on the very brink of ruin.

*Alon.* What dost thou mean?

*Zan.* That will discover all,

And kill my hopes. What can I think or do? [*Aside.*

*Alon.* What dost thou murmur?

*Zan.* Force the secret from her!

What's perjury to such a crime as this?

Will she confess it then? O, groundless hope!

But rest assur'd, she'll make this accusation,

Or false or true, your ruin with the king;

Such is her father's power.



*Alon.* No more, I care not ;  
Rather than groan beneath this load, I'll die.

*Zan.* But for what better will you change this load ?  
Grant you should know it, would not that be worse ?

*Alon.* No, it would cure me of my mortal pangs :  
By hatred and contempt I should despise her,  
And all my love-bred agonies would vanish.

*Zan.* Ah ! were I sure of that, my lord——

*Alon.* What then ?

*Zan.* You should not hazard life to gain the secret.

*Alon.* What dost thou mean ? Thou know'st I'm  
on the rack.

I'll not be play'd with ; speak, if thou hast aught,  
Or I this instant fly to Leonora.

*Zan.* That is, to death. My lord, I am not yet  
Quite so far gone in guilt to suffer it,  
Tho' gone too far, Heaven knows—'Tis I am guilty—  
I have took pains, as you, I know, observ'd,  
To hinder you from diving in the secret,  
And turn'd aside your thoughts from the detection.

*Alon.* Thou dost confound me.

*Zan.* I confound myself,  
And frankly own it, tho' to my shame I own it ;  
Nought but your life in danger could have torn  
The secret out, and made me own my crime.

*Alon.* Speak quickly ; Zanga, speak.

*Zan.* Not yet, dread sir :  
First, I must be assur'd, that if you find  
The fair one guilty, scorn, as you assur'd me,  
Shall conquer love and rage, and heal your soul.

*Alon.* Oh! 'twill, by Heaven.

*Zan.* Alas! I fear it much,  
And scarce can hope so far; but I of this  
Exact your solemn oath, that you'll abstain  
From all self-violence, and save my lord.

*Alon.* I trebly swear.

*Zan.* You'll bear it like a man?

*Alon.* A god.

*Zan.* Such have you been to me, these tears confess it,

And pour'd forth miracles of kindness on me;  
And what amends is now within my power,  
But to confess, expose myself to justice,  
And as a blessing claim my punishment?  
Know then, Don Carlos——

*Alon.* Oh!

*Zan.* You cannot bear it.

*Alon.* Go on, I'll have it, though it blast mankind;  
I'll have it all, and instantly. Go on.

*Zan.* Don Carlos did return at dead of night——

“ Enter LEONORA.

“ *Leon.* My Lord Alonzo, you are absent from us,  
“ And quite undo our joy.

“ *Alon.* I'll come, my love:

“ Be not our friends deserted by us both;

“ I'll follow you this moment.

“ *Leon.* My good lord,

“ I do observe severity of thought

“ Upon your brow. Aught hear you from the Moors?

" *Alon.* No, my delight.

" *Leon.* What then employ'd your mind ?

" *Alon.* Thou, love, and only thou ; so Heaven be-  
friend me,

" As other thought can find no entrance here.

" *Leon.* How good in you, my lord, whom nations"  
cares

" Solicit, and a world in arms obeys,

" To drop one thought on me !

" [*He shews the utmost impatience.*

" *Alon.* Dost thou then prize it ?

" *Leon.* Do you then ask it ?

" *Alon.* Know then, to thy comfort,

" Thou hast me all, my throbbing heart is full

" With thee alone, I've thought of nothing else ;

" Nor shall I, from my soul believe, till death.

" My life, our friends expect thee.

" *Leon.* I obey.

[*Exit.*

" *Alon.* Is that the face of curs'd hypocrisy ?

" If she is guilty, stars are made of darkness,

" And beauty shall no more belong to Heaven——

" Don Carlos did return at dead of night——

" Proceed, good Zanga, so thy tale began.

" *Zan.* Don Carlos did return at dead of night ;"

That night, by chance (ill chance for me) did I

Command the watch that guards the palace gate.

He told me he had letters for the king,

Dispatch'd from you.

*Alon.* The villain ly'd !

*Zan.* My lord,  
 I pray, forbear——Transported at his sight,  
 After so long a bondage, and your friend,  
 (Who could suspect him of an artifice ?)  
 No farther I enquir'd, but let him pass,  
 False to my trust, at least imprudent in it.  
 Our watch reliev'd, I went into the garden,  
 As is my custom, when the night's serene,  
 And took a moon-light walk : when soon I heard  
 A rustling in an arbour that was near me.  
 I saw two lovers in each other's arms,  
 Embracing and embrac'd. Anon the man  
 Arose, and falling back some paces from her,  
 Gaz'd ardently a while, then rush'd at once,  
 And throwing all himself into her bosom,  
 There softly sigh'd ; ' Oh, night of ecstasy !  
 When shall we meet again ? '——Don Carlos then  
 Led Leonora forth.

*Alon.* Oh, Oh, my heart !     [*He sinks into a chair.*]

*Zan.* Groan on, and with the sound refresh my soul !  
 'Tis thro' his heart, his knees smite one another.  
 'Tis thro' his brain, his eye-balls roll in anguish.

[*Aside.*]

My lord, my lord, why do you rack my soul ?  
 " Speak to me, let me know that you still live.  
 " Do not you know me, sir ? Pray, look upon me ;  
 " You think too deeply——I'm your own Zanga,  
 " So lov'd, so cherish'd, and so faithful to you.—  
 " Why start you in such fury ?—Nay, my lord,

“ For Heaven’s sake sheath your sword ! What can this mean ?

“ Fool that I was, to trust you with the secret,

“ And you unkind to break your word with me.

“ Oh, passion for a woman !——On the ground !

“ Where is your boasted courage ? Where your scorn,

“ And prudent rage, that was to cure your grief,

“ And chase your love-bred agonies away ?”

Rise, sir, for honour’s sake. Why should the Moors,  
Why should the vanquish’d triumph ?

*Alon.* “ Would to Heaven

“ That I were lower still !” Oh, she was all !——

My fame, my friendship, and my love of arms,

All stoop to her, my blood was her possession.

Deep in the secret foldings of my heart

She liv’d with life, and far the dearer she.

But——“ and” no more——“ set nature on a blaze,

“ Give her a fit of jealousy——away——”

To think on’t is the torment of the damn’d,

And not to think on’t is impossible.

“ How fair the cheek that first alarm’d my soul !

“ How bright the eye that set it on a flame !

“ How soft the breast on which I laid my peace

“ For years to slumber, unawak’d by care !

“ How fierce the transport ! how sublime the bliss !

“ How deep, how black, the horror and despair !”

*Zan.* You said you’d bear it like a man.

*Alon.* I do.

Am I not almost distracted ?

*Zan.* Pray, be calm.

*Alon.* As hurricanes :—be thou assur'd of that.

*Zan.* Is this the wise Alonzo ?

*Alon.* Villain, no !

He dy'd in the arbour—he was murder'd there !——

“ I am his dæmon though——My wife !—my wife !——

*Zan.* Alas ! he weeps.

*Alon.* Go, dig her grave !

*Zan.* My lord !

*Alon.* But that her blood's too hot, I would ca-  
rouse it

Around my bridal board !

*Zan.* And I would pledge thee. [*Aside.*

*Alon.* But I may talk too fast. Pray, let me think,  
And reason mildly.——Wedded and undone  
Before one night descends.——Oh, hasty evil !  
What friend to comfort me in my extreme !  
Where's Carlos ? Why is Carlos absent from me ?  
Does he know what has happen'd ?

“ *Zan.* My good lord !

“ *Alon.* Oh, depth of horror ! He !——My bosom  
friend !

“ *Zan.* Alas, compose yourself, my lord.

“ *Alon.* To death !

“ Gaze on her with both eyes so ardently !

“ Give them the vultures, tear him all in pieces !

“ *Zan.* Most excellent ! [*Aside.*

“ *Alon.* Hark ! you can keep a secret.

“ In yonder arbour, bound with jasmine——

“ Who's that ? What villain's that ? Unhand her——  
Murder !——

“ Tear them asunder——Murder——How they grind

“ My heart betwixt them!——Oh, let go my heart!

“ Yet let it go——‘ Embracing and embrac’d!’

“ Oh, pestilence!——Who let him in?——A traitor.

*[Goes to stab Zanga, he prevents him.]*

“ Alas! my head turns round, and my limbs fails me.”

Zan. My lord!

Alon. Oh, villain, villain, most accurst!

If thou didst know it, why didst let me wed?

Zan. Hear me, my lord, your anger will abate.

I knew it not:—I saw them in the garden;

But saw no more than you might well expect

To see in lovers destin’d for each other.

By Heaven I thought their meeting innocent.

Who could suspect fair Leonora’s virtue,

’Till after-proofs conspir’d to blacken it?

Sad proofs, which came too late, which broke not out,

(Eternal curses on Alvarez’ haste!)

’Till holy rites had made the wanton yours;

And then, I own, I labour’d to conceal it,

In duty and compassion to your peace.

Alon. Live now, be damn’d hereafter—for I want thee.——

‘ Oh, night of ecstasy!’——Ha! was’t not so?

“ I will enjoy this murder.”——Let me think——

The jasmine bower—’tis secret and remote:

Go wait me there, and take thy dagger with thee.

*[Exit Zanga.]*

How the sweet sound still sings within my ear!

‘ When shall we meet again?’——To-night, in hell.

*As he is going, enter LEONORA.*

Ha! I'm surprised! I stagger at her charms!  
Oh, angel-devill!—Shall I stab her now?  
No—It shall be as I at first determin'd.  
To kill her now were half my vengeance lost.  
Then must I now dissemble—if I can.

*Leon.* My lord, excuse me; “see, a second time”  
I come in embassy from all your friends,  
Whose joys are languid, uninspir'd by you.

*Alon.* This moment, Leonora, I was coming  
To thee, and all—but sure, or I mistake,  
Or thou canst well inspire my friends with joy.

“*Leon.* Why sighs my lord?

“*Alon.* I sigh'd not, Leonora.

“*Leon.* I thought you did; your sighs are mine,  
my lord,

“And I shall feel them all.

“*Alon.* Dost flatter me?

“*Leon.* If my regards for you are flattery,

“Full far indeed I stretch'd the compliment

“In this day's solemn rite.

“*Alon.* What rite?

“*Leon.* You sport me.

“*Alon.* Indeed I do; my heart is full of mirth.

“*Leon.* And so is mine—I look on cheerfulness,

“As on the health of virtue.

“*Alon.* Virtue!—Damn——”

*Leon.* What says my lord?



*Alon.* Thou art exceeding fair.

*Leon.* Beauty alone is but of little worth;  
But when the soul and body of a piece,  
Both shine alike, then they obtain a price,  
And are a fit reward for gallant actions,  
Heaven's pay on earth for such great souls as yours;—  
If fair and innocent, I am your due.

*Alon.* Innocent!

[*Aside.*

*Leon.* How, my lord! I interrupt you.

*Alon.* No, my best life! I must not part with thee—  
This hand is mine—Oh, what a hand is here!  
So soft, souls sink into it, and are lost!

*Leon.* In tears, my lord?

*Alon.* What less can speak my joy?

“ I gaze, and I forget my own existence :  
“ 'Tis all a vision—my head swims in Heaven.  
“ Wherefore! Oh, wherefore this expence of beauty?  
“ And wherefore, Oh!——

Why, I could gaze upon thy looks for ever,  
And drink in all my being from thine eyes :  
And I could snatch a flaming thunderbolt,  
And hurl destruction!——

“ *Leon.* How, my lord! what mean you?

“ Acquaint me with the secret of your heart,  
“ Or cast me out for ever from your love.

“ *Alon.* Art thou concern'd for me?”

*Leon.* My lord, you fright me.

Is this the fondness of your nuptial hour?

“ I am ill us'd, my lord, I must not bear it.”

Why, when I woo your hand, is it deny'd me?

Your very eyes, why are they taught to shun me?—  
Nay, my good lord, I have a title here,

*[Taking his hand.]*

And I will have it. Am not I your wife?  
Have not I just authority to know  
That heart which I have purchas'd with my own?

“ Lay it before me then; it is my due.

“ Unkind Alonzo! though I might demand it,

“ Behold I kneel! See, Leonora kneels!

“ And deigns to be a beggar for her own!”

Tell me the secret, I conjure you tell me.

“ The bride foregoes the homage of her day,

“ Alvarez’ daughter trembles in the dust.”

Speak then, I charge you speak, or I expire,

And load you with my death. My lord, my lord!

*Alon.* Ha, ha, ha!

*[He breaks from her, and she sinks upon the floor.]*

*Leon.* Are these the joys which fondly I conceiv’d?

And is it thus a wedded life begins?

What did I part with, when I gave my heart?

I knew not that all happiness went with it.

Why did I leave my tender father’s wing,

And venture into love! The maid that loves,

Goes out to sea upon a shatter’d plank,

And puts her trust in miracles for safety.

Where shall I sigh?—where pour out my complaints?

He that should hear, should succour, should redress,

He is the source of all.

*Alon.* Go to thy chamber;

I soon will follow; that which now disturbs thee

Shall be clear'd up, and thou shalt not condemn me.

[Exit Leon.

Oh, how like innocence she looks!—What, stab her!

And rush into her blood!——“ I never can!

“ In her guilt shines, and nature holds my hand.”

How then? Why, thus——No more; it is determin'd.

*Enter ZANGA.*

*Zan.* I fear his heart has fail'd him. She must die.

Can I not rouse the snake that's in his bosom,

To sting our human nature, and effect it? [Aside.

*Alon.* This vast and solid earth, that blazing sun,  
Those skies through which it rolls, must all have end.

What then is man? the smallest part of nothing.

Day buries day, month month, and year the year,

Our life is but a chain of many deaths;

Can then death's self be fear'd? our life much rather.

Life is the desert, life the solitude,

Death joins us to the great majority:

'Tis to be borne to Plato's, and to Cæsars;

'Tis to be great for ever;

'Tis pleasure, 'tis ambition then to die.

*Zan.* I think, my lord, you talk'd of death.

*Alon.* I did.

*Zan.* I give you joy, then Leonora's dead.

*Alon.* No, Zanga, “ the greatest guilt is mine,

“ 'Tis mine, who might have mark'd his midnight  
visit,

“ Who might have mark'd his tameness to resign her;

“ Who might have mark'd her sudden turn of love:

" These, and a thousand tokens more ; and yet,  
" (For which the saints absolve my soul ! ) did wed.

*Zan.* Where does this tend ?

*Alon.* To shed a woman's blood  
Would stain my sword, and make my wars inglorious ;  
" But just resentment to myself, bears in it  
" A stamp of greatness above vulgar minds."  
He who, superior to the checks of nature,  
Dares make his life the victim of his reason,  
Does in some sort that reason deify,  
And take a flight at Heaven.

*Zan.* Alas, my lord,  
'Tis not your reason, but her beauty finds  
Those arguments, and throws you on your sword.  
You cannot close an eye that is so bright,  
You cannot strike a breast that is so soft,  
That has ten thousand ecstasies in store——  
For Carlos ?——No, my lord, I mean for you.

*Alon.* Oh, through my heart and marrow ! Pr'ythee  
spare me :  
Nor more upbraid the weakness of thy lord.  
I own, I try'd, I quarrell'd with my heart  
And push'd it on, and bid it give her death ;  
But, Oh, her eyes struck first, and murder'd me.

*Zan.* I know not what to answer to my lord.  
Men are but men ; we did not make ourselves.  
Farewell then, my best lord, since you must die.  
Oh, that I were to share your monument,  
And in eternal darkness close these eyes  
Against those scenes which I am doom'd to suffer !

*Alon.* What dost thou mean?

*Zan.* And is it then unknown?

Oh, grief of heart to think that you should ask it!  
 Sure you distrust that ardent love I bear you,  
 Else could you doubt when you are laid in dust—  
 But it will cut my poor heart through and through;  
 To see those revel on your sacred tomb,  
 Who brought you thither by their lawless loves.  
 For there they'll revel, and exult to find  
 Him sleep so fast, who else might mar their joys.

*Alon.* Distraction!—But Don Carlos well thou  
 know'st

Is sheath'd in steel, and bent on other thoughts.

*Zan.* I'll work him to the murder of his friend;  
 Yes, till the fever of his blood returns,  
 While her last kiss still glows upon his cheek. [*Aside:*  
 But when he finds Alonzo is no more;  
 How will he rush like lightning to her arms!  
 There sigh, there languish, there pour out his soul;  
 But not in grief—sad obsequies to thee!—  
 But thou wilt be at peace, nor see; nor hear  
 The burning kiss, the sigh of ecstasy,  
 “Their throbbing hearts that jostle one another!”  
 Thank Heaven, these torments will be all my own.

*Alon.* I'll ease thee of that pain. Let Carlos die;  
 O'ertake him on the road, and see it done.

'Tis my command.

[*Gives his signet.*]

*Zan.* I dare not disobey:

*Alon.* My Zanga, now I have thy leave to die:

*Zan.* Ah, sir! think, think again. Are all men buried

In Carlos' grave? You know not womankind.  
When once the throbbing of the heart has broke  
The modest zone, with which it first was ty'd,  
Each man she meets will be a Carlos to her.

*Alon.* That thought has more of hell than had the former.

Another, and another, and another!  
And each shall cast a smile upon my tomb.  
I am convinc'd; I must not, will not die.

*Zan.* You cannot die; nor can you murder her.  
What then remains? In nature no third way,  
But to forget, and so to love again.

*Alon.* Oh!

*Zan.* If you forgive, the world will call you good;  
If you forget, the world will call you wise;  
If you receive her to your grace again,  
The world will call you, very, very kind.

*Alon.* Zanga, I understand thee well. She dies,  
Though my arm trembles at the stroke, she dies.

*Zan.* That's truly great. What think you 'twas set up

The Greek and Roman name in such a lustre,  
But doing right in stern despite to nature,  
Shutting their ears to all her little cries,  
When great, august, and godlike justice call'd?  
At Aulis one pour'd out a daughter's life,  
And gain'd more glory than by all his wars;  
Another slew his sister in just rage;

A third, the theme of all succeeding times,  
 Gave to the cruel axe a darling son.  
 Nay more, for justice some devote themselves,  
 As he at Carthage, an immortal name !  
 Yet there is one step left above them all,  
 Above their history, above their fable,  
 A wife, bride, mistress unenjoy'd — do that,  
 And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory.

*Alon.* 'Tis done ! — Again new transports fire my  
 brain :

I had forgot it, 'tis my bridal night.  
 Friend, give me joy, we must be gay together ;  
 See that the festival be duly honour'd.

*And when with garlands the full bowl is crown'd,  
 And music gives the elevating sound,  
 And golden carpets spread the sacred floor,  
 And a new day the blazing tapers pour,  
 Thou, Zanga, thou my solemn friends invite,  
 From the dark realms of everlasting night,  
 Call vengeance, call the furies, call despair,  
 And death, our chief-invited guest be there ;  
 He with pale hand shall lead the bride, and spread  
 Eternal curtains round our nuptial bed. [Exeunt.*

---

ACT V. SCENE I.*Enter ALONZO.**Alonzo.*

"OH, pitiful ! Oh, terrible to sight !

" Poor mangled shade ! all cover'd o'er with wounds,

" And so disguis'd with blood !—Who murder'd thee ?

" Tell thy sad tale, and thou shalt be reveng'd.

" Ha ! Carlos ?—Horror ! Carlos ?—Oh, away !

" Go to the grave, or let me sink to mine.

" I cannot bear the sight—What sight ?—Where am I ?

" There's nothing here—If this was fancy's work,

" She draws a picture strongly.—"

*Enter ZANGA.*

" *Zan.* Ha !—you're pale."

*Alon.* Is Carlos murder'd ?

*Zan.* I obey'd your order,

Six ruffians overtook him on the road ;

He fought as he was wont, and four he slew,

Then sunk beneath an hundred wounds to death.

His last breath blest Alonzo, and desir'd

His bones might rest near yours,

*Alon.* Oh, Zanga ! Zanga !

But I'll not think : for I must act, and thinking

Would ruin me for action. " Oh, the medley



“Of right and wrong! the chaos of my brain!

“He should, and should not die—You should obey,

“And not obey——It is a day of darkness,

“Of contradictions, and of many deaths.”

Where’s Leonora then? Quick, answer me:

I’m deep in horrors, I’ll be deeper still.

I find thy artifice did take effect,

And she forgives my late deportment to her.

*Zan.* I told her, from your childhood you was wont  
On any great surprise, but chiefly then

When cause of sorrow bore it company,

To have your passion shake the seat of reason;

A momentary ill, which soon blew o’er,

Then did I tell her of Don Carlos’ death,

(Wisely suppressing by what means he fell)

And laid the blame on that. At first she doubted;

But such the honest artifice I us’d,

And such her ardent wish it should be true,

That she, at length, was fully satisfy’d.

“*Alon.* ’Twas well she was. In our late interview

“My passion so far threw me from my guard,

“ (Methinks ’tis strange) that, conscious of her guilt,

“She saw not through its thin disguise my heart.

“*Zan.*” But what design you, sir, and how?

*Alon.* I’ll tell thee.

Thus I’ve ordain’d it. In the jasmine bower,

The place which she dishonour’d with her guilt,

There will I meet her; the appointment’s made;

And calmly spread (for I can do it now)

The blackness of her crime before her sight,

And then with all the cool solemnity  
Of public justice, give her to the grave. [Exit.

“Zan. Why, get thee gone! horror and night go  
with thee.

“Sisters of Acheron, go hand in hand,  
“Go dance around the bower, and close them in;  
“And tell them that I sent you to salute them,  
“Profane the ground, and for th’ ambrosial rose,  
“And breath of jasmine, let hemlock blacken,  
“And deadly nightshade poison all the air.  
“For the sweet nightingale may ravens croak,  
“Toads pant, and adders rustle through the leaves;  
“May serpents winding up the trees let fall  
“Their hissing necks upon them from above,  
“And mingle kisses—such as I should give them.”  
[Exit,

---

SCENE II.

---

*The Bower. LEONORA sleeping. Enter ALONZO,*

Alon. Ye amaranths! ye roses, like the morn!  
Sweet myrtles, and ye golden orange groves!  
Why do you smile? Why do you look so fair?  
Are ye not blasted as I enter in?  
“Yes, see how every flower lets fall its head!  
“How shudders every leaf without a wind!  
“How every green is as the ivy pale!”  
Did ever midnight ghosts assemble here?  
Have these sweet echoes ever learn’d to groan?  
Joy-giving, love-inspiring, holy bower!

Know, in thy fragrant bosom thou receiv'st  
A——murderer! Oh, I shall stain thy lilies,  
And horror will usurp the seat of bliss.

“ So Lucifer broke into Paradise,

“ And soon damnation follow'd,” [*He advances.*] Ha!  
she sleeps——

The day's uncommon heat has overcome her.

Then take, my longing eyes, your last full gaze.

Oh, what a sight is here! how dreadful fair!

Who would not think that being innocent?

Where shall I strike? Who strikes her, strikes himself,

My own life-blood will issue at her wound.

“ Oh, my distracted heart!—Oh, cruel Heaven!

“ To give such charms as these, and then call man,

“ Mere man, to be your executioner.

“ Was it because it was too hard for you?”

But see, she smiles! I never shall smile more.

It strongly tempts me to a parting kiss,

[*Going, he starts back.*]

Ha! smile again. She dreams of him she loves.

Curse on her charms! I'll stab her through them all.

[*As he is going to strike, she wakes.*]

*Leon.* My lord, your stay was long, and yonder lull  
Of falling waters tempted me to rest,

Dispirited with noon's excessive heat.

*Alon.* Ye pow'rs! with what an eye she mends the  
day!

While they were clos'd I should have giv'n the blow,

[*Aside,*]

“ Oh, for a last embrace! and then for justice:

“ Thus Heaven and I shall both be satisfy'd.”

*Leon.* What says my lord ?

*Alon.* Why this Alonzo says ;

If love were endless, men were gods ; 'tis that  
Does counterbalance travel, danger, pain——  
'Tis Heaven's expedient to make mortals bear  
The light, and cheat them of the peaceful grave.

*Leon.* Alas, my lord ! why talk you of the grave ?  
Your friend is dead : in friendship you sustain  
A mighty loss ; repair it with my love.

*Alon.* Thy love, thou piece of witchcraft ! I would  
say,

Thou brightest angel ! I could gaze for ever.

“ Where hadst thou this, enchantress, tell me where,

“ Which with a touch works miracles, boils up

“ My blood to tumults, and turns round my brain ?

“ Ev'n now thou swim'st before me. I shall lose  
thee——

“ No, I will make thee sure, and clasp thee all.

“ Who turn'd this slender waist with so much art,

“ And shut perfection in so small a ring ?

“ Who spread that pure expanse of white above,

“ On which the dazzled sight can find no rest ;

“ But, drunk with beauty, wanders up and down

“ For ever, and for ever finds new charms ?”

But Oh, those eyes ! those murderers ! Oh, whence,  
Whence didst thou steal their burning orbs ? From  
Heaven ?

Thou didst ; and 'tis religion to adore them.

*Leon.* My best Alonzo, moderate your thoughts.  
Extremes still fright me, tho' of love itself.

*Alon.* Extremes indeed ! it hurried me away ;  
But I come home again—and now for justice—  
And now for death——It is impossible——  
“ Sure such were made by Heaven guiltless to sin,  
“ Or in their guilt to laugh at punishment.” [*Aside,*  
I leave her to just Heaven.

[*Drops the dagger, and goes off.*

*Leon.* Ha, a dagger !  
What dost thou say, thou minister of death ?  
What dreadful tale dost tell me ?——Let me think——

*Enter ZANGA.*

*Zan.* Death to my tow’ring hopes ! Oh, fall from  
high !  
My close, long-labour’d scheme at once is blasted,  
That dagger, found, will cause her to enquire ;  
Enquiry will discover all ; my hopes  
Of vengeance perish ; I myself am lost——  
Curse on the coward’s heart ! wither his hand,  
Which held the steel in vain !——What can be done ?——  
Where can I fix ?——That’s something still——’twill  
breed  
Fell rage and bitterness betwixt their souls,  
Which may, perchance, grow up to greater evil :  
If not, ’tis all I can——It shall be so—— [*Aside,*  
*Leon.* Oh, Zanga, I am sinking in my fears !  
Alonzo dropp’d this dagger as he left me,  
And left me in a strange disorder too.  
What can this mean ? Angels preserve his life !  
*Zan.* Yours, madam, yours,

*Leon.* What, Zanga, dost thou say?

*Zan.* Carry your goodness, then, to such extremes,

So blinded to the faults of him you love,

That you perceive not he is jealous?

*Leon.* Heav'ns!

And yet a thousand things recur that swear it.

What villain could inspire him with that thought?

It is not of the growth of his own nature.

*Zan.* Some villain, who, hell knows; but he is jealous;

And 'tis most fit a heart so pure as yours

Do itself justice, and assert its honour,

And make him conscious of its stab to virtue.

*Leon.* Jealous! it sickens at my heart. Unkind, Ungen'rous, groundless, weak, and insolent!

Why, wherefore, and what shadow of occasion?

" 'Tis fascination, 'tis the wrath of Heav'n

" For the collected crimes of all his race."

Oh, how the great man lessens to my thought!

How could so mean a vice as jealousy,

" Unnatural child of ignorance and guilt,

" Which tears and feeds upon its parent's heart,"

Live in a throng of such exalted virtues?

I scorn and hate, yet love him and adore.

I cannot, will not, dare not think it true,

Till from himself I know it.

[*Exit.*

*Zan.* This succeeds

Just to my wish. Now she, with violence,

Upbraids him; he, well knowing she is guilty,

Rages no less ; and if on either side  
The waves run high, there still lives hopes of ruin.

*Enter ALONZO.*

My lord——

*Alon.* Oh, Zanga, hold thy peace ! I am no coward ;  
But Heaven itself did hold my hand ; I felt it,  
By the well-being of my soul, I did.  
I'll think of vengeance at another season.

*Zan.* My lord, her guilt——

*Alon.* Perdition on thee, Moor,  
For that one word ! Ah, do not rouse that thought !  
I have o'erwhelm'd it as much as possible :  
“ Away, then, let us talk of other things.”  
I tell thee, Moor, I love her to distraction.  
If 'tis my shame, why, be it so——I love her ;  
“ Nor can I help it ; 'tis imposed upon me  
“ By some superior and resistless power.”  
I could not hurt her to be lord of earth ;  
It shocks my nature like a stroke from Heaven.  
“ Angels defend her, as if innocent.”  
But see, my Leonora comes—Begone. [*Exit Zanga.*]

*Enter LEONORA.*

Oh, seen for ever, yet for ever new !  
The conquer'd thou dost conquer o'er again,  
Inflicting wound on wound.

*Leon.* Alas, my lord !

What need of this to me ?

*Alon.* Ha ! dost thou weep ?

*Leon.* Have I no cause ?

*Alon.* If love is thy concern,  
Thou hast no cause : none ever lov'd like me.  
" But wherefore this ? Is it to break my heart,  
" Which loses so much blood for every tear ?

" *Leon.* Is it so tender ?

" *Alon.* Is it not ? Oh, Heaven !  
" Doubt of my love ! Why, I am nothing else ;  
" It quite absorbs my every other passion."  
Oh, that this one embrace would last for ever !

*Leon.* Could this man ever mean to wrong my  
virtue ?

Could this man e'er design upon my life ?  
Impossible ! I throw away the thought. [*Aside*]  
These tears declare how much I taste the joy  
Of being folded in your arms and heart ;  
My universe does lie within that space.  
This dagger bore false witness.

*Alon.* Ha, my dagger !  
It rouses horrid images. Away,  
Away with it, and let us talk of love ;  
" Plunge ourselves deep into the sweet illusion ;  
" And hide us there from ev'ry other thought ;

" *Leon.* It touches you.

" *Alon.* Let's talk of love."

*Leon.* Of death !

*Alon.* As thou lov'st happiness—

*Leon.* Of murder !

*Alon.* Rash,  
Rash woman ! yet forbear,



*Leon.* Approve my wrongs!

*Alon.* Then must I fly, for thy sake and my own.

*Leon.* Nay, by my injuries, you first must hear me!

*Stab me, then think it much to hear my groan!*

*Alon.* Heaven strike me deaf!"

*Leon.* It well may sting you home.

*Alon.* Alas, thou quite mistak'st my cause of pain!  
Yet, yet dismiss me; I am all in flames.

*Leon.* Who has most cause, you or myself? What  
act

Of my whole life encourag'd you to this?

Or of your own, what guilt has drawn it on you?

You find me kind, and think me kind to all;

The weak, ungenerous error of your sex.

What could inspire the thought? We oft'nest judge

From our own hearts; and is yours then so frail,

It prompts you to conceive thus ill of me?

He that can stoop to harbour such a thought,

Deserves to find it true.

[*Holding him.*

*Alon.* "Oh, sex, sex, sex!"

[*Turning on her.*

"The language of you all." Ill-fated woman!

Why hast thou forc'd me back into the gulph

Of agonies I had block'd up from thought?

"I know the cause; thou saw'st me impotent

"Ere while to hurt thee, therefore thou turn'st on me;

"But, by the pangs I suffer, to thy wo:"

For, since thou hast replung'd me in my torture,  
I will be satisfy'd.

*Leon.* Be satisfy'd!

*Alon.* Yes, thy own mouth shall witness it against thee.

I will be satisfy'd.

*Leon.* Of what ?

*Alon.* Of what !

How dar'st thou ask that question ? Woman, woman,  
Weak and assur'd at once ! thus 'tis for ever.

Who told thee that thy virtue was suspected ?

Who told thee I design'd upon thy life ?

You found the dagger ; but that could not speak :

Nor did I tell thee ; who did tell thee, then ?

Guilt, conscious guilt !

*Leon.* This to my face ! Oh, Heaven !

*Alon.* This to thy very soul.

*Leon.* Thou'rt not in earnest ?

*Alon.* Serious as death.

*Leon.* Then Heaven have mercy on thee.

Till now I struggled not to think it true ;

I sought conviction, and would not believe it.

And dost thou force me ? This shall not be borne ;

Thou shalt repent this insult. [*Going.*]

*Alon.* Madam, stay.

Your passion's wise ; 'tis a disguise for guilt :

" 'Tis my turn now to fix you here awhile ;"

You and your thousand arts shall not escape me.

*Leon.* Arts ?

*Alon.* Arts. Confess ; for death is in my hand.

*Leon.* 'Tis in your words.

*Alon.* Confess, confess, confess !

Nor tear my veins with passion to compel thee.

*Leon.* I scorn to answer thee, presumptuous man !

*Alon.* Deny then, and incur a fouler shame.

Where did I find this picture ?

*Leon.* Ha, Don Carlos !

By my best hopes, more welcome than thy own.

*Alon.* I know it ; but is vice so very rank,

That thou shouldst dare to dash it in my face ?

Nature is sick of thee, abandon'd woman !

*Leon.* Repent.

*Alon.* Is that for me ?

*Leon.* Fall, ask my pardon.

*Alon.* Astonishment !

*Leon.* Dar'st thou persist to think I am dishonest ?

*Alon.* I know thee so. .

*Leon.* This blow, then, to thy heart——

*[She stabs herself, he endeavours to prevent her.]*

*Alon.* Hoa, Zanga ! Isabella ! hoa ! she bleeds !

Descend, ye blessed angels, to assist her !

*Leon.* This is the only way I would wound thee,  
Though most unjust. Now think me guilty still.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Alon.* Bear her to instant help. The world to save  
her.

*Leon.* Unhappy man ! well may'st thou gaze and  
tremble :

But fix thy terror and amazement right ;

Not on my blood, but on thy own distraction.

What hast thou done ? Whom censur'd ?—Leonora !

When thou hadst censur'd, thou wouldst save her life :

H ij

Oh, inconsistent! Should I live in shame,  
 Or stoop to any other means but this  
 To assert my virtue? No; she who disputes  
 Admits it possible she might be guilty.  
 While aught but truth could be my inducement to it,  
 While it might look like an excuse to thee,  
 I scorn'd to vindicate my innocence;  
 But now, I let thy rashness know, the wound  
 Which least I feel, is that my dagger made.

[Isabella leads out Leonora,

Alon. Ha! was this woman guilty?—And if not,—  
 How my thoughts darken that way! Grant, kind  
 Heaven,

That she prove guilty; or my being end.  
 Is that my hope, then?—Sure the sacred dust  
 Of her that bore me trembles in its urn.

*Is it in man the sore distress to bear,  
 When hope itself is blacken'd to despair,  
 When all the bliss I pant for, is to gain  
 In hell, a refuge from severer pain?*

[Exit.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. How stands the great account 'twixt me and  
 vengeance?

Though much is paid, yet still it owes me much,  
 And I will not abate a single groan—  
 Ha! that were well—but that were fatal too—  
 Why, be it so—Revenge so truly great,  
 Would come too cheap, if bought with less than life.  
 "Come, death, come, hell, then; 'tis resolv'd, 'tis  
 done."

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Isa.* Ah, Zanga, see me tremble! Has not yet  
Thy cruel heart its fill?—Poor Leonora——

*Zan.* Welters in blood, and gasps for her last breath.  
What then? We all must die.

*Isa.* Alonzo raves,  
And, in the tempest of his grief, has thrice  
Attempted on his life. At length disarm'd,  
He calls his friends that save him his worst foes,  
And importunes the skies for swift perdition.  
Thus in his storm of sorrow. After pause,  
He started up, and call'd aloud for Zanga,  
For Zanga rav'd; and see, he seeks you here,  
To learn the truth which most he dreads to know.

*Zan.* Begone. Now, now, my soul, consummate all.

[*Exit Isab.*]

*Enter ALONZO.*

*Alon.* Oh, Zanga!

*Zan.* Do not tremble so; but speak.

*Alon.* I dare not. [*Falls on him.*]

*Zan.* You will drown me with your tears.

*Alon.* Have I not cause?

*Zan.* As yet you have no cause.

*Alon.* Dost thou too rave?

*Zan.* Your anguish is to come:  
You much have been abus'd.

*Alon.* Abus'd! by whom?

*Zan.* To know were little comfort.

*Alon.* Oh, 'twere much !

*Zan.* Indeed !

*Alon.* By heaven ! Oh, give him to my fury !

*Zan.* Born for your use, I live but to oblige you,  
Know, then, 'twas—I,

*Alon.* Am I awake ?

*Zan.* For ever.

Thy wife is guiltless—that's one transport to me ;  
And I, I let thee know it—that's another.  
I urg'd Don Carlos to resign his mistress,  
I forg'd the letter, I dispos'd the picture ;  
I hated, I despis'd, and I destroy !

*Alon.* Oh !

[Swoons.]

*Zan.* Why, this is well—why, this is blow for blow !  
Where are you ? Crown me, shadow me with laurels,  
Ye spirits which delight in just revenge !  
Let Europe and her pallid sons go weep ;  
Let Afric and her hundred thrones rejoice :  
Oh, my dear countrymen, look down, and see  
How I bestride your prostrate conqueror !  
I tread on haughty Spain, and all her kings,  
But this is mercy, this is my indulgence ;  
'Tis peace, 'tis refuge from my indignation,  
I must awake him into horrors. Ho !  
Alonzo, ho ! the Moor is at the gate !  
Awake, invincible, omnipotent !  
Thou who dost all subdue !

*Alon.* Inhuman slave !

*Zan.* Fall'n Christian, thou mistak'st my character,  
Look on me. Who am I ? I know, thou sayst

The Moor, a slave, an abject, beaten slave;  
(Eternal woes to him that made me so!)  
But look again. Has six years cruel bondage  
Extinguish'd majesty so far, that nought  
Shines here to give an awe to one above thee?  
When the great Moorish king, Abdallah, fell,  
Fell by thy hand accurs'd, I fought fast by him,  
His son, though, thro' his fondness, in disguise,  
Less to expose me to th' ambitious foe.—  
Ha! does it wake thee?—O'er my father's corse  
I stood astride, till I had clove thy crest;  
And then was made the captive of a squadron,  
And sunk into thy servant—But, Oh! what,  
What were my wages; Hear nor Heaven, nor earth!  
My wages were a blow! by Heaven, a blow!  
And from a mortal hand!

*Alon.* Oh, villain, villain!

*Zan.* All strife is vain. [*Shewing a dagger.*]

*Alon.* Is thus my love return'd?

Is this my recompence? Make friends of tigers!  
Lay not your young, Oh, mothers, on the breast,  
For fear they turn to serpents as they lie,  
And pay you for their nourishment with death!—  
Carlos is dead, and Leonora dying!  
Both innocent, both murder'd, both by me.  
“ That heavenly maid, which should have liv'd for  
ever,  
“ At least, have gently slept her soul away;  
“ Whose life should have shut up as ev'ning flow'rs

" At the departing sun—was murder'd! murder'd!  
" Oh, shame! Oh, guilt! Oh, horror! Oh, remorse!  
" Oh, punishment! Had satan never fell,  
" Hell had been 'made for me.'——Oh, Leonora!

*Zan.* Must I despise thee too, as well as hate thee?  
Complain of grief, complain thou art a man.—  
Priam from fortune's lofty summit fell;  
Great Alexander 'midst his conquests mourn'd;  
Heroes and demi-gods have known their sorrows;  
Cæsars have wept; and I have had my blow:  
But 'tis reveng'd, and now my work is done.  
Yet, ere I fall, be it one part of vengeance  
To make thee to confess that I am just.—  
Thou seest a prince, whose father thou hast slain,  
Whose native country thou hast laid in blood,  
Whose sacred person (Oh!) thou hast profan'd,  
Whose reign extinguish'd—what was left to me,  
So highly born? No kingdom, but revenge;  
No treasure, but thy tortures and thy groans.  
If men should ask who brought thee to thy end,  
Tell them, the Moor, and they will not despise thee.  
If cold white mortals censure this great deed,  
Warn them, they judge not of superior beings,  
Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,  
With whom revenge is virtue. Fare thee well——  
Now, fully satisfied, I should take leave:  
But one thing grieves me, since thy death is near,  
I leave thee my example how to die.



*As he is going to stab himself, ALONZO rushes upon him to prevent him. In the mean time, enter Don ALVAREZ, attended. They disarm and seize ZANGA. ALONZO puts the dagger in his bosom.*

*Alon.* No, monster, thou shalt not escape by death,  
Oh, father!

*Alv.* Oh, Alonzo! — Isabella,  
Touch'd with remorse to see her mistress' pangs,  
Told all the dreadful tale.

*Alon.* What groan was that?

*Zan.* As I have been a vulture to thy heart,  
So will I be a raven to thine ear,  
"As true as ever snuff'd the scent of blood,  
"As ever flapp'd its heavy wing against  
"The window of the sick, and croak'd despair."  
Thy wife is dead.

[*Alvarez goes to the side of the stage, and returns.*

*Alv.* The dreadful news is true.

*Alon.* Prepare the rack; invent new torments for him,

*Zan.* This too is well. The fix'd and noble mind  
Turns all occurrence to its own advantage;  
And I'll make vengeance of calamity.  
Were I not thus reduc'd, thou wouldst not know,  
That, thus reduc'd, I dare defy thee still.  
Torture thou may'st, but thou shalt ne'er despise me.  
The blood will follow where the knife is driven,  
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,  
And sighs and cries by nature grow on pain.  
But these are foreign to the soul: not mine

The groans that issue, or the tears that fall ;  
They disobey me ; on the rack I scorn thee,  
As when my faulchion clove thy helm in battle.

*Alv.* Peace, villain !

*Zan.* While I live, old man, I'll speak :  
And well I know thou dar'st not kill me yet ;  
For that would rob thy blood-hounds of their prey.

*Alon.* Who call'd Alonzo ?

*Alv.* No one call'd, my son.

*Alon.* Again !——'Tis Carlos' voice, and I obey.—  
Oh, how I laugh at all that this can do !

*[Shewing the dagger.]*

The wounds that pain'd, the wounds that murder'd me,  
Were giv'n before ; I am already dead ;  
This only marks my body for the grave. *[Stabs himself.]*  
Afric, thou art reveng'd.—Oh, Leonora ! *[Dies.]*

*Zan.* Good ruffians, give me leave ; my blood is yours,  
The wheel's prepar'd, and you shall have it all.

Let me but look one moment on the dead,  
And pay yourselves with gazing on my pangs.

*[He goes to Alonzo's body.]*

Is this Alonzo ? Where's the haughty mein ?  
Is that the hand which smote me ? Heavens, how pale !  
And art thou dead ? So is my enmity.  
I war not with the dust. The great, the proud,  
The conqueror of Afric was my foe.  
A lion preys not upon carcases.  
This was thy only method to subdue me.  
Terror and doubt fall on me : all thy good  
Now blazes, all thy guilt is in the grave.

Never had man such funeral applause :  
If I lament thee, sure thy worth was great.  
Oh, vengeance, I have follow'd thee too far,  
And to receive me, hell blows all her fires. [*Heisborne off.*]

*Alv.* Dreadful effects of jealousy! a rage  
In which the wise with caution will engage ;  
Reluctant long, and tardy to believe,  
Where, sway'd by nature, we ourselves deceive,  
Where our own folly joins the villain's art,  
And each man finds a Zanga in his heart.

[*Excunt omnes.*]

## EPILOGUE.

*OUR* author sent me, in an humble strain  
To bid you'd bless the offspring of his brain ;  
And I, your proxy, promis'd in your name,  
The child should live, at least six days of fame.  
I like the brat, but still his faults can find ;  
And, by the parent's leave, will speak my mind.  
Gallants, pray, tell me, do you think 'twas well,  
To let a willing maid lead apes in hell ?  
You nicer ladies, should you think it right,  
To eat no supper——on your wedding night ?  
Should English husbands dare to starve their wives,  
Be sure they'd lead most comfortable lives !  
But he loves mischief, and, with groundless fears,  
Would fain set loving couples by the ears ;

*Would spoil the tender husbands of our nation,  
By teaching them his vile, outlandish fashion.  
But we've been taught, in our good-natur'd clime,  
That jealousy, tho' just, is still a crime;  
And will be still; for (not to blame the plot)  
That same Alonzo was a stupid sot,  
To kill a bride, a mistress unenjoy'd——  
'Twere some excuse, had the poor man been cloy'd:  
To kill her on suspicion, ere he knew  
Whether the heinous crime were false or true——  
The priest said grace, she met him in the bower,  
In hopes she might anticipate an hour——  
Love was her errand, but the hot-brain'd Spaniard,  
Instead of love—produc'd—a filthy poignard——  
Had he been wise, at this their private meeting,  
The proof o' th' pudding had been in the eating;  
Madam had then been pleas'd, and Don contented,  
And all this blood and murder been prevented.—  
Britons, be wise, and from this sad example,  
Ne'er break a bargain, but first take a sample.*

---

THE END.

**THEODOSIUS;**  
OR,  
**THE FORCE OF LOVE.**

---

A  
TRAGEDY,  
BY NATHANIEL LEE.

---

ADAPTED FOR  
**THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,**  
AS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRES-ROYAL,  
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

---

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,  
*By Permission of the Managers.*

---

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

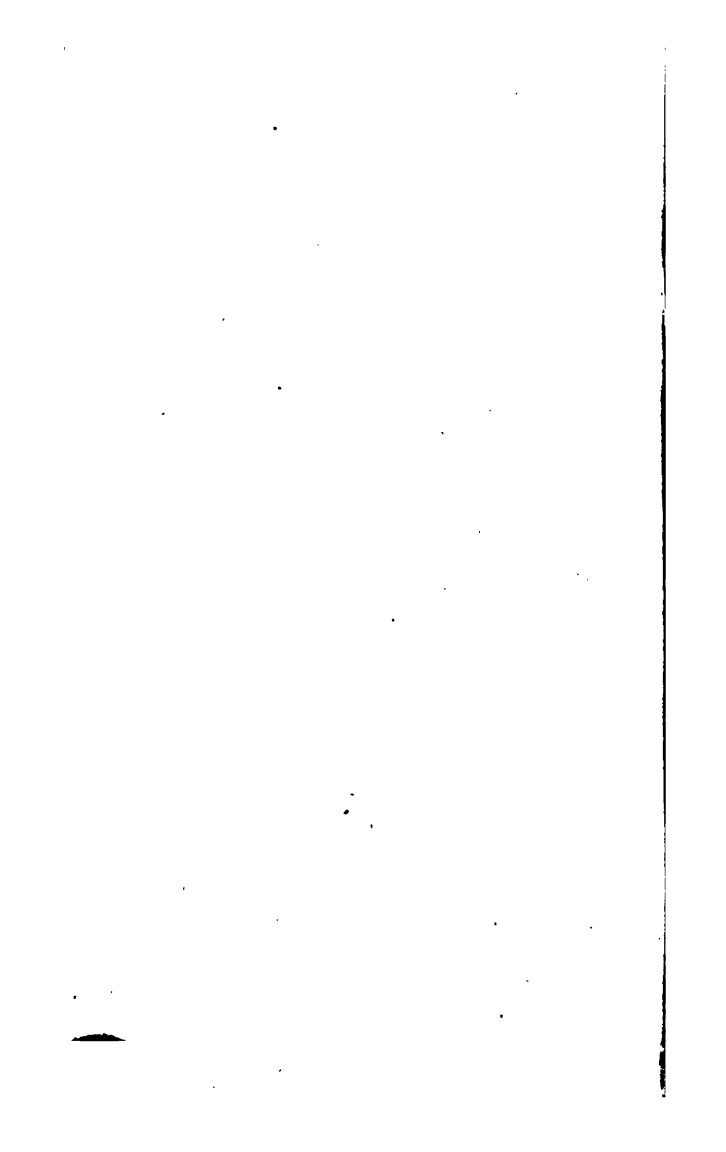
---

LONDON :

---

*Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of*  
JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,  
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES.

MDCCXCIII.



---

TO HER GRACE

**THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.**

---

MADAM,

*THE reputation that this play received on the stage, some few errors excepted, was more than I could well hope from so censorious an age; from whom I ask but so much necessary praise as will serve once or twice a-year at most, to gain their good company, and just keep me alive.*

There is not now that mankind that was then,  
When as the sun and man did seem to strive  
(Joint tenants of the world) who should survive;  
When if a slow-pac'd star had stol'n away  
From the observer's marking he might stay  
Two or three hundred years to see't again,  
And then make up his observation plain.

DR. DONNE.

*For it is impossible, in our limited time, (as I bring his opinion to back my own, who is without comparison, the best writer of the age,) to present our judges a poem half so perfect as we could make it. I must acknowledge, madam, with all humility, I ought to have taken more time and more pains in this tragedy, because it is dedicated to your Grace, who being the best judge, (and therefore can when you*

*please make us tremble) yet with exceeding mercy have pardoned the defects of Theodosius, and given it your entire approbation. My genius, madam, was your favourite when the poet was unknown, and openly received your smiles, before I had the honour to pay your Grace the most submissive gratitude for so illustrious and advantageous a protection. To let the world too know, that you do not think it beneath you to be officiously good, even from the extremest heights to discern the lowest creatures, and give them all the noblest influence you can, you brought her Royal Highness just at the exigent time, whose single presence on the Poet's day is a subsistence for him all the year after. Ah, madam! if all the short-lived happiness that miserable poets can enjoy consists in commendation only; nay, if the most part are content with popular breath, and even for that are thankful, how shall I express myself to your Grace, who by a particular goodness and innate sweetness, merely for the sake of doing well, have thus raised me above myself? To have your Grace's favour is, in a word, to have the applause of the whole court, who are its noblest ornament; magnificent and eternal praise. Something there is in your mien, so much above that we vulgarly call charming, that to me it seems adorable, and your presence almost divine, whose dazzling and majestic form is a proper mansion for the most elevated soul. And let me tell the world—nay, sighing speak it to a barbarous age, (I cannot hold*



*calling it so when I think of Rome or Greece) your extraordinary love for heroic poetry is not the least argument to shew the greatness of your mind and fulness of perfection. To hear you speak with that infinite sweetness and chearfulness of spirit that is natural to your Grace is, methinks, to hear our tutelal angels; it is to bemoan the present malicious times, and remember the golden age; but to behold you too is to make prophets quite forget their heaven, and bind the poets with eternal rapture.*

—Her pure and eloquent blood  
 Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought  
 That one might almost say her body thought.  
 You, for whose body God made better clay,  
 Or took souls' stuff, such as shall late decay,  
 Or such as need small change at the last day.

DR. DONNE.

*Ziphares and Semandra were first your Grace's favourites; and though I ought not, madam, to praise your wit by your judgment of my painting, yet I must say such characters every dauber cannot draw. It has been observed against me, that I abound in ungoverned fancy; but I hope the world will pardon the sallies of youth: age, despondence, and dullness, come too fast of themselves. I discommend no man for keeping the beaten road; but I am sure the noble hunters that follow the game, must leap hedges and ditches sometimes, and run at all, or never come into the fall of the quarry. My comfort is, I cannot*

*be so ridiculous a creature to any man as I am to myself; for who should know the house so well as the good man at home, who when his neighbours come to see him still sets the best rooms to view, and if he is not a wild ass keeps the rubbish and lumber in some dark hole whither nobody comes but himself to mortify at melancholy hours! But how then, madam, in this unsuitable condition, how shall I answer the infinite honours and obligations your Grace has laid upon me, your Grace, who is the most beautiful idea of love and glory, who to that divine composition have the noblest and best natured wit in the world. All I can promise, madam, and am able to perform is, that your Grace shall never see a play of mine that shall give offence to modesty and virtue; and what I humbly offer to the world shall be of use at least, and I hope deserve imitation; which is or ought to be, I am sure, the design of all tragedies and comedies both ancient and modern. I should presume to promise myself too some success in things of this nature, if your Grace (in whom the charms of beauty, wit, and goodness, seem reconciled) at a leisure hour would condescend to correct with your excellent judgment the errors of,*

*Madam,*

*your Grace's most humble,  
most obedient,  
and devoted servant,*

*NAT. LEE.*

---

---

**THEODOSIUS;**  
OR,  
**THE FORCE OF LOVE.**

---

**T**HIS Tragedy, like the far greater number of our plays, is founded upon the passion of love; and displays to us the effects of its subtle influence, even upon the hearts of those, whom the lust of power might naturally be expected to withdraw from every finer sensation than that of ambition.

Some exception may be taken to a sort of under-plot in this piece, as it is mean and feeble; yet I know not whether the loves of Varanes and of Theodosius are not set off by the passion of Mariana—the contrast is certainly forcible, and nothing therefore lies against it but that it contains a monotony of incident, though not of manners.

Marcian indeed always sullies the splendor of the scene—his images are frequently impure, and his expression generally coarse—He once exclaims—

I see each starving soldier bound from earth,  
As if some god by miracle had rais'd him,  
And, with beholding you, *grow fat again.*

This play is marked strongly by that bold, but irregular flight of imagination which strained the chords

of sanity until they cracked—Yet it obviously wears the stamp of poetic power impressed by the fine fervour of a luxuriant fancy.

We are sorry to observe the necessity of genius addressing a Dutchess of Richmond in the following among other sentences of absurdity :

“ To have your Grace’s favour is magnificent and eternal praise—Something there is in your mien so much above that we vulgarly call *charming*; that to me it seems *adorable*, and your presence almost *divine*, whose dazzling and majestic form is a proper mansion for the most elevated soul.”

One is at a loss to decide which deserves most of our contempt or pity—the giver or receiver of such fulsome flattery. We are now fortunately estranged from such prostitution of language.

---

---

## PROLOGUE.

---

*W*IT long oppress'd and fill'd at last with rage,  
Thus in a sullen mood rebukes the age :  
*W*hat loads of fame do modern heroes bear  
For an inglorious, long, and lazy war,  
*W*ho for some skirmish or a safe retreat  
(Not to be dragg'd to battle) are call'd great !  
*B*ut oh ! what do ambitious statesmen gain  
*W*ho into private chests all nations drain ?  
*W*hat sums of gold they hoard is daily known  
To all mens' cost, and sometimes to their own.  
*Y*our lawyer too, that like an O yes bawls,  
That drowns the market higglers in the stalls,  
That seem begot, conceiv'd, and born, in brawls,  
Yet thrives : he and his crowd get what they please ;  
*S*warving all term-time thro' the Strand like bees,  
*T*hey buzz at Westminster and lie for fees.  
*T*he godly too their ways of getting have,  
But none so much as your fanatick knave ;  
*W*isely the wealthiest livings they refuse  
*W*ho by the fattest bishoprics would lose,  
*W*ho with short hair, large ears, and small blue band,  
*T*rue rogues ! their own not God's elect command.  
*L*et pigs then be prophane, but broth's allow'd ;  
*P*ossets and Christian caudles may be good,  
*M*eat helps to reinforce a brother's brood ;

---

*Therefore each female saint he doth advise  
With groans, and hums, and has, and goggling eye,  
To rub him down and make the spirit rise,  
While with his zeal transported, from the ground  
He mounts, and sanctifies the sisters round.  
On poets only no kind star e'er smil'd ;  
Curst fate has damn'd 'em ev'ry mother's child ;  
Therefore he warns his brothers of the stage  
To write no more for an ungrateful age.  
Think what penurious masters you have serv'd ;  
Tasso ran mad, and noble Spenser starv'd :  
Turn then, whoe'er thou art, that canst write well,  
Thy ink to gall, and in lampoons excel ;  
Forswear all honesty, traduce the great,  
Grow impudent, and rail against the state ;  
Bursting with spleen abroad thy pasquils send,  
And choose some libel spreader for thy friend :  
The wit and want of Timon point thy mind,  
And for thy satire subject choose mankind.*

---



---

---

**Dramatis Personæ.**

---

---

**DRURY-LANE.**

*Men.*

THEODOSIUS, - - - - -	Mr. Brereton.
VARANES, - - - - -	Mr. Barry.
MARCIAN, - - - - -	Mr. Aickin.
LUCIUS, - - - - -	Mr. Keen.
ATTICUS, Chief Priest, - - - -	Mr. J. Aickin.
LEONTINE, - - - - -	Mr. Hurst.
ARANTHES, - - - - -	Mr. Davies.

*Women.*

PULCHERIA, - - - - -	Miss Sherry.
ATHENAIS, - - - - -	Mrs. Barry.

*Attendants, Chorus.*

SCENE, Constantinople.

---

---





## THEODOSIUS.

---

### ACT I. SCENE I.

---

*A stately Temple, which represents the Christian Religion as in it's first Magnificence, being but lately established at Rome and Constantinople; the Side-scenes show the horrid Tortures with which the Roman Tyrants persecuted the Church, and the flat Scene, which is the Limit of the Prospect, discovers an Altar richly adorned; before it* CONSTANTINE *(supposed) kneels, with Commanders about him, gazing at a bloody Cross in the Air, which being encompassed with many Angels offers itself to view with these Words distinctly written, In hoc signo vinces. Instruments are heard, and many Attendants; the Ministers at Divine Service walk busily up and down 'till ATTICUS, the Chief of all the Priests, and Successor of St. CHRYSOSTOM, in rich Robes comes forward with the Philosopher LEONTINE, the Waiters in Ranks bowing all the Way before him.*

A Chorus heard at a Distance.

**PREPARE,** *prepare! the rites begin,  
Let none unhallow'd enter in;*

*The temples with new glories shines,  
Adorn the altars, wash the shrines,  
And purge the place from sin.*

*Attic.* Oh Leontine! was ever morn like this  
Since the celestial incarnation dawn'd?  
I think no day since that such glory gave  
To Christian altars as this morning brings.

*Leon.* Great successor of holy Chrysostom,  
"Who now triumphs above, a saint of honour,  
"Next in degree to those bright sons of heaven  
"Who never fell nor stain'd their orient beams,"  
What shall I answer, how shall I approach you  
Since my conversion, which your breath inspir'd?

*Attic.* To see this day the emp'ror of the east  
Leaves all the pleasures that the earth can yield,  
"That Nature can bestow or art invent.  
"In his life's spring and bloom of gawdy years,  
"Confin'd to narrow rooms and gloomy walks,  
"Fasting and exercises of devotion,  
"Which from his bed at midnight must awake him,"  
To undergo the penance of a cloister,  
Methinks, oh Leontine! 'tis something more  
Than yet philosophy could ever reach.

*Leon.* True, Atticus; you have amaz'd my reason.

*Attic.* Yet more: to our religion's lasting honour  
Mariana and Flavilla, two young virgins  
Imperial born, cast in the fairest mould  
That e'er the hand of beauty form'd for woman,  
"The mirrors of our court, where chastity

“ And innocence might copy spotless lustre,”  
 To-day with Theodosius leave the world.

*Leon.* Methinks at such a glorious resignation  
 Th’ angelic order should at once descend  
 “ In all the paint and drapery of heaven,  
 “ With charming voices and with lulling strings,”  
 To give full grace to such triumphant zeal.

*Attic.* No, Leontine; I fear there is a fault,  
 For when I last confess’d the emperor,  
 “ Whether disgust and melancholy blood  
 “ From restless passions urg’d not this divorce ?”  
 He only answer’d me with sighs and blushes.  
 ‘Tis sure his soul is of the tend’rest make,  
 Therefore I’ll tax him strictly : but, my friend,  
 Why should I give his character to you,  
 Who when his father sent him into Persia  
 Were by that mighty monarch then appointed  
 To breed him with his son, the Prince Varanes ?

*Leon.* And what will raise your admiration is,  
 That two such diff’rent tempers should agree.  
 You know that Theodosius is composed  
 Of all the softness that should make a woman :  
 Judgment almost like fear foreruns his actions,  
 And he will poise an injury so long  
 As if he had rather pardon than revenge it ;  
 But the young Persian prince, quite opposite,  
 So fiery fierce that those who view him nearly  
 May see his haughty soul still mounting in his face ;  
 Yet did I study these so diff’rent tempers  
 ‘Till I at last had form’d a perfect union,

“ As if two souls did but inform one body;  
A friendship that may challenge all the world,  
And at the proof be matchless.

*Attic.* I long to read

This gallant prince, who, as you have inform'd me,  
Comes from his father's court to see our emperor.

*Leon.* So he intended till he came to Athens,  
And at my homely board beheld my daughter,  
When as fate order'd she, who never saw  
The glories of a court, “ bred up to books  
“ In closets like a Sybil; she, I say,  
“ (Long since from Persia brought by me to Athens)”  
Unskill'd in charms but those which nature gave her,  
Wounded this scornful prince: in short, he forc'd me  
To wait him thither, with deep protestations  
That moment that bereft him of the sight  
Of Athenais gave him certain death.  
But see, my daughter honour'd with his presence.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter VARANES and ATHENAIIS.*

*Var.* 'Tis strange, oh, Athenais! wondrous all,  
Wondrous the shrines, and wonderful the altars.  
The martyrs—tho' but drawn in painted flames,  
Amaze me with the image of their sufferings;  
Saints canoniz'd that dar'd with Roman tyrants;  
Hermits that liv'd in caves and fed with angels,  
By Orosmaes it is wondrous all!  
That bloody cross in yonder azure sky,  
Above the head of kneeling Constantine,

Inscrib'd about with golden characters

*Thou shalt o'ercome in this; if it be true,*

I say again, by heaven 't is wondrous strange.

*Athen.* Oh, prince! if thus imagination stirs you,

A fancy rais'd from figures in dead walls,

How would the sacred breath of Atticus

Inspire your breast, purge all your dross away,

And drive this Athenais from your soul;

“ To make a virgin room whom yet the mould

“ Of your rude fancy cannot comprehend!”

*Var.* What says my fair! drive Athenais from me!

“ Start me not into phrenzy, lest I rail

“ At all religion and fall out with Heaven.”

And what is she, alas! that would supplant thee?

Were she the mistress of the world, as fair

As winter stars or summer setting suns,

And thou set by in nature's plainest dress,

With that chaste, modest look, when first I saw thee,

The heiress of a poor philosopher, [*Recorders ready  
to flourish.*]

I swear by all I wish, by all I love,

Glory and thee, I would not lose a thought

Nor cast an eye that way, but rush to thee,

To these lov'd arms, and lose myself for ever.

*Athen.* Forbear, my lord.

*Var.* Oh! cruel Athenais!

Why dost thou put me off who pine to death,

And thrust me from thee when I would approach thee!

Can there be aught in this? Curse then thy birthright,

Thy glorious titles and ill-suited greatness,

Since Athenais scorns thee : take again  
Your ill-tim'd honours ; take 'em, take 'em, gods,  
And change me to some humble villager,  
If so at last for toils at scorching noon,  
In mowing meadows, or in reaping fields,  
At night she will but crown me with a smile,  
Or reach the bounty of her hand to bless me.

*Athen.* When princes speak their subjects should be  
silent ;

Yet with humility I would demand  
Wherein appears my scorn or my aversion ?  
Have I not for your sake abandon'd home,  
Where I had vow'd to spend my calmer days ?  
But you, perhaps, imagine it but little,  
For a poor maid to follow you abroad,  
Especially the daughter of old Leontine ;  
Yet I must tell you, prince——

*Var.* I cannot bear

Those frowns : I have offended ; but forgive me ;  
For who, oh Athenais ! that is toss'd  
With such tempestuous tides of love as I  
Can steer a steady course ? Retire my fair.

[*Recorders flourish.*

Hark ! the solemnities are now beginning,  
And Theodosius comes. Hide, hide thy charms ;  
If to his clouded eyes such day should break,  
The royal youth, who dotes to death for love,  
I fear would forfeit all his vows to Heaven,  
And fix upon the world, the world of beauty.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter THEODOSIUS leading MARIANA and FLAVILLA,  
followed by PULCHERIA, all three dressed in white.*

*Theo.* Farewell, Pulcheria, and I pray no more,  
For all thy kind complaints are lost upon me.  
Have I not sworn the world and I must part?  
Fate has proclaim'd it; therefore weep no more:  
“ Wound not the tend'rest part of Theodosius,  
“ My yielding soul, that would expire in calms:  
Wound me not with thy tears and I will tell thee.  
Yet ere I take my last farewell for ever,  
The cause of all my suff'rings. Oh, my sister!  
A bleeding heart, the stings of pointed love,  
What constitution soft as mine can bear?

*Pulch.* My lord, my emperor, my dearest brother  
Why all this while did you conceal it from me?

*Theo.* Because I was asham'd to own my weakness  
“ I knew thy sharper wit and stricter wisdom  
“ Would dart reproofs which I could not endure.’  
Draw near, oh Atticus! and mark me well,  
For never yet did my complaining spirit  
Unlade this weighty secret on him,  
Nor groan a syllable of her oppression.

*Attic.* Concealment was a fault; but speak at large,  
Make bare the wound, and I will pour in balm.

*Theo.* 'Tis folly all and fondness—Oh remembrance!  
Why dost thou open thus my wound again,  
And from my heart call down those warmer drops  
That make me die with shame? Hear then, Pulcheria:  
Some few preceding days before I left

The Persian court, hunting one morning early  
I lost myself and all the company.  
Still wand'ring on as fortune should direct me  
I past a rivulet, and lighted in  
The sweetest solitude I ever saw;  
When strait, as if enchantment had been there,  
Two charming voices drew me 'till I came  
Where divers arbours overlook'd the river.  
Upon the osier bank two women sat,  
Who when their song was ended talk'd to one  
Who bathing stood far in the chrystal stream:  
But oh! what thought can paint that fair perfection,  
Or give a glimpse of such a naked glory?  
Not sea-born Venus in the courts beneath,  
When the green nymphs first kiss'd her coral lips,  
All polish'd fair and wash'd with orient beauty,  
Could in my dazzling fancy match her brightness.

*Attic.* Think where you are.

*Theo.* Oh, sir! you must forgive me:

The chaste enthusiastic form appears  
As when I saw her; yet I swear, Pulcheria,  
Had cold Diana been a looker on  
She must have prais'd the virtues of the virgin.  
"The Satyrs could not grin," for she was veil'd;  
From her naked bosom  
Down to her knees the nymph was wrapp'd in lawn:  
But oh: for me, for me, that was too much!  
"Her legs, her arms, her hands, her neck, her breasts,  
"So nicely shap'd, so matchless in their lustre;"  
Such all-perfection, that I took such draughts



Of killing love, and ever since have languish'd  
 With ling'ring surfeits of her fatal beauty :  
 " Alas! too fatal sure!"——Oh, Atticus!  
 Forgive me, for my story now is done.  
 The nymph was dress'd, and with her two companions,  
 Having descry'd me, shriek'd and fled away,  
 Leaving me motionless—'till Leontine,  
 Th' instructor of my youth, by chance came in,  
 And wak'd me from the wonder that entranc'd me.

*Attic.* Behold, my lord, the man whom you have  
 nam'd

The harbinger of Prince Varanes here,

*Enter LEONTINE.*

*Theo.* Oh, Leontine, ten thousand welcomes meet  
 thee!

Thou foster father of my tender youth,  
 " Who rear'd the plant and prun'd it with such care,  
 " How shall I look upon thee, who am fall'n  
 " From all the principles of manlier reason,  
 " By thee infus'd, to more than woman's weakness."  
 Now by the majesty divine that awes  
 This sacred place I swear you must not kneel!  
 And tell me, for I have a thousand things  
 To ask thee; where, where is my godlike friend?  
 Is he arriv'd, and shall I see his face  
 Before I'm cloister'd from the world for ever?

*Leon.* He comes, my lord, with all th' expecting joys  
 Of a young promis'd lover: from his eyes  
 Big hopes look forth, and boiling fancy forms

Nothing but Theodosius still before him :  
His thought, his ev'ry word, is Theodosius.

*Theo.* Yet, Leontine, yet answer me once more ;  
With tremblings I demand thee.

Say——hast thou seen, oh ! has that heavenly form  
Appear'd to thee again ?——Behold, he's dumb :  
Proceed then to the solemn last farewell ;  
Never was man so willing and prepar'd.

*Enter VARANES, ARANTHES, and Attendants.*

*Var.* Where is my friend ? oh, where is my belov'd,  
My Theodosius ! point him out ye gods !  
That I may press him dead betwixt my arms,  
Devour him thus with over-hasty joys  
That languish at his breast quite out of breath,  
And cannot utter more.

*Theo.* Thou mightiest pleasure,  
And greatest blessing that kind Heaven could send  
To glad my parting soul, a thousand welcomes !  
Oh ! when I look on thee new starts of glory  
Spring in my breast, and with a backward bound  
I run the race of lusty youth again.

*Var.* By heaven it joys me too when I remember  
Our thousand pastimes, when we borrow'd names,  
Alcides I, and thou my dearest Theseus,  
When thro' the woods we chas'd the foaming boar  
With hounds that open'd like Thessalian bulls,  
Like tigers flu'd, and sanded as the shore,  
With ears and chests that dash'd the morning dew ;  
Driven with a spurt, as ships are tost in storms,

We ran like hinds, and matchless was our course !  
 Now sweeping o'er the limit of a hill,  
 Now with a full career came thund'ring down  
 The precipice and sweat along the vale.

*Theo.* Oh, glorious time! and when the gath'ring  
 clouds

Have call'd us home, say, did we rest my brother?  
 When on the stage to the admiring court  
 We strove to represent Alcides' fury,  
 In all that raging heat and pomp of madness  
 With which the stately Seneca adorn'd him,  
 So lively drawn, and painted with such horror  
 That we were forc'd to give it o'er, so loud  
 The virgin's shriek'd, so fast they dy'd away.

*Var.* My Theodosius still; 'tis my lov'd brother!  
 And by the gods we 'll see those times again!  
 Why then has rumour wrong'd thee, that reported  
 Christian enthusiasm had charm'd thee from us;  
 That drawn by priests, and work'd by melancholy,  
 Thou hadst laid the golden reins of empire down  
 And sworn yourself a votary for ever?

*Theo.* 'Tis almost true; and had not you arriv'd  
 The solemn business had by this been ended.  
 This I have made the empress of the east  
 My elder sister: these with me retire,  
 Devoted to the power whom we adore.

*Var.* What power is that that merits such oblations?  
 I thought the sun more great and glorious  
 Than any that e'er mingled with the gods,  
 Yet ev'n to him my father never offer'd

More than a hecatomb of bulls and horses.  
Now, by those golden beams that glad the world,  
I swear it is too much : for one of these  
But half so bright our god would drive no more ;  
He 'd leave the darken'd globe, and in some cave  
Enjoy such charms for ever.

*Attic.* My lord, forbear ;  
Such language does not suit with our devotions :  
Nothing profane must dare to murmur here,  
Nor stain the hallow'd beauties of the place.  
But thus far we must yield ! the emperor  
Is not enough prepar'd to leave the world.

*Var.* Thus low, most reverend of this sacred place,  
I bow for pardon, and am half converted,  
By your permission that my Theodosius  
Return to my embraces. Oh, my brother !  
Why dost thou droop ? there will be time enough  
For prayer and fasting, and religious vows ;  
Let us enjoy, while yet thou art my own,  
All the magnificence of eastern courts.  
I hate to walk a lazy life away ;  
Let's run the race which fate has set before us,  
And post to the dark goal.

“ *Theo.* Cruel destiny !  
“ Why am not I thus too ? Oh, my Varanes !  
“ Why are these costly dishes set before me ?  
“ Why do these sounds of pleasure strike my ears ?  
“ Why are these joys brought to my sick remembrance,  
“ Who have no appetite, but am to sense  
“ From head to foot all a dead palsy o'er ?

“ *Var.* Fear not, my friend ; all shall be well  
 “ Again ; for I have thousand ways and thousand stories  
 “ To raise thee up to pleasure. We’ll unlock  
 “ Our fastest secrets, shed upon each other  
 “ Our tend’rest cares, and quite unbar those doors  
 “ Which shall be shut to all mankind beside.”

*Attic.* Silence and rev’rence are the temple’s dues,  
 Therefore while we pursue the sacred rites  
 Be these observ’d, or quit the awful place.  
 “ Imperial sisters, now twin stars of Heaven,  
 “ Answer the successor of Chrysostom ;  
 “ Without least reservation answer me ;  
 “ By those harmonious rules I charg’d ye learn.”

ATTICUS sings.

*Attic.* *Canst thou, Marina, leave the world,  
 The world that is devotion’s bane,  
 Where crowns are tost and sceptres hurl’d,  
 Where lust and proud ambition reign ?*

2. Pr. “ *Can you your costly robes forbear,  
 “ To live with us in poor attire ?  
 “ Can you from courts to cells repair,  
 “ To sing at midnight in our choir ?*
3. Pr. “ *Can you forget your golden beds,  
 “ Where you might sleep beyond the morn,  
 “ On mats to lay your royal heads,  
 “ And have your beauteous tresses shorn ?*

Attic. *"Can you resolve to fast all day,  
"And weep and groan to be forgiven?  
"Can you in broken slumbers pray,  
"And by affliction merit heaven?"*

Chor. *Say, Votaries, can this be done?  
While we the grace divine implore,  
The world is lost, the battles's won,  
And sin shall never charm ye more.*

MARINA sings.

*The gate to bliss does open stand,  
And all my penance is in view;  
The world upon the other hand  
Cries out, Oh do not bid adieu!*

*"Yet, sacred, sir, in these extremes,  
"Where pomp and pride their glories tell,  
"Where youth and beauty are the themes,  
"And plead their moving cause so well."*

*If aught that's vain my thoughts possess,  
Or any passions govern here  
But what divinity may bless,  
Oh, may I never enter there!*

FLAVILLA sings.

*"What can pomp or glory do,  
"Or what can human charms persuade?  
"That mind that has a heaven in view,  
"How can it be by earth betray'd?"*

“ No monarch, full of youth and fame,  
 “ The joy of eyes and nature’s pride,  
 “ Should once my thoughts from Heaven reclaim,  
 “ Tho’ now he woo’d me for his bride.”

*Haste then, oh haste ! and take us in,  
 For ever lock religion’s door ;  
 Secure us from the charms of sin,  
 And let us see the world no more.*

ATTICUS sings.

*Hark, hark ! behold the heavenly choir,  
 They cleave the air in bright attire,  
 And see his lute each angel brings,  
 And hark ! divinely thus he sings :  
 To the Pow’rs divine all glory be given,  
 By men upon earth and angels in Heaven.*

[Scene shuts, and all the Priests, with Marina and Flavilla, disappear.

*Pulch.* For ever gone ! for ever parted from me !  
 Oh Theodosius ! till this cruel moment  
 I never knew how tenderly I lov’d em ;  
 But on this everlasting separation  
 Methinks my soul has left me, and my time  
 Of dissolution points me to the grave.

*Theo.* Oh, my Veranes ! does not now thy temper  
 Bate something of its fire ? Dost thou not melt  
 In mere compassion of my sister’s fate,  
 And cool thyself with one relenting draught ?  
*Var.* Yes, my dar’d soul rolls inward ; melancholy,

Which I ne'er felt before, now comes upon me,  
 And I begin to loathe all human greatness :  
 Oh ! sigh not then, nor thy hard fate deplore,  
 For 'tis resolv'd we will be kings no more :  
 We'll fly all courts, and love shall be our guide,  
 Love, that's more worth than all the world beside.  
 Princes are barr'd the liberty to roam ;  
 The fetter'd mind still languishes at home ;  
 In golden bands she treads the thoughtful round,  
 Business and cares eternally abound ;  
 And when for air the goddess would unbind,  
 She's clogg'd with sceptres, and to crowns confin'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

*ACT II. SCENE I.*

*The Palace. Enter PULCHERIA, JULIA, and Attendants.*

*Pulcheria.*

THESE packets for the emperor Honorius :  
 Be swift, and let th' agent haste to Rome——  
 I hear, my Julia, that our general  
 Is from the Goths return'd with conquest home.

*Jul.* He is ; to-day I saw him in the presence  
 Sharp to the courtiers, as he ever was,  
 Because they went not with him to the wars :  
 To you he bows, and sues to kiss your hand.

*Pulch.* He shall, my dearest Julia ! Oft' I've told  
 thee



The secret of my soul. If e'er I marry  
 Marcian's my husband : he 's a man, my Julia,  
 Whom I 've study'd long, and found him perfect ;  
 Old Rome at ev'ry glance looks thro' his eyes  
 And kindles the beholders. Some sharp atoms  
 Run thro' his frame which I could wish were out :  
 He sickens at the softness of the emp'ror,  
 And speaks too freely of our female court,  
 Then sighs, comparing it with what Rome was.

*Enter MARCIAN and LUCIUS.*

*Pulch.* Ha ! who are these that dare profane this  
 place

With more than barb'rous insolence ?

*Mar.* At your feet  
 Behold I cast the scourge of these offenders,  
 And kneel to kiss your hand.

*Pulch.* Put up your sword ;  
 And ere I bid you welcome from the wars  
 Be sure you clear your honour of this rudeness,  
 Or, Marcian, leave the court.

*Mar.* Thus then, madam :  
 The emperor receiv'd me with affection,  
 Embrac'd me for my conquests, and retir'd ;  
 When on a sudden all the gilded flies  
 That buzz about the court came flutt'ring round me :  
 This with affected cringes and minc'd words  
 Begs me to tell my tale of victories ;  
 Which done he thanks me, slips behind his fellow,  
 Whispers him in the ear, then smiles and listens

While I relate my story once again :  
A third comes in and asks me the same favour,  
Whereon they laugh, while I, still ignorant,  
Go on ; but one behind, more impudent,  
Strikes on my shoulder, then they laugh'd outright ;  
But then I, guessing the abuse too late,  
Return'd my knight behind a box o' the ear,  
Then drew, and briefly told them they were rascals :  
They, laughing still, cry'd out the general's musty ;  
Whereon I drove 'em, madam, as you saw.  
This is, in short, the truth ; I leave the judgment  
To your own justice : if I have done ill  
Sentence me, and I'll leave the court for ever.

*Pulch.* First, you are welcome, Marcian, from the  
wars,

And still, whene'er occasion calls for arms,  
Heav'n send the emperor a general  
Renown'd as Marcian ! As to what is past,  
I think the world will rather praise than censure  
Pulcheria, when she pardons you the action.

*Mar.* Gods, gods ! and thou great founder of old  
Rome !

What is become of all that mighty spirit  
That rais'd our empire to a pitch so high ?  
" Where is it pent ? What but almighty pow'r  
" Could thus confine it, that but some few atoms  
" Now run thro' all the east and Occident ? "

*Pulch.* Speak calmly, Marcian——

*Mar.* Who can be temperate  
That thinks as I do, madam ? Why ! here 's a fellow,

I've seen him fight against a troop of Vandals  
In your defence, as if he lov'd to bleed.

"Come to my arms, my dear! thou canst not talk,

"But has a soul above the proudest of 'em.

"Oh, madam! when he has been all over blood,

"And hack'd with wounds that seem'd to mouth his  
praises,

"I've seen him smile still as he push'd death from  
him,

"And with his actions rally distant fate.

"*Pulch.* He has a noble form."

*Mar.* Yet, ev'n this man,

That fought so bravely in his country's cause,

This excellent man, this morning, in the presence,

Did I see wrong'd before the emperor;

Scorn'd and despis'd, because he could not cringe,

Nor plant his feet as some of them could do.

"One said his clothes were not well made, and damn'd

"His taylor——another said he look'd

"As if he had not lost his maidenhead."

If things are suffer'd to be thus, down all

Authority, pre-eminence, degree, and virtue;

Let Rome be never mention'd; no, i' th' name

Of all the gods be she forgotten ever!

Effeminate Persians and the Lydian softness

Make all your fights: Marcian shall out no more,

For by my arms it makes a woman of me;

And my swol'n eyes run o'er, to think this worth,

This fuller honour than the whole court holds,

Should be ridiculous to knaves and fools,

“ Should starve for want of what is necessary  
“ To life’s convenience; when luxurious bawds  
“ Are so o’ergrown with fat and cramm’d with riot,  
“ That they can hardly walk without an engine.”

*Pulch.* Why did not you inform the emperor ?

*Mar.* Because he will not hear me. Alas ! good man,  
He flies from this bad world ; and still when wars  
And dangers come, he runs to his devotions ;  
To your new thing—I know not what you call it,  
Which Constantine began.

*Pulch.* How, Marcian ! are not you  
Of that religion which the emp’ror owns ?

*Mar.* No, madam. If you ’ll see my honest thoughts,  
I am not of their principle that take  
A wrong ; so far from bearing with a foe  
I would strike first, like old Rome ; “ I would forth,  
“ Elbow the neighb’ring nations round about,  
“ Invade, enlarge my empire to the bounds  
“ Of the too narrow universe. Yes, I own  
“ That I despise your holy innovations ;  
“ I’m for the Roman gods, for funeral piles,  
“ For mounting eagles, and the fancy’d greatness  
“ Of our forefathers.” Methinks my heated spirit  
Could utter things worth losing of my head.

*Pulch.* Speak freely, Marcian, for I know thee honest.

*Mar.* Oh, madam ! long, long may the emp’ror  
live !

But I must say his gentle disposition

Suits not, alas ! the oriental sway :

“ Bid him but look on Pharamond ; oh Gods !

"Awake him with the image of that spirit  
 "Which, like a pyramid revers'd, is grown  
 "Ev'n from a point to the most dreadful greatness;  
 "His very name already shakes the world,  
 "And still in person heading his fierce squadrons,  
 "Like the first Cæsar o'er the hardy Gauls,  
 "He seems another thunderbolt of war."

*Pulch.* I oft' have blam'd my brother most for this,  
 That to my hand he leaves the state affairs;  
 And how that sounds you know——

*Mar.* Forgive me, madam!  
 I think that all the greatness of your sex,  
 Rome's Clelia, and the fam'd Semiramis,  
 "With all the Amazonian valour too,"  
 Meet in Pulcheria: yet I say forgive me,  
 If with reluctance I behold a woman  
 Sit at the empire's helm and steer the world!

*Pulch.* I stand rebuk'd——

*Mar.* "Mark but the growing French:  
 "The most auspicious omen of their greatness  
 "That I can guess is their late Salique law,  
 "Bless'd by their priests the Salii, and pronounc'd  
 "To stand for ever, which excludes all women  
 "From the imperial crown." But oh! I speak  
 The least of all those infinite grievances  
 Which make the subjects murmur. In the army,  
 Tho' I proceeded still like Hannibal,  
 And punish'd ev'ry mutineer with death,  
 Yet oh! it stabb'd me thro' and thro' the soul  
 To pass the wretches' doom, because I knew

With justice they complain'd ; for hard they fought,  
And with their blood earn'd that forbidden bread  
Which some at court, and great ones, tho' unnam'd,  
Cast to their hounds, while the poor soldiers starv'd—

*Pulch.* Your pity too, in mournful fellowship,  
No doubt might soothe their murmurs.

*Mar.* Yes, it did ;  
That I might put them once again in heart  
I said 't was true the emp'rор was to blame,  
Who dealt too coldly with his faithful servants,  
And paid their great arrears by second-hands :  
I promis'd too, when we return'd to court,  
Things should be mended——  
But how, oh gods ! forgive my blood this transport ;  
To the eternal shame of female counsels,  
And to the blast of Theodosius' name,  
Whom never warlike chronicle shall mention,  
“ Oh, let me speak it with a Roman spirit ! ”  
We were receiv'd like undone prodigals,  
By curs'd ungrateful stewards, with cold looks,  
Who yet got all by those poor wretches' ruin,  
“ Like malefactors at the hands of justice.  
“ I blush, I almost weep, with bursting rage ;  
“ If thus receiv'd how paid our long arrears ?  
“ Why, as intrusted misers pay the rights  
“ Of helpless widows or the orphans' tears.  
“ Oh, soldier ! for to thee, to thee I speak it,  
“ Bawds for the drudgery of citizens' wives  
“ Would better pay debilitated stallions.”  
Madam, I 've said perhaps too much ; if so

It matters not ; for he who lies, like me,  
On the hard ground, is sure to fall no further.

*Pulch.* I've given you patient hearing, honest  
Marcian,

And as far as I can see into your temper,  
“ I speak my serious judgment in cold blood,  
“ With strictest consultation on the matter,”  
I think this seeming plain and honest Marcian  
An exquisite and most notorious traitor.

*Mar.* Ha! traitor!

*Pulch.* Yes, a most notorious traitor..

“ *Mar.* Your grandfather, whose frown could awe  
the world,

“ Would not have call'd me so—or if he had——

*Pulch.* “ You would have taken it.”——But to the  
bus'ness.

Was't not enough, oh heaven thou know'st too much !  
At first to own yourself an infidel,  
A bold contemner, ev'n to blasphemy,  
Of that religion which we all profess,  
For which your heart's best blood can ne'er suffice,  
But you must dare, with a seditious army,  
Thus to conspire against the emperor ?  
I mention not your impudence to me,  
Taxing the folly of my government  
Ev'n to my face, such an irreverence  
As sure no barb'rous Vandal would have urg'd ;  
Besides your libelling all the court, as if  
You had engross'd the whole world's honesty,

And flatt'ers, fools, and sycophants, and knaves,  
Such was your language, did inhabit there.

*Mar.* You wrest my honest meaning, by the gods  
You do; "and if you thus go on I feel  
"My struggling spirit will no longer bear it."

*Pulch.* I thought the meaning of all rational men  
Should still be gather'd out of their discourse;  
Nor are you so imprudent without thinking  
To vent such words, tho' now you fain would hide it.  
You find the guilt and balk the accusation.  
But think not you shall scape so easily:  
Once more I do confront you as a traitor;  
And as I am intrusted with full pow'r,  
Divest you, in the name of Theodosius,  
Of all your offices, commissions, honours;  
Command you leave the court within three days,  
Loyal, plain-dealing, honest Marcian.

*Mar.* Gods! gods!

*Pulch.* "What now? Ha! does the traitor murmur?  
"If in three days—mark me—'t is I that doom thee—  
"Rash inconsiderate man, a wretch beneath  
"The torments I could execute upon thee,"  
If after three days space thou'rt found in court  
Thou dy'st; thy head, thy head shall pay the forfeit.  
"Now rage, now rail, and curse the court;  
"Saucily dare t' abuse the best of princes,  
"And let thy lawless tongue lash all it can;  
"Do, like a madman rave, deplore thy fortune  
"While pages laugh at thee." Then haste to th' army,



Grow popular, and lead the multitude;  
 Preach up thy wrongs, and drive the giddy beast  
 To kick at Cæsar. Nay, if thou weep'st I 'm gone.  
 Oh, Julia! if I stay I shall weep too.  
 Yet 't is but just that I the heart should see  
 Of him who yet must lord it over me. [Aside.

*Exeunt Pulch. and Julia.*

*Luc.* Why do you droop, sir?—Come, no more  
 o' this;

You are and shall be still our general.  
 Say but the word, I'll fill the Hippodrome  
 With squadrons that shall make the emp'ror tremble.  
 We'll fire the court about his ears.  
 Methinks, like Junius Brutus, I have watch'd  
 An opportunity, and now it comes—  
 Few words and I are friends; but, noble Marcian!  
 If yet thou art not more than general  
 Ere dead of night say Lucius is a coward.

*Mar.* I charge thee, in the name of all the gods,  
 Come back; I charge thee by the name of friend.  
 All 's well, and I rejoice I am no general.  
 But hush! within three days we must begone,  
 And then, my friend, farewell to ceremony:  
 We'll fly to some far distant lonely village,  
 Forget our former state, and breed with slaves,  
 And when night comes,  
 With bodies coarsely fill'd, and vacant souls,  
 Sleep like the labour'd hinds, and never think,  
 For if I think again I shall go mad:

*Enter LEONTINE and ATHENAIS.*

Therefore no thought. But see, we're interrupted,  
Oh court ! oh emperor ! yet let death threaten  
I'll find a time ; 'till then be still my soul——  
“ No general now ; a member of thy country,  
“ But most corrupt, therefore to be cut off ;  
“ Loyal, plain-dealing, honest Marcian.  
“ A slave, a traitor ! Oh, ye eternal gods !”——

*[Exeunt.]*

*Leon.* So Athenais, now our compliment  
To the young Persian prince is at an end,  
What then remains but that we take our leave,  
And bid him everlastingly farewell ?

*Athen.* My lord !

*Leon.* I say that decency requires  
We should be gone, nor can you stay with honour.

*Athen.* Most true, my lord !

*Leon.* The court is now at peace,  
The emperor's sisters are retir'd for ever,  
And he himself compos'd ; what hinders then  
But that we bid adieu to Prince Varanes ?

*Athen.* Ah, sir ! why will ye break my heart ?

*Leon.* I would not ;  
Thou art the only comfort of my age :  
Like an old tree I stand amongst the storms ;  
Thou art the only limb that I have left me, *[She kneels.]*  
My dear green branch ! and how I prize thee, child,  
Heaven only knows. Why dost thou kneel and weep ?

*Athen.* Because you are so good, and will, I hope,  
Forgive my faults, who first occasion'd it.

*Leon.* I charg'd thee to receive and hear the prince.

*Athen.* You did! and oh! my lord, I heard too  
much,

Too much, I fear, for my eternal quiet.

*Leon.* Rise Athenais; credit him who bears  
More years than thou: Varanes has deceiv'd thee.

*Athen.* How do we differ then? You judge the prince  
Impious and base, while I take Heaven to witness  
I think him the most virtuous of men;

Therefore take heed, my lord, how you accuse him  
Before you make the trial. Alas, Varanes!

If thou art false there's no such thing on earth  
As solid goodness or substantial honour.

A thousand times, my lord, he has sworn to give me  
(And I believe his oaths) his crown and empire  
That day I make him master of my heart.

*Leon.* That day he 'll make thee mistress of his  
pow'r,

Which carries a foul name among the vulgar.

No, Athenais, let me see thee dead,

Borne a pale corpse, and gently laid in earth,

So I may say she's chaste and dy'd a virgin,

Rather than view thee with these wounded eyes

Seated upon the throne of Isdigerdes,

The blast of common tongues, the nobles' scorn

Thy father's curse, that is, the prince's whore.

*Athen.* Oh, horrid supposition! how I detest it  
Be witness Heaven that sees my secret thoughts!

“ Have I for this, my lord, been taught by you  
“ The nicest justice and severest virtue,  
“ To fear no death, to know no end of life,  
“ And with long search discern the highest good ?  
“ No Athenais ; when the day beholds thee  
“ So scandalously rais’d, pride cast thee down ;  
“ The scorn of honour and the people’s prey ! ”

No, cruel Leontine, not to redeem.

That aged head from the descending axe,  
Not tho’ I saw thy trembling body rack’d,  
Thy wrinkles all about thee fill’d with blood,  
Would I for empire, to the man I love  
Be made the object of unlawful pleasure.

*Leon.* Oh greatly said, and by the blood which warms  
me !

Which runs as rich as any Athens holds,  
It would improve the virtue of the world  
If ev’ry day a thousand votaries  
And thousand virgins came from far to hear thee !

*Athen.* Look down, ye pow’rs, take notice we obey  
The rigid principles ye have infus’d ;  
Yet oh, my noble father ! to convince you,  
Since you will have it so, propose a marriage,  
Tho’ with the thought I’m cover’d o’er with blushes :  
Not that I doubt the prince ; that were to doubt  
The heavens themselves. I know he is all truth :  
But modesty—————

The virgin’s troublesome and constant guest,  
That, that alone forbids—————

*Leon.* I wish to Heaven

There prove no greater bar to my relief;  
Behold the prince : I will retire a while,  
And when occasion calls come to thy aid. [*Exit Leon.*]

*Enter VARANES and ARANTHES.*

*Var.* To fix her on the throne to me seems little ;  
Were I a god yet would I raise her higher ;  
This is the nature of thy prince : but oh !  
As to the world thy judgment soars above me,  
And I am dar'd with this gigantic honour ;  
Glory forbids her prospect to a crown,  
Nor must she gaze that way : my haughty soul  
That day when she ascends the throne of Cyrus,  
Will leave my body pale, and to the stars  
Retire in blushes, and quite lost for ever.

*Aran.* What do you purpose then ?

*Var.* I know not what.

But see, she comes, the glory of my arms ;  
The only business of my constant thought,  
My soul's best joy, and all my true repose.  
I swear I cannot bear these strange desires,  
These strong impulses, which will shortly leave me  
Dead at thy feet——

*Athen.* What have you found, my lord,  
In me so harsh or cruel that you fear  
To speak your griefs ?

*Var.* First let me kneel and swear,  
And on thy hand seal my religious vow :  
Straight let the breath of gods blow me from earth,  
Swept from the book of fame, forgotten ever,

If I prefer thee not, oh Athenais!  
To all the Persian greatness.

*Athen.* I believe you,  
For I have heard you swear as much before.

*Var.* Hast thou? oh, why then did I swear again,  
But that my love knew nothing worthier of thee,  
And could no better way express my passion?

*Athen.* Oh, rise my lord!—

*Var.* I will do ev'ry thing  
Which Athenais bids: if there be more  
In nature to convince thee of my love,  
Whisper it, oh! some god, into my ear,  
And on her breast thus to her list'ning soul  
I'll breathe the inspiration. Wilt thou not speak?  
What, but one sigh, no more! can that suffice  
For all my vast expense of prodigal love?  
“ Oh, Athenais! what shall I say or do

“ To gain the thing I wish?

“ *Athen.* What's that, my lord?

“ *Var.* Thus to approach thee still, thus to behold  
thee——

“ Yet there is more.”——

*Athen.* My lord, I dare not hear you.

*Var.* Why dost thou frown at what thou dost not  
know?

'Tis an imagination which ne'er pierc'd thee;  
Yet as 't is ravishing, 'tis full of honour.

*Athen.* I must not doubt you, sir; but, oh! I  
tremble

To think if Isdigerdes should behold you,

Should hear you thus protesting to a maid  
Of no degree but virtue in the world—

*Var.* No more of this, no more ; for I disdain  
All pomp when thou art by. Far be the noise  
Of kings and courts from us, whose gentle souls  
Our kinder stars have steer'd another way.  
Free as the forest birds we'll pair together,  
Without remembering who our fathers were,  
Fly to the arbours, grots, and flowery meads,  
And in soft murmurs interchange our souls,  
Together drink the chrystal of the stream,  
Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields,  
And when the golden ev'ning calls us home  
Wing to our downy nest and sleep 'till morn.

*Athen.* Ah! prince! no more: forbear, forbear,  
to charm me,  
Since I am doom'd to leave you, sir, for ever.

*Var.* Hold, Athenais——

*Athen.* I know your royal temper, !  
And that high honour reigns within your breast,  
Which would disdain to waste so many hours  
With one of humble birth compar'd to you,  
Unless strong passion sway'd your thoughts to love  
her ?

Therefore receive, oh prince! and take it kindly,  
For none on earth but you could win it from me,  
Receive the gift of my eternal love;  
'Tis all I can bestow; nor is it little,  
For sure a heart so coldly chaste as mine  
No charms but yours, my lord, could e'er have warm'd

*Var.* Well have you made amends by this last comfort

For the cold dart you shot at me before :

For this last goodness, oh, my Athenais !

(For now methinks I ought to call you mine)

I'll empty all my soul in thanks before you :

Yet oh ! one fear remains, like death it chills me,

Why, my relenting love, did talk of parting !

*Athen.* Look there, and cease to wonder. I have  
sworn

T' obey my father, and he calls me hence.'

*Enter LEONTINE.*

*Var.* Ha, Leontine ! by which of all my actions

Have I so deeply injur'd thee to merit

The smartest wound revenge could form to end me ?

*Leon.* Answer me now, oh prince ! for virtue  
prompts me,

And honesty will dally now no longer :

What can the end of all this passion be ?

Glory requires the strict account, and asks

What you intend at last to Athenais ?

*Var.* How, Leontine !

*Leon.* You saw her, sir, at Athens, said you lov'd her :

I charg'd her humbly to receive the honour,

And hear your passion. Has she not, sir, obey'd me ?

*Var.* She has, I thank the gods ; but whether would'st  
thou ?

*Leon.* Having resolv'd to vjsit Theodosius

You swore you would not go without my daughter,

Whereon I gave command that she should follow.



*Var.* Yes, Leontine, my old remembrancer,  
Most learn'd of all philosophers, you did.

*Leon.* Thus long she has attended; you have seen  
her,

Sounded her virtues and her imperfections;  
Therefore, dread sir, forgive this bolder charge  
Which honour sounds, and now let me demand you—

*Var.* Now help, Arantes, or I'm dash'd for ever.

*Aran.* Whatever happens, sir, disdain the marriage.

*Leon.* Can your high thoughts so far forget them-  
selves

T' admit this humble virgin for your bride?

*Var.* Ha!

*Athen.* He blushes, gods! and stammers at the  
question!

*Leon.* Why do you walk and chafe yourself, my lord?  
The business is not much.

*Var.* How, Leontine!

Not much! I know that she deserves a crown;  
Yet 't is to reason much, tho' not to love:  
And sure the world would blush to see the daughter  
Of a philosopher upon the throne of Cyrus.

*Athen.* Undone for ever!

*Leon.* Is this your answer, sir?

*Var.* Why dost thou urge me thus, and push me to  
The very brink of glory? where, alas!  
I look and tremble at the vast descent;  
Yet e'en there to the vast bottom down  
My rash advent'rer, Love, would have me leap,  
And grasp my Athenais with my ruin.

*Leon.* 'Tis well, my lord——

*Var.* Why dost thou then provoke me?  
I thought that Persia's court had store of honour  
To satisfy the height of thy ambition.  
Besides, old man, my love is too well grown  
To want a tutor for his good behaviour;  
What he will do he of himself will do,  
And not be taught by you——

*Leon.* I know he will not;  
Fond tears away; I know, I know he will not;  
But he would buy with this old man's preferment  
My daughter's shame.

*Var.* Away, I say! my soul disdains the motion.

*Leon.* The motion of a marriage—yes, I see it:  
Your angry looks and haughty words betray it:  
I found it at the first— I thank you, sir,  
You have at last rewarded your old tutor  
For all his cares, his watchings, services:  
Yet let me tell you, sir, this humble maid,  
This daughter of a poor philosopher,  
Shall, if she please, be seated on a throne  
As high as that of the immortal Cyrus.

*Var.* I think that age and deep philosophy  
Have crack'd thy brain. Farewell, old Leontine;  
Retire to rest; and when this brawling humour  
Is rock'd asleep, I'll meet my Athenais,  
And clear th' accounts of love which thou hast blotted.

[Exit.

*Leon.* Old Leontine! Perhaps I'm mad indeed.  
But hold, my heart, and let that solid virtue

Which I so long ador'd still keep the reins.  
 Oh, Athenais ! but I will not chide thee :  
 Fate is in all our actions ; and methinks,  
 At least a father judges so, it has  
 Rebuk'd thee smartly for thy easiness :  
 There is a kind of mournful eloquence  
 In thy dumb grief which shames all clam'rous sorrow.

“ *Athen.* Alas ! my breast is full of death ; methinks  
 “ I fear ev'n you——

“ *Leon.* Why should thou fear thy father ?

“ *Athen.* Because you have the figure of a man !”  
 Is there, oh speak ! a possibility  
 To be forgiven ?

*Leon.* Thy father does forgive thee,  
 And honour will ; but on this hard condition,  
 Never to see him more——

*Athen.* See him ! oh heavens !

*Leon.* Unless it be, my daughter, to upbraid him ;  
 Not tho' he should repent and straight return.  
 Nay, proffer thee his crown——No more of that.  
 Honour too cries revenge, revenge thy wrongs,  
 Revenge thyself, revenge thy injur'd father :  
 For 't is revenge so wise, so glorious too,  
 As all the world shall praise——

*Athen.* Oh, give me leave,  
 For yet I am all tenderness : the woman,  
 The weak, the mild, the fond, the coward woman,  
 Dares not look forth, but runs about my breast,  
 And visits all the warmer mansions there,

Where she so oft has harbour'd false Varanes!  
Cruel Varanes! false, forsworn Varanes!

*Leon.* Is this forgetting him? is this the course  
Which honour bids thee take.

*Athen.* Ah, sir, allow  
A little time for love to make his way:  
Hardly he won the place, and many sighs,  
And many tears, and thousand oaths, it cost him:  
And oh! I find he will not be dislodg'd  
Without a groan at parting hence for ever.  
No, no! he vows he will not yet be rais'd  
Without whole floods of grief at his farewell,  
Which thus I sacrifice: and oh, I swear  
Had he prov'd true, I would as easily  
Have empty'd all my blood, and died to serve him  
As now I shed these drops or vent these sighs,  
To shew how well, how perfectly I lov'd him.

*Leon.* No woman sure but thou, so low in fortune;  
Therefore the nobler is thy fair example,  
Would thus have griev'd because a prince ador'd her;  
Nor will it be believ'd in after-times  
That there was ever such a maid in being:  
Yet do I still advise preserve thy virtue;  
And since he does disdain thee for his bride  
Scorn thou to be——

*Athen.* Hold, sir; oh, hold, forbear,  
For my nice soul abhors the very sound;  
Yet with the shame of that, and the desire  
Of an immortal name I am inspir'd:

All kinder thoughts are fled for ever from me ;  
All tenderness, as if I ne'er had lov'd,  
Has left my bosom colder than the grave.

*Leon.* Oh, Athenais ! on ; 't is bright before thee ;  
Pursue the track, and thou shalt be a star.

*Athen.* Oh, Leontine ! I swear, my noble father,  
That I will starve ere once forego my virtue :  
And thus let's join to contradict the world,  
That empire could not tempt a poor old man  
To sell his prince the honour of his daughter,  
And she too match'd the spirit of her father ;  
Tho' humbly born and yet more humbly bred,  
She for her fame refus'd a royal bed,  
Who tho' she lov'd yet did put off the hour,  
Nor could her virtue be betray'd by power.  
Patterns like these will guilty courts improve,  
And teach the fair to blush at conscious love :  
“ Then let all maids for honour come in view,  
“ If any maid can more for glory do.”

---

ACT III.. SCENE I.

*Enter VARANES and ARANTHES.*

*Varanes.*

COME to my arms, my faithful, dear Arantes,  
Soft counsellor, companion of my youth !  
If I had longer been alone most sure,  
With the distraction that surrounds my heart,

My hand would have rebell'd against his master  
And done a murder here.

*Aran.* The gods forbid!

*Var.* I swear I press thee with as hearty joy

"As ever fearful bride embrac'd her man

"When from a dream of death she wak'd, and found

"Her lover safe and sleeping by her side."

*Aran.* The cause, my lord?

*Var.* Early thou know'st last night I went to rest;  
But long, my friend, ere slumber clos'd my eyes,  
Long was the combat fought 'twixt love and glory;  
The fever of my passion burnt me up;  
My pangs grew stronger, and my rack was doubled;  
"My bed was all afloat with the cold drops  
"That mortal pain wrung from my lab'ring limbs,  
"My groans more deep than others' dying gasps;"  
Therefore I charge thee haste to her apartment;  
"I do conjure thee tell her, tell her all  
"My fears can urge or fondness can invent;  
"Tell her how I repent; say any thing,  
"For any thing I'll do to quench my fires:"  
Say I will marry her now on the instant;  
Say all that I would say, yet in the end  
My love shall make it more than gods can utter.

*Aran.* My lord, both Leontine and she are gone  
From their apartment——

*Var.* Ha! gone, say'st thou! whither?

*Aran.* That was my whole employment all this day;  
But, sir, I grieve to speak it, they have left

No track behind for care to find them out ;  
Nor is it possible——

*Var.* It is, it shall ;

I'll struggle with impossibilities  
To find my Athenais : not the walls  
Of Athens nor of Thebes shall hide her from me :  
I'll bring the force of all my father's arms  
And lay them waste but I'll redeem my love.  
Oh, Leontine ! morose old Leontine !  
Thou mere philosopher ! oh, cruel sage !  
Who for one hasty word, one choleric doubt,  
Hast turn'd the scale, tho' in the sacred balance  
My life, my glory, and my empire hung !

*Aran.* Most sure, my lord, they are retir'd to  
Athens.

I will send post to-night——

*Var.* No, no, Arantes ;

Prepare my chariots, for I'll go in person.  
I swear 'till now, 'till I began to fear  
Some other might enjoy my Athenais,  
I swear I did not know how much I lov'd her.  
But let's away ; I'll to the emperor,  
Thou to the hasty management of business.  
“ Prepare ; to-day I'll go, to-day I'll find her :  
“ No more ; I'll take my leave of Theodosius,  
“ And meet thee on the Hippodrome. Away ;”  
Let the wild hurry of thy master's love  
Make quick thy apprehension : haste, and leave me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*Enter PULCHERIA, ATTICUS, LEONTINE; Votaries leading ATHENAIS in Procession, after her Baptism, to be confirmed.*

“ ATTICUS sings.

“ *Oh, Chrysostom! look down and see*

“ *An off’ring worthy Heaven and thee!*

“ *So rich the victim, bright and fair,*

“ *That she on earth appears a star:*

“ Chor. *Eudisia is the virgin’s name,*

“ *And avertimes shall sing her fame.*

“ ATTICUS sings.

“ *Lead her, Votaries, lead her in,*

“ *Her holy birth does now begin.*

“ 1 Vot. *In humble weeds, but clean array,*

“ *Your hours shall sweetly pass away,*

“ *And when the rites divine are past,*

“ *To pleasant gardens you shall haste.*

“ 2 Vot. *Where many a flow’ry bed we have;*

“ *That emblem still to each a grave;*

“ *And when within the stream we look,*

“ *With tears we use to swell the brook;*

“ *But oh! when in the liquid glass*

“ *Our heaven appears, we sigh to pass:*

“ Chor. *For heaven alone we are design’d,*

“ *And all things bring our heaven to mind.”*



*Athen.* Oh, princess! oh! most worthy of the world,  
 That is submitted by it's emperor  
 To your most wise and providential sway!  
 What Greek or Roman eloquence can paint  
 The rapture and devotion of my soul!  
 I am adopted your's; you are my goddess,  
 That have new-forin'd, new-moulded my conceptions,  
 "And by the platform of a work divine  
 "New-fram'd, new-built me to your own desires,  
 "Thrown all the lumber of my passions out,  
 "And made my heart a mansion of perfection!  
 "Clean as an anchoret's grot or votarist's cell,  
 "And spotless as the glories of his steps  
 "Whom we far oft' adore."

*Pulch.* Rise, Eudisia,  
 And let me fold my Christian in my arms:  
 With this dear pledge of an eternal love  
 I seal thee, oh Eudisia! mine for ever:  
 Accept, best charge, the vows of my affection,  
 For, by the sacred friendship that I give thee,  
 I think that Heaven by miracle did send thee  
 To ease my cares, to help me in my counsels,  
 To be my sister, partner in my bed,  
 And equally thro' my whole course of life  
 To be the better part of thy Pulcheria,  
 And share my griefs and joys.

*Athen.* No, madam, no;  
 Excuse the cares that this sad wretch must bring you:  
 "Oh! rather let me leave the world for ever;"  
 Or if I must partake your royal secrets,

"If you resolve to load me with such honour,"  
Let it be far from cities, far from courts,  
Where I may fly all human conversation,  
Where I may never see, nor hear, nor name,  
Nor think, nor dream, oh heaven! if possible,  
Of mankind more.

*Pulch.* What now! in tears Eudisia!

*Athen.* Far from the guilt of palaces, oh, send me!  
"Drive me, oh, drive me from the traitor man!  
"So I might 'scape that monster, let me dwell  
"In lions' haunts or in some tiger's den;  
"Place me on some steep, craggy, ruin'd rock,  
"That bellies out, just dropping in the ocean;  
"Bury me in the hollow of its womb,  
"Where, starving on my cold and flinty bed,  
"I may from far, with giddy apprehension,  
"See infinite fathoms down the rumbling deep;  
"Yet not e'en there, in that vast whirl of death,  
"Can there be found so terrible a ruin  
"As man, false man, smiling, destructive man!"

*Pulch.* Then thou hast lov'd, Eudisia. Oh, my sister!  
Still nearer to my heart, so much the dearer,  
Because our fates are like, and hand in hand  
Our fortunes lead us thro' the maze of life:  
I'm glad that thou hast lov'd; nay, lov'd with danger,  
Since thou hast 'scap'd the ruin.—"Methinks it  
lightens

"The weight of my calamities, that thou  
"(In all things else so perfect and divine)  
"Art yet akin to my infirmity,

" And bear'st thy part in love's melodious ill ;  
 " Love, that like bane perfum'd, infects the mind,  
 " That sad delight that charms all womankind."

*Athen.* Yes, madam, I confess that love has charm'd  
 me,

But never shall again : " no, I renounce him.  
 " Inspire me all the wrongs of abus'd woman ;  
 " All you that have been cozen'd by false men,  
 " See what a strict example I will make ;  
 " But for the perjuries of one I will revenge ye  
 " For all that's past, that 's present, and to come.

*Pulch.* " Oh, thou far more than the most mascu-  
 line virtue !

" Where, our Astrea, where, oh, drowning brightness !  
 " Where hast thou been so long ? Let me again  
 " Protest my admiration and my love ;  
 " Let me declare aloud, while thou art here,  
 " While such clear virtue shines within our circle,  
 " Vice shall no more appear within the palace,  
 " But hide her dazzled eyes, and this be call'd  
 " The holy court. But" lo ! the emp'ror comes :  
 Beauty like thine may drive that far away  
 That has so long entranc'd his soul.—My lord——

*Enter THEODOSIUS and Attendants.*

*Theo.* If yet, alas ! I might but hope to see her ;  
 But oh ! forgive me, Heaven, this wilder start  
 That thus would reach impossibility :  
 No, no, I never must behold her more.

F ij

As well my Atticus might raise the dead,  
As Leontine should charm that form in view.

*Pulch.* My lord, I come to give your grief a cure  
With purer flames to draw that cruel fire  
That tortur'd you so long——Behold this virgin——  
The daughter of your tutor, Leontine.

*Theo.* Ah!

“*Pulch.* She is your sister's charge, and made a  
Christian,

“And Athenais is Eudisia now :

“Be sure a fairer never grac'd religion,

“And for her virtue she transcends example.”

*Theo.* Oh, all you blest above! how can this be?  
Am I awake? or is this possible? [*Athen. kneels.*

*Pulch.* She kneels, my lord; will not you go and  
raise her?

*Theo.* Nay, do thou raise her, for I 'm rooted here;  
Yet, if laborious love and melancholy  
Have not o'ercome me, and quite turn'd me mad,  
It must be she, that naked dazzling sweetness!  
The very figure of that morning-star  
That, dropping pearls and shedding dewy beams,  
Fled from the greedy waves when I approach'd.  
Answer me, Leontine; am I distracted,  
Or is this true?——“By thee in all encounters  
“I will be rul'd, in temperance and wildness,  
“When reason clashes with extravagance.  
“But speak”——

*Leon.* 'T is true, my lord; this is my daughter,  
Whom I conceal'd in Persia from all eyes

But your's, when chance directed you that way.

*Theo.* He says 't is true : why then this heartless carriage,

This lazy spirit ?

“ Oh, were I proof against the darts of love,

“ And cold to beauty as the marble lover

“ That lies without a thought upon his tomb,

“ Would not this glorious dawn of life run thro' me

“ And waken death itself !” Why am I slow then ?

What hinders now but that in spite of rules

I burst thro' all the bands of death that hold me,

[*He kneels.*

And fly with such a haste to that appearance

As bury'd saints shall make at the last summons ?

*Athen.* The emperor at my feet ! Oh, sir ! forgive me,

Drown me not thus with everlasting shame :

Both heaven and earth must blush at such a view,

Nor can I bear it longer——

*Leon.* My lord, she is unworthy——

*Theo.* Ha ! what say'st thou, Leontine ?

“ Unworthy ! oh, thou atheist to perfection !

“ All that the blooming earth could send forth fair,

“ All that the gaudy heavens could drop down  
glorious !”

Unworthy, say'st thou ! Wert thou not her father

I swear I would revenge——But haste and tell me,

For love like mine will bear no second thought.

Can all the honours of the orient,

Thus sacrific'd with the most pure affection,

With spotless thoughts and languishing desires,

Obtain, 'oh, Leontine!—the crown at last—  
To thee I speak—thy daughter to my bride?

*Leon.* My lord, the honour bears such estimation  
It calls my blood into my aged cheeks,  
And quite o'erwhelms my daughter with confusion,  
Who with her body prostrate on the earth  
Ought to adore you for the proffer'd glory.

*Theo.* Let me embrace and thank thee, oh, kind  
Heaven!

Oh Atticus! Pulcheria! oh, my father!  
Was ever change like mine? Run thro' the streets;  
"Who waits there?" Run, and loud as fame can speak  
With trumpet sounds proclaim your emperor's joy:  
"And, as of old, on the great festival  
"Of her they call the mother of the gods,  
"Let all work cease, at least an oaken garland  
"Crown each plebeian head; let sprightly bowls  
"Be dol'd about, and the toss'd cymbals sound;  
"Tell them their much lamented Theodosius  
"By miracle is brought from death to life;  
"His melancholy's gone, and now once more  
"He shall appear at the state's helm again;  
"Nor fear a wreck while this bright star directs us;  
"For while she shines, no sands, no treach'rous rocks  
"Shall lie unseen, but I will cut my way  
"Secure as Neptune thro' the highest stream,  
"And to the port in safety steer the world."

*Athen.* Alas! my lord, consider my extraction,  
With all my other wants——

*Theo.* Peace, empress, peace!

No more the daughter of old Leontine,  
A Christian now, and partner of the east.

*Athen.* My father has dispos'd me, you command me;  
What can I answer then but my obedience?

*Theo.* Attend her, dear Pulcheria! and oh, tell her  
To-morrow, if she please, I will be happy.  
Oh, why so long should I my joys delay?

[*Exeunt Pulch. and Athen.*]

Time, imp thy wings, let not thy minutes stay,  
But to a moment change the tedious day:

"The day! 't will be an age before to-morrow:"

"An age, a death, a vast eternity

"Where we shall cold and past enjoyment lie."

*Enter VARANES and ARANTHES.*

*Var.* Oh, Theodosius!

*Theo.* Ha! my brother here!

Why dost thou come to make my bliss run o'er?

"What is there more to wish? Fortune can find

"No flaw in such a glut of happiness

"To let one misery in."——Oh, my Varanes!

Thou that of late didst seem to walk on clouds,

Now give a loose, let go the slacken'd reins,

Let us drive down the precipice of joy,

As if that all the winds of heaven were for us.

*Var.* My lord, I'm glad to find the gale is turn'd,  
And give you joy of this auspicious fortune.

Plough on your way with all your streamers out;

With all your glorious flags and garlands ride

Triumphant on——and leave me to the waves,

The sands, the winds, the rocks, the sure destruction  
And ready gulfs that gape to swallow me.

*Theo.* It was thy hand that drew me from the grave,  
Who had been dead by this time to ambition,  
To crowns, to titles, and my slighted greatness :  
But still, as if each work of thine deserv'd  
The smile of Heaven—thy Theodosius met  
With something dearer than his diadem,  
With all that 's worth a wish, that 's worth a life;  
I met with that which made me leave the world.

*Var.* And I, oh turn of chance! oh cursed fortune!  
Have lost at once all that could make me happy.  
“ Oh, ye too partial powers ! but now no more :  
“ The gods, my dear my most lov'd Theodosius,  
“ Double all those joys that thou hast met upon thee !  
“ For sure thou art most worthy, worthy more  
“ Than Jove in all his prodigality  
“ Can e'er bestow in blessings on mankind.”  
And oh ! methinks my soul is strangely mov'd,  
Takes it the more unkindly of her stars  
That thou and I cannot be blest together ;  
For I must leave thee, friend : this night must leave  
thee,  
To go in doubtful search of what, perhaps,  
I ne'er shall find, if so my cruel fate  
Has order'd it. Why then farewell for ever,  
For I shall never never see thee more.

*Theo.* How sensible my tender soul is grown  
Of what you utter ! Oh, my gallant friend !  
Oh, brother ! oh, Varanes ! do not judge



By what I speak, for sighs will interrupt me :  
 Judge by my tears, judge by these strict embraces.  
 And by my last resolve : tho' I have met  
 With what in silence I so long ador'd ;  
 Tho' in the rapture of protesting joys,  
 I had set down to-morrow for my nuptials,  
 " And Atticus to-night prepares the temple,"  
 Yet, my Varanes ! I will rob my soul  
 Of all her health, of my imperial bride,  
 And wander with thee in the search of that  
 On which thy life depends——

*Var.* If this I suffer

Conclude me then begotten of a hind,  
 And bred in wilds : no, Theodosius, no ;  
 I charge thee by our friendship, and conjure thee  
 By all the gods, to mention this no more.  
 Perhaps, dear friend ! I shall be sooner here  
 Than you expect or I myself imagine :  
 What most I grieve is that I cannot wait  
 To see your nuptials ; yet my soul is with you,  
 And all my adorations to your bride.

*Theo.* What, my Varanes ! will you be so cruel  
 As not to see my bride before you go ?  
 Or are you angry at your rival's charms,  
 Who has already ravish'd half my heart,  
 That once was all your own ?

*Var.* You know I am disorder'd ;  
 My melancholy will not suit her blest condition.

[*Exit Theo.*

And the gods know since thou, my Athenais,

Art fled from these sick eyes, all other women  
To my pall'd soul seem like the ghost of beauty,  
And haunt my memory with the loss of thee.

*Enter* ATHENAIS, THEODOSIUS *leading her.*

*Theo.* Behold, my lord, th' occasion of my joy.

*Var.* Oh, ye immortal gods! Arantes! oh!  
Look there, and wonder. Ha! is't possible?

*Athen.* My lord, the emperor, says you are his friend;  
He charges me to use my interest,  
And beg of you to stay at least so long  
As our espousals will be solemnizing:  
I told him I was honour'd once to know you,  
But that so slightly as I could not warrant  
The grant of any thing that I should ask you——

*Var.* Oh heaven and earth! oh Athenais! why,  
Why dost thou use me thus? Had I the world  
Thou know'st it should be thine——

*Athen.* I know not that——  
But yet, to make sure work, one half of it  
Is mine already, sir, without your giving.  
My lord, the prince is obstinate; his glory  
Scorns to be mov'd by the weak breath of woman;  
He is all hero, bent for higher views,  
Therefore 't is noble, sir, to let him go:  
If not for him, my lord, yet for myself  
I must entreat the favour to retire. [*Exit Athen, &c.*]

*Var.* Death and despair! confusion! hell, and furies!

*Theo.* "Heaven guard thy health, and still preserve  
thy virtue;"

What should this mean? I fear the consequence,  
For 'tis too plain they know each other well.

*Var.* Undone Arantes! lost, undone for ever!  
I see my doom, I read it with broad eyes,  
As plain as if I saw the book of fate:  
Yet I will muster all my spirits up,  
Digest my grief, swallow the rising passions;  
Yes, I will stand the shock of all the gods  
Well as I can, and struggle for my life.

*Theo.* You muse, my lord; and if you'll give me leave  
To judge your thoughts, they seem employ'd at present  
About my bride—"I guess you know her too."

*Var.* His bride! oh, gods! give me a moment's  
patience.

I must confess the sight of Athenais,  
Where I so little did expect to see her,  
So grac'd, and so adorn'd, did raise my wonder:  
But what exceeds all admiration is,  
That you should talk of making her your bride;  
'Tis such a blind effect of monstrous fortune,  
That tho' I well remember you affirm'd it  
I cannot yet believe——

*Theo.* Then now believe me:

By all the powers divine I will espouse her.

*Var.* Ha! I shall leap the bounds. Come, come,  
my lord,

By all these powers you nam'd I say you must not.

*Theo.* I say I will; and who shall bar my pleasure?  
Yet more, I speak the judgment of my soul,  
Weigh but with fortune, merit in the balance,  
And Athenais loses by the marriage.

*Var.* Relentless fates! malicious cruel powers!  
Oh, for what crime do you thus rack your creature?  
Sir, I must tell you this unkingly meanness  
Suits the profession of an anchorite well;  
But in an Oriental emperor  
It gives offence; nor can you, without scandal,  
Without the notion of a grov'ling spirit,  
Espouse the daughter of old Leontine,  
Whose utmost glory is to 'ave been my tutor.

*Theo.* He has so well acquitted that employment,  
Breeding you up to such a gallant height  
Of full perfection and imperial greatness,  
That ev'n for this respect, if for no other,  
I will esteem him worthy while I live.

*Var.* My lord, you 'll pardon me a little freedom;  
For I must boldly urge in such a cause—  
Whoever flatters you, tho' ne'er so near  
Related to your blood, should be suspected.

*Theo.* If friendship would admit a cold suspicion,  
After what I have heard and seen to-day,  
Of all mankind I should suspect Varanes.

*Var.* He has stung me to the heart; my groans  
will choke me,  
Unless my struggling passion gets a vent.  
Out with it then—I can no more dissemble—  
Yes, yes, my lord! since you reduce me to  
The last necessity I must confess it;  
I must avow my flame for Athenais:  
I am all fire, my passion eats me up,  
It grows incorp'rate with my flesh and blood:

My pangs redouble; now they cleave my heart!

Oh, Athenais! oh, Eudosia!—Oh!—

“Tho’ plain as day I see my own destruction,

“Yet to my death, and oh, let all the gods

“Bear witness! still I swear I will adore thee!”

*Theo.* Alas, Varanes! which of us two the heavens  
Have mark’d for death is yet above the stars;  
But while we live let us preserve our friendship  
Sacred and just, as we have ever done.

This only mean in two such hard extremes  
Remains for both: to-morrow you shall see her  
With all advantage in her own apartment;  
Take your own time; say all you can to gain her;  
If you can win her, lead her into Persia;  
If not, consent that I espouse her here.

*Var.* Still worse and worse! Oh, Theodosius! oh,  
I cannot speak for sighs; my death is seal’d  
By his last sweetness: had you been less good  
I might have hop’d; but now my doom’s at hand.  
Go then and take her, take her to the temple;  
The gods too give you joy! Oh, Athenais!  
Why does thy image mock my foolish sorrow?  
Oh, Theodosius! do not see my tears:  
Away and leave me; leave me to the grave.

*Theo.* Farewell; let’s leave the issue to the heavens;  
I will prepare your way with all that honour  
Can urge in your behalf, tho’ to my ruin. [*Exit Theo.*]

*Var.* Oh, I could tear my limbs and eat my flesh!  
Fool that I was, fond, proud, vain-glorious fool!  
Damn’d be all courts, and trebly damn’d ambition!

Blasted be thy remembrance ! curses on thee !  
And plagues on plagues fall on those fools that seek  
thee !

*Aran.* Have comfort, sir——

*Var.* Away and leave me villain !

Traitor, who wrought me first to my destruction !—  
Yet stay and help, help me to curse my pride,  
Help me to wish that I had ne'er been royal,  
That I had never heard the name of Cyrus,  
“ That my first brawl in court had been my last.”  
Oh that I had been born some happy swain,  
And never known a life so great, so vain !  
Where I extremes might not be forc'd to choose,  
And blest with some mean wife no crown could lose,  
Where the dear partner of my little state,  
With all her smiling offspring at the gate,  
Blessing my labours might my coming wait ;  
Where in our humble beds all safe might lie,  
And not in cursed court for glory die—— [ *Exeunt.*

### SONG.

“ *Hail to the myrtle shade,*

“ *All hail to the nymphs of the fields ;*

“ *Kings would not here invade*

“ *Those pleasures that virtue yields.*

“ *Chor. Beauty here opens her arms,*

“ *To soften the languishing mind,*

“ *And Phillis unlocks her charms :*

“ *Ah, Phillis ! why so kind ?*

“ *Phillis, thou soul of love,*  
 “ *Thou joy of the neigh’ring swains;*  
 “ *Phillis that crowns the grove,*  
 “ *And Phillis that gilds the plains :*

“ *Chor. Phillis, that ne’er had the skill*  
 “ *To paint, and to patch, and be fine ;*  
 “ *Yet Phillis whose eyes can kill,*  
 “ *Whom nature hath made divine :*

“ *Phillis, whose charming song*  
 “ *Makes labour and pains a delight :*  
 “ *Phillis, that makes the day young,*  
 “ *And shortens the live-long night :*

“ *Chor. Phillis, whose lips like May,*  
 “ *Still laughs at the sweets they bring,*  
 “ *Where love never knows decay,*  
 “ *But sets with eternal spring.”*

*ACT IV. SCENE I.*

*Enter MARCIAN and LUCIUS, at a distance.*

*Marcian:*

**T**HE general of the Oriental armies  
 Was a commission large as fate could give :  
 ’Tis gone. “ *Why, what care I ? Oh, Fortune !*  
                     *Fortune !*

“ *Thou laughing empress of this busy world,*

Gij

"Marcian defies thee now"——

Why what a thing is a discarded favourite !

"He who but now, tho' longing to retire,

"Could not for busy waiters be alone,

"Throng'd in his chamber, haunted to his closet

"With a full crowd and an eternal court !"

When once the favour of his prince is turn'd,

Shun'd as a ghost the clouded man appears,

And all the gaudy worshippers forsake him.

"So fares it now with me ; where'er I come,

"As if I were another Catiline ;

"The Courtiers rise, and no man will sit near me :

"As if the plague were on me all men fly me."

Oh, Lucius ! Lucius ! if thou leav'st me too

I think, I think, I could not bear it,

But like a slave my spirit, broke with suff'ring,

Should on these coward knees fall down, and beg

Once to be great again——

*Luc.* Forbid it, Heaven !

That e'er the noble Marcian condescend

To ask of any but th' immortal gods !

Nay, I vow, if yet your spirit dare,

Spite of the court you shall be great as Cæsar.

"*Mar.* No, Lucius, no ; the gods repel that humour.

"Yet since we are alone, and must ere long

"Leave this bad court, let us like veterans

"Speak out—Thou say'st, alas ! as great as Cæsar ;

"But where's his greatness ? where is his ambition ?

"If any sparks of virtue yet remain

"In this poor figure of the Roman glory ;



“ I say if any be, how dim they shine  
 “ Compar’d with what his great forefathers were !  
 “ How should he lighten then or awe the world  
 “ Whose soul in courts is but a lambent fire ?  
 “ And scarce, oh Rome ! a glowworm in the field,  
 “ Soft, young, religious—godlike qualities !  
 “ For one that should recover the lost empire,  
 “ And wade thro’ seas of blood and walk o’er moun-  
     tains

“ Of slaughter’d bodies to immortal honour.”

*Luc.* Poor heart ! he pin’d a while ago for love—

*Mar.* And for his mistress vow’d to leave the world ;  
 But some new thance it seems has chang’d his mind.

A marriage ! but to whom, or whence she came,  
 None knows ; but yet a marriage is proclaim’d,  
 Pageants prepar’d, the arches are adorn’d,

“ The statues crown’d, the Hippodrome does groan  
 “ Beneath the burden of the mounted warriors :”

The theatre is open’d too, where he  
 And the hot Persian mean to act their follies.

Gods ! gods ! is this the image of our Cæsars ?  
 Is this the model of our Romulus ?

Oh why so poorly have you stamp’d Rome’s glory !  
 “ Not Rome’s but your’s—Is this man fit to bear it,  
 “ This waxen portraiture of majesty,  
 “ Which ev’ry warmer passion does melt down,  
 “ And makes him fonder than a woman’s longing ?”

*Luc.* Thus much I know to the eternal shame  
 Of the imperial blood ; this upstart empress,  
 This fine new queen, is sprung from abject parents,

Nay, basely born : but that's all one to him ;  
He likes and loves, and therefore marries her.

*Mar.* Shall I not speak, shall I not tell him of it ?  
I feel this big-swol'n throbbing Roman spirit  
Will burst unless I utter what I ought.

*Enter PULCHERIA with a Paper in her hand, and JULIA.*

*Mar.* Pulcheria here ! why she's the scourge of  
Marcian ;

I tremble too whenever she approaches,

“ And my heart dances an unusual measure :

“ Spite of myself I blush, and cannot stir

“ While she is here”—What, Lucius, can this mean ?

“ 'Tis said Calphurnia had the heart of Cæsar,

“ Augustus doted on the subtle Livia, :

“ Why then should not I worship that fair angel ?

“ Oh ! didst thou mark her when her fury lighten'd ?

“ She seem'd all goddess, nay, her frowns became her :

“ There was a beauty in her very wildness.

“ Were I a man born great as our first founder,

“ Sprung from the blood divine—but I am cast

“ Beyond all possibility of hope.”

*Pulch.* Come hither Marcian, read this paper o'er,  
And mark the strange neglect of Theodosius :  
He signs whate'er I bring ; perhaps you 'ave heard  
To-morrow he intends to wed a maid of Athens,  
New-made a Christian, and new-nam'd Eudisia,  
Whom he more dearly prizes than his empire ;  
Yet in this paper he hath set his hand,  
And seal'd it too with the imperial signet,  
That she shall lose her head to-morrow morning.

*Mar.* 'Tis not for me to judge; yet this seems strange.

*Pulch.* I know he rather would commit a murder  
On his own person than permit a vein  
Of her to bleed; yet, Marcian, what might follow  
If I were envious of this virgin's honour  
By his rash passing whatsoe'er I offer—  
Without a view—Ha! but I had forgot:  
Julia, let's haste from this infectious person—  
I had forgot that Marcian was a traitor:  
“ Yet by the powers divine I swear 'tis pity  
“ That one so form'd by nature for all honour,  
“ All titles, greatness, dignities imperial,  
“ The noblest person, and the bravest courage,  
“ Should not be honest. Julia, is 't not pity!”  
Oh, Marcian! Marcian! I could weep to think  
Virtue should lose itself as thine has done.  
Repent, rash man! if yet 't is not too late,  
And mend thy errors; so farewell for ever.

[*Exeunt Pulch. and Julia.*]

*Mar.* Farewell for ever! no, madam, ere I go  
I am resolv'd to speak, and you shall hear me;  
Then if you please take off this traitor's head:  
End my commission and my life together.

*Luc.* Perhaps you 'll doubt of what I'm going to say:  
But by your life my lord I think 't is true;  
Pulcheria loves this traitor: “ Did you mark her?  
“ At first she had forgot your banishment;  
“ Makes you her counsellor, and tells her secrets  
“ As to a friend; nay, leaves them in your hand,

" And says 't is pity that you are not honest,  
" With such description of your gallantry  
" As none but love could make; then taking leave,  
" Thro' the dark lashes of her darting eyes  
" Methought she shot her soul at ev'ry glance,  
" Still looking back, as if she had a mind  
" That you should know she left her heart behind her."

*Mar.* Alas! thou dost not know her, nor do I,  
Nor can the wit of all mankind conceive her.  
But let's away. This paper is of use.

*Luc.* I guess your purpose:  
He is a boy, and as a boy you'll use him—  
There is no other way.

*Mar.* Yes, if he be not  
Quite dead with sleep, for ever lost to honour,  
Marcian with this shall rouse him. Oh, my Lucius!  
Methinks the ghosts of the great Theodosius  
And thund'ring Constantine appear before me;  
They charge me as a soldier to chastise him,  
To lash him with keen words from lazy love,  
And show him how they trod the paths of honour. [*Ex.*]

---

### SCENE II.

---

*THEODOSIUS lying on a Couch, with two Boys drest like  
Cupids singing to him as he sleeps.*

### SONG.

" Happy day! ah, happy day!  
" That Caesar's beams did first display;

" So peaceful was the happy day,  
 " The gods themselves did all look down  
 " The royal infant's birth to crown,  
 " So pleas'd they scarce did on the guilty frown.  
 " Happy day ! ah, happy day !  
 " And oh, thrice happy hour !  
 " That made such goodness master of such power ;  
 " For thus the gods declare to men,  
 " No day like this shall ever come again."

*Enter MARCIAN with an Order.*

" *Theo.* Ha ! what rash thing art thou who set's so  
     small  
 " A value on thy life thus to presume  
 " Against the fatal orders I have given,  
 " Thus to entrench on Cæsar's solitude,  
 " And urge me to thy ruin ?  
 " *Mar.* Mighty Cæsar !  
 " I have transgress'd, and for my pardon bow  
 " To thee as to the gods when I offend ;  
 " Nor can I doubt your mercy, when you know  
 " The nature of my crime. I am commission'd  
 " From all the earth to give thee thanks and praises,  
 " Thou darling of mankind ! whose conqu'ring arms  
 " Already drown the glory of great Julius,  
 " Whose deeper reach in laws and policy  
 " Makes wise Augustus envy thee in heaven.  
 " What mean the fates by such prodigious virtue ?  
 " When scarce the manly down yet shades thy face,  
 " With conquest thus to over-run the world,

“ And make barbarians tremble ? Oh, ye gods !  
“ Should destiny now end thee in thy bloom ;  
“ Methinks I see thee mourn’d above the loss  
“ Of lov’d Germanicus, thy funerals,  
“ Like his, are solemniz’d with tears and blood.

“ *Theo.* How, Marcian !

“ *Mar.* Yes, the raging multitude,  
“ Like torrents, set no bound to their mad grief,  
“ Shave their wives’ heads, and tear off their own hair ;  
“ With wild despair they bring their infants out  
“ To brawl their parent’s sorrow in the streets :  
“ Trade is no more, all courts of justice stopp’d ;  
“ With stones they dash the windows of their temples,  
“ Pull down their altars, break their household gods,  
“ And still the universal groan is this,  
“ Constantinople’s lost, our empire’s ruin’d :  
“ Since he is gone, that father of his country,  
“ Since he is dead, oh, life ! where is thy pleasure ?  
“ Oh, Rome ! oh, conquer’d world ! where is thy glory ?

“ *Theo.* I know thee well, thy custom and thy  
manners ;

“ Thou dost upbraid me ; but no more of this,  
“ Not for thy life——

“ *Mar.* What’s life without my honour ?

“ Could you transform yourself into a Gorgon,  
“ Or make that beardless face like Jupiter’s,  
“ I would be heard in spite of all your thunder.  
“ Oh, power of guilt ! you fear to stand the test  
“ Which virtue brings ; like sores your vices shake  
“ Before this Roman healer : but, by the gods,

" Before I go I'll rip the malady,  
 " And let the venom flow before your eyes :  
 " This is a debt to the great Theodosius,  
 " The granfather of your illustrious blood,  
 " And then farewell for ever.

" *Theo.* Presuming Marcian !

" What canst thou urge against my innocence ?  
 " Thro' the whole course of all my harmless youth,  
 " Ev'n to this hour, I cannot call to mind  
 " One wicked act which I have done to shame me.

" *Mar.* This may be true ; yet if you give the sway  
 " To other hands, and your poor subjects suffer,  
 " Your negligence to them is as the cause.  
 " Oh, Theodosius ! credit me who knows  
 " The world, and hear our soldiers censure kings.  
 " In aftertimes, if thus you should go on,  
 " Your memory by warriors will be scorn'd,  
 " As Nero or as Caligula loath'd ;  
 " They will despise your sloth and backward ease  
 " More than they hate the others' cruelty.  
 " And what a thing, ye gods, is scorn or pity !  
 " Heap on me, Heaven, the hate of all mankind,  
 " Load me with malice, envy, detestation,  
 " Let me be horrid to all apprehension,  
 " And the world shun me, so I 'scape but scorn.

" *Theo.* Pr'y thee no more.

" *Mar.* Nay, when the legions make comparisons,  
 " And say thus cruel Nero once resolv'd  
 " On Galba's insurrection for revenge,  
 " To give all France as plunder to the arms,

“ To poison the whole senate at a feast,  
“ To burn the city, turn the wild beasts out,  
“ Bears, lions, tigers, on the multitude,  
“ That so obstructing those that quench’d the fire  
“ He might at once destroy rebellious Rome.

“ *Theo.* Oh, cruelty ! why tell’st thou me of this ?

“ Am I of such a bloody, barb’rous temper ?

“ *Mar.* Yet some will say this show’d he had a spirit,

“ However fierce, avenging, and pernicious—

“ That favour’d of a Roman : but for you,

“ What can your partial sycophants invent,

“ To make you room among the emperors,

“ Whose utmost is the smallest part of Nero,

“ A petty player—one who can act the hero,

“ And never be one. Oh, ye immortal gods !

“ Is this the old Cæsarian majesty ?

“ Now in the name of our great Romulus

“ Why sing you not and fiddle too as he did ?

“ Why have ye not, like Nero, a phenascus,

“ One to take care of your celestial voice :

“ Lie on your back, my lord, and on your stomach

“ Lay a thin plate of lead—abstain from fruits ;

“ And when the business of the stage is done

“ Retire with your loose friends to costly banquets ;

“ While the lean army groans upon the ground.

“ *Theo.* Leave me, I say, lest I chastise thee :

“ Hence, begone, I say——

“ *Mar.* Not ’till you have heard me out——

“ Build too, like him, a palace lin’d with gold,

“ As long and large as that to the Esquiline :



- “ Enclose a pool too in it like the sea,
- “ And at the empire’s cost let navies meet;
- “ Adorn your starry chambers too with gems;
- “ Contrive the plated ceilings to turn round,
- “ With pipes to cast ambrosian oils upon you;
- “ Consume with this prodigious vanity
- “ In mere perfumes and odorous distillations
- “ Of sesterces at once four hundred millions;
- “ Let naked virgins wait you at your table,
- “ And wanton Cupids dance and clap their wings;
- “ No matter what becomes of the poor soldiers,
- “ So they perform the drudgery they are fit for;
- “ Why, let ’em starve for want of their arrears,
- “ Drop as they go, and lie, like dogs, in ditches.

“ *Theo.* Come, you are a traitor——

“ *Mar.* Go to, you are a boy——

“ Or by the gods——

“ *Theo.* If arrogance like this,

“ And to the emperor’s face, should’scape unpunish’d

“ I’ll write myself a coward—Die then a villain,

“ A death too glorious for so bad a man,

“ By Theodosius’ hand.

[*Marcian disarms him, but is wounded.*

“ *Mar.* Now, sir, where are you?

“ What in the name of all our Roman spirits

“ Now charms my hand from giving thee thy fate?

“ Has he not cut me off from all my honours——

“ Torn my commissions, sham’d me to the earth,

“ Banish’d the court, a vagabond for ever?

“ Do not the soldiers hourly ask it from me,

“ Sigh their own wrongs, and beg me to revenge ’em ?  
“ What hinders now but that I mount the throne  
“ And make to that this purple youth my footstool :  
“ The armies court me and my country’s cause ;  
“ The injuries of Rome and Greece persuade me.  
“ Shew but this Roman blood which he has drawn,  
“ They ’ll make me emperor whether I will or no.  
“ Did not for less than this the latter Brutus,  
“ Because he thought Rome wrong’d, in person head  
“ Against his friend a black conspiracy,  
“ And stab the majesty of all the world ?

“ *Theo.* Act as you please, I am within your power.

“ *Mar.* Did not the former Brutus for the crime  
“ Of Sextus, drive old Tarquin from his kingdom ?  
“ And shall this prince too, by permitting others  
“ To act their wicked will and lawless pleasures,  
“ Ravish from the empire it’s dear health,  
“ Well-being, happiness, and ancient glory,  
“ Go on in this dishonourable rest ?  
“ Shall he, I say, dream on while the starv’d troops  
“ Lie cold and waking in the wintercamp ;  
“ And like pin’d birds for want of sustenance  
“ Feed on the haws and berries of the field ?  
“ Oh, temper, temper me, ye gracious gods !  
“ Give to my hand forbearance, to my heart  
“ It’s constant loyalty—I would but shake him,  
“ Rouse him a little from this death of honour,  
“ And show him what he should be. [Aside,

“ *Theo.* You accuse me

“ As if I were some monster most unheard of,

“ First as the ruin of the army, then  
 “ Of taking your commission; but, by heaven  
 “ I swear, oh, Marcian! this I never did,  
 “ Nor e’er intended it; nor say I this  
 “ To alter thy stern usage; for with what  
 “ Thou’st said or done, and brought to my remem-  
 brance,

“ I grow already weary of my life.

“ *Mar.* My lord, I take your word—You do not  
 know

“ The wounds which rage within your country’s bowels,  
 “ The horrid usage of the suff’ring soldier;  
 “ But why will not our Theodosius know?  
 “ If you entrust the government to others  
 “ That act these crimes who but yourself’s to blame?  
 “ Be witnesses, ye gods! of my plain dealing,  
 “ Of Marcian’s honesty, howe’er degraded.  
 “ I thank you for my banishment; but, alas!  
 “ My loss is little to what soon will follow;  
 “ Reflect but on yourself and your own joys;  
 “ Let not this lethargy for ever hold you.  
 “ ’T was rumour’d thro’ the city that you lov’d,  
 “ That your espousals should be solemniz’d;  
 “ When on a sudden here you send your orders  
 “ That this bright favourite, the lov’d Eudisia;  
 “ Should lose her head.

“ *Theo.* Oh, heaven and earth! what say’st thou?

“ That I have seal’d the death of my Eudisia?

“ *Mar.* ’T is your own hand and signet: yet I swear,  
 “ Tho’ you have given to female hands the sway,

“ And therefore I as well as the whole army  
“ For ever ought to curse all womankind ;  
“ Yet when the virgin came, as she was doom'd,  
“ And on the scaffold, for that purpose rais'd,  
“ Without the walls appear'd before the army——

“ *Theo.* What! on a scaffold? Ha! before the  
army?

“ *Mar.* How quickly was the tide of fury turn'd  
“ To soft compassion and relenting tears! but when  
the axe

“ Sever'd the brightest beauty of the earth  
“ From that fair body; had you heard the groan,  
“ Which like a peal of distant thunder ran  
“ Thro' all the arm'd host, you would have thought,  
“ By the immediate darkness that fell round us,  
“ Whole nature was concern'd at such a suffering,  
“ And all the gods were angry.

“ *Theo.* Oh, Pulcheria!

“ Cruel, ambitious sister, this must be  
“ Thy doing! Oh, support me, noble Marcian!  
“ Now, now's the time, if thou dar'st strike: behold  
“ I offer thee my breast; with my last breath  
“ I'll thank thee too if now thou draw'st my blood.  
“ Were I to live, thy counsel should direct me;  
“ But 't is too late——— [He swoons.

“ *Mar.* He faints! What, ho! there, Lucius!

*Enter LUCIUS.*

“ My lord the emperor, Eudisia lives!  
“ She's here, or will be in a minute—moment;

- “ Quick as a thought she calls you to the temple.  
 “ Oh, Lucius! help—I’ve gone too far—But see,  
 “ He breathes again—Eudisia has awak’d him.  
 “ *Theo.* Did you not name Eudisia?  
 “ *Mar.* Yes, she lives;  
 “ I did but feign the story of her death  
 “ To find how near you plac’d her to your heart!  
 “ And may the gods rain all their plagues upon me  
 “ If ever I rebuke you thus again:  
 “ Yet ’t is most certain that you sign’d her death,  
 “ Not knowing what the wise Pulcheria offer’d,  
 “ Who left it in my hand to startle you;  
 “ But by my life and fame I did not think  
 “ It would have touch’d your life. Oh, pardon me,  
 “ Dear prince! my lord, my emperor, royal  
     master!  
 “ Droop not because I utter’d somerash words,  
 “ And was a madman—By th’ immortal gods  
 “ I love you as my soul: whate’er I said  
 “ My thoughts were otherwise; believe these tears,  
 “ Which do not use to flow, all shall be well;  
 “ I swear that there are seeds in that sweet temper  
 “ T’ atone for all the crimes in this bad age.  
 “ *Theo.* I thank thee—first for my Eudisia’s life:  
 “ What but my love could have call’d back that life  
 “ Which thou hast made me hate? And oh, me-  
     thought  
 “ ’T was hard, dear Marcian! very hard from thee  
 “ From him I ever rev’renc’d as my father,  
 “ To hear so harsh a message—But no more;

“ We ’re friends—thy hand—Nay, if thou wilt not  
rise

“ And let me fold my arms about thy neck,

“ I’ll not believe thy love—In this forgive me :

“ First let me wed Eudisia and we ’ll out;

“ We will, my general, and make amends

“ For all that ’s past—Glory and arms ye call!

“ And Marcian leads me on—

“ *Mar.* Let her not rest then—

“ Espouse her straight ; I ’ll strike you at a heat :

“ May this great humour get large growth within you,

“ And be encourag’d by th’ embold’ning gods.

“ Oh what a sight will this be to the soldier,

“ To see me bring you dress’d in shining armour.

“ To head the shouting squadrons!—Oh, ye gods

“ Methinks I hear the echoing cries of joy,

“ The sound of trumpets and the beat of drums—

“ I see each starving soldier bound from earth,

“ As if some god by miracle had rais’d him,

“ And with beholding you grow fat again.

“ Nothing but gazing eyes and op’ning mouths,

“ Cheeks red with joy and lifted hands about you ;

“ Some wiping the glad tear that trickle down

“ With broken Ios, and with sobbing raptures

“ Crying, to arms, he ’s come, our emperor’s come

“ To win the world !—Why, is not this better

“ Than lolling in a lady’s lap, and sleeping,

“ Fasting or praying ? Come, come, you shall be  
merry ;

“ And for Eudisia she is your’s already :

“ Marcian has said it, sir ; she shall be your’s.

*Theo.* Oh, Marcian ; oh, my brother, father, all !  
 “ Thou best of friends, most faithful counsellor  
 “ I’ll find a match for thee too ere I rest,  
 “ To make thee love me ; for when thou art with me  
 “ I’m strong and well, but when thou’rt gone I’m  
     nothing.

*Enter ATHENAIUS meeting THEODOSIUS.*

*Theo.* Alas, Eudisia ! tell me what to say ;  
 For my full heart can scarce bring forth a word  
 Of that which I have sworn to see perform’d.

*Athen.* I’m perfectly obedient to your pleasure.

*Theo.* Well then, I come to tell thee that Varanes  
 Of all mankind is nearest to my heart :  
 I love him, dear Eudisia ! and to prove  
 That love on trial all my blood’s too little :  
 Ev’n thee, if I were sure to die this moment,  
 (As Heaven alone can tell how far my fate  
 Is off) oh ! thou my soul’s most tender joy,  
 With my last breath I would bequeath him thee.

*Athen.* Then you are pleas’d, my lord, to yield me  
     to him.

*Theo.* No, my Eudisia, no ; I will not yield thee.  
 While I have life ; for worlds I will not yield thee :  
 Yet thus far I’m engag’d to let thee know  
 He loves thee, Athenais, more than ever ;  
 He languishes, despairs, and dies, like me,  
 And I have pass’d my word that he shall see thee.

*Theo.* Ah, sir ! what have you done against yourself  
 And me !——

“ Why will you trust me, who am now afraid  
“ To trust myself?—why do you leave me naked  
“ To an assault, who had made proof my virtue  
“ With this sure guard never to see him more?”

For oh! with trembling agonies I speak it,  
I cannot see a prince whom once I lov'd  
Bath'd in his grief, and gasping at my feet  
“ In all the violent trances of despair,”  
Without a sorrow that perhaps may end me.

*Theo.* Oh, ye severer powers! too cruel fate!  
Did ever love tread such a maze before?  
Yet, Athenais, still I trust thy virtue;  
But if thy bleeding heart cannot refrain,  
Give, give thyself away; yet still remember  
That moment Theodosius is no more——

[*Exit Theo.*

*Athen.* Now glory, now, if ever thou did'st work  
In woman's mind assist me—“ Oh, my heart!  
“ Why dost thou throb as if thou wert a breaking?  
“ Down, down, I say; think on thy injuries,  
“ Thy wrongs, thy wrongs—'Tis well my eyes are dry,  
“ And all within my bosom now is still.”

*Enter VARANES leaning on ARANTHES.*

Ha! is this he! or is't Varanes' ghost?  
He looks as if he had bespoke his grave,  
Trembling and pale. I must not dare to view him;  
For oh! I feel his melancholy here,  
And fear I shall too soon partake his sickness.

*Var.* Thus to the angry gods offending mortals.



Made sensible by some severe affliction  
 How all their crimes are register'd in Heaven,  
 " In that nice court where no rash words escapes,  
 " But ev'n extravagant thoughts are all set down ;"  
 Thus the poor penitents with fear approach  
 The rev'rend shrines, and thus for mercy bow ; [*Kneels.*  
 Thus melting too they wash the hallow'd earth,  
 And groan to be forgiven——  
 Oh empress ! oh Eudisia ! such you 're now :  
 These are your titles, and I must not dare  
 Ever to call thee Athenais more.

*Athen.* Rise, rise, my lord, let me entreat you rise ;  
 I will not hear you in that humble posture ;  
 Rise, or I must withdraw——The world will blush  
 For you and me, should it behold a prince  
 Sprung from immortal Cyrus on his knees  
 Before the daughter of a poor philosopher.

*Var.* 'Tis just, ye righteous gods ! my doom is  
 just ;  
 Nor will I strive to deprecate her anger.  
 If possible I 'll aggravate my crimes,  
 That she may rage 'till she has broke my heart ;  
 'Tis all I now desire——" and let the gods,  
 " Those cruel gods that join to my undoing,  
 " Be witnesses, to this unnatural wish,"  
 Is to fall dead without a groan before her.

*Athen.* Oh, ye known sounds ! but I must steel my  
 soul. [*Aside.*  
 " Methinks these robes, my Delia, are too heavy."

*Var.* Not worth a word, a look, or one regard !

“ Is then the nature of my fault so heinous ;  
“ That when I come to take my eternal leave  
“ You ’ll not vouchsafe to view me ? This is scorn  
“ Which the fair soul of gentle Athenais  
“ Would ne’er have harbour’d——  
“ Oh ! for the sake of him whom you ere long  
“ Shall hold as fast as now your wishes form him,”  
Give me a patient hearing ; for however  
I talk of death, and seem to loathe my life,  
I would deliberate with my fate a while,  
With snatching glances eye thee to the last,  
Pause o’er a loss like that of Athenais,  
And parley with my ruin.

*Athen.* Speak, my lord ;  
To hear you is the emperor’s command !  
And for that cause I readily obey.

*Var.* The emperor, the emperor’s command !  
And for that cause she readily obeys !  
I thank you, madam, that on any terms  
You condescend to hear me——  
Know then, Eudisia, ah, rather let me call thee  
By the lov’d name of Athenais still !  
“ That name which I so often have invok’d,  
“ And which was once auspicious to my vows,  
“ So oft at midnight sigh’d among the groves,  
“ The river’s murmur, and the echo’s burden,  
“ Which every bird could sing and wind did bear ;  
“ By that dear name I make this protestation,  
“ By all that’s good on earth or bless’d in Heaven,”  
I swear I love thee more, far more, than ever ;

With conscious blushes too, here help me gods!  
 Help me to tell her, tho' to my confusion  
 And everlasting shame, yet I must tell her,  
 I lay the Persian crown before her feet.

*Athen.* My lord, I thank you, and to express those  
 thanks

As nobly as you offer 'em I return  
 The gift you make; nor will I now upbraid you  
 With the example of the emperor;  
 Not but I know 't is that that draws you on  
 Thus to descend beneath your majesty  
 And swell the daughter of a poor philosopher  
 With hopes of being great.

*Var.* Ah, madam! ah! you wrong me: by the  
 gods

I had repented ere I knew the emperor——

*Athen.* You find, perhaps too late, that Athenais,  
 However slighted for her birth and fortune;  
 Has something in her person and her virtue  
 Worth the regard of emperors themselves;  
 And to return the compliment you gave  
 My father, Leontine, that poor philosopher,  
 Whose utmost glory is to 'ave been your tutor,  
 I here protest, by virtue and by glory,  
 I swear by heaven and all the powers divine,  
 Th' abandon'd daughter of that poor old man  
 Shall ne'er be seated on the throne of Cyrus.

*Var.* Oh, death to all my hopes! what hast thou  
 sworn

To turn me wild ? Ah, cursed throne of Cyrus !  
Would thou had'st been o'erturn'd and laid in dust,  
His crown too thunderstruck, my father, all  
The Persian race, like poor Darius ruin'd.  
Blotted, and swept for ever from the world,  
When first ambition blasted thy remembrance——

*Athen.* Oh, Heaven ! I had forgot the base affront  
Offer'd by this proud man ; a wrong so great  
It is remov'd beyond all hope of mercy :  
He had design'd to bribe my father's virtue,  
And by unlawful means——

Fly from my sight, lest I become a fury,  
And break those rules of temp'rance I propos'd :  
Fly, fly, Varanes ! fly this sacred place,  
Where virtue and religion are profess'd ;  
“ This city will not harbour infidels,  
“ Traitors to chastity, licentious princes :  
“ Begone I say ; thou canst not here be safe : ”  
Fly to imperial libertines abroad ;  
In foreign courts thou 'lt find a thousand beauties  
That will comply for gold—for gold they 'll weep,  
For gold be fond as Athenais was,  
And charm thee still as if they lov'd indeed.  
“ Thou 'lt find enough companions too for riot,  
“ Luxuriant all, and royal as thyself ;  
“ Tho' thy loud vices should resound to heaven.  
“ Art thou not gone yet ?  
*Var.* “ No, I am charm'd to hear you.  
“ Oh ! from my soul I do confess myself

“ The very blot of honour—I am more black  
 “ Than thou in all thy heat of just revenge,  
 “ With all thy glorious eloquence can make me.”

*Athen.* Away, Varanes!

*Var.* Yes, madam, I am going——

Nay, by the gods I do not ask thee pardon,  
 Nor while I live will I implore thy mercy;  
 But when I'm dead, if as thou dost return  
 With happy Theodosius from the temple—  
 If as thou goest in triumph through the streets,  
 Thou chance to meet the cold Varanes there,  
 Borne by his friends to his eternal home,  
 Stop then, oh Athenais! and behold me;  
 Say as thou hang'st about the emp'ror's neck,  
 Alas! my lord! this sight is worth our pity.  
 If to those pitying words thou add a tear,  
 Or give one parting groan——if possible,  
 If the good gods will grant my soul the freedom;  
 I'll leave my shroud, and wake from death to thank  
 thee.

*Athen.* He shakes my resolution from the bottom;  
 My bleeding heart too speaks in his behalf,  
 And says my virtue has been too severe.

*Var.* Farewell, oh empress! no Athenais now;  
 I will not call thee by that tender name,  
 Since cold despair begins to freeze my bosom,  
 And all my pow'rs are now resolv'd on death.  
 “ 'Tis said that from my youth I have been rash,  
 “ Cholerick and hot; but let the gods now judge  
 “ By my last wish if ever patient man

“ Did calmly bear so great a loss as mine ?  
Since 't is so doom'd by fate you must be wedded  
For your own peace, when I am laid in earth,  
Forget that e'er Varanes had a being ;  
Turn all your soul to Theodosius' bosom :  
Continue, gods ! their days, and make them long ;  
Lucina wait upon their fruitful Hymen,  
And many children beauteous as the mother,  
And pious as the father, make 'em smile.

*Athen.* Oh, Heav'ns !

*Var.* Farewell—I 'll trouble you no more ;  
The malady that 's lodg'd within grows stronger ;  
I feel the shock of my approaching fate ;  
My heart too trembles at his distant march ;  
Nor can I utter more if you should ask me.  
Thy arm Arantes—Oh, farewell for ever !——

*Athen.* Varanes, stay ; and ere you go for ever  
Let me unfold my heart.

*Var.* O Athenais !  
What further cruelty hast thou in store  
To add to what I suffer ?

*Athen.* Since 't is doom'd  
That we must part, let 's part as lovers should,  
As those that have lov'd long and loved well.

*Var.* Art thou so good, oh ! Athenais, oh !

*Athen.* First, from my soul I pity and forgive you ;  
I pardon you that hasty little error,  
Which yet has been the cause of both our ruins :  
And let this sorrow witness for my heart  
How eagerly I wish it had not been ;

And since I cannot keep it, take it all ;  
Take all the love, oh, prince ! I ever bore you ;

“ Or if ’t is possible I ’ll give you more :

“ Your noble carriage forces this confession,

“ I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die, for love !

“ I am distracted with this world of passion.

“ *Var.* Gods ! cruel gods ! take notice I forgive you.

“ *Athen.* Alas ! my lord, my weaker tender sex

“ Has not your manly patience, cannot curb

“ This fury in ; therefore I let it loose ;

“ Spite of my rigid duty I will speak

“ With all the dearthness of a dying lover.”

Farewell, most lovely and most lov’d of men——

Why comes this dying paleness o’er thy face ?

Why wander thus thy eyes ? why dost thou bend,

As if the fatal weight of death were on thee ?

*Var.* Speak yet a little more ; for by the gods,

And as I prize those blessed happy moments,

I swear, oh Athenais ! all is well :

Oh, never better !

*Athen.* I doubt thee, dear Varanes !

Yet if thou dy’st I shall not long be from thee.

Once more farewell, and take these last embraces.

Oh, I could crush him to my heart ! Farewell ;

And as a dying pledge of my last love

Take this, which all thy prayers could never charm.

What have I done ? Oh ! lead me, lead me, Delia !

Ah, prince, farewell ! angels protect and guard thee !

*Var.* Turn back, oh, Athenais ! and behold me ;

Hear my last words, and then farewell for ever !

Thou hast undone me more by this confession :  
You say, you swear, you love me more than ever ;  
Yet I must see you married to another :  
Can there be any plague or hell like this !  
Oh Athenais ! whither shall I turn me ?  
You 'ave brought me back to life ; but oh ! what life !  
To a life more terrible than thousand deaths.  
Like one that had been bury'd in a trance  
With racking starts he wakes, and gazes round,  
Forc'd by despair his whirling limbs to wound,  
" And bellow like a spirit under ground,"  
Still urg'd by fate to turn, to toss and rave,  
Tormented, dash'd, and broken, in the grave.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

ACT V. SCENE I.

---

ATHENAIS *dress'd in Imperial Robes, and crown'd; a  
Table with a Bowl of Poison, DELIA attending.*

*Athenais.*

A MIDNIGHT marriage ! Must I to the temple  
Thus at the murd'rer's hour ? 'Tis wondrous strange !  
But so, thou say'st, my father has commanded,  
And that 's a mighty reason.

*Delia.* The emp'ror, in compassion to the prince,  
Who would perhaps fly to extravagance  
If he in public should resolve to espouse you,  
Contriv'd by this close marriage to deceive him.



*Athen.* 'Tis well; retire.

“ Go fetch thy lute, and sing those lines I gave thee.”

[*Exit Delia.*

So, now I am alone; yet my soul shakes;  
 For where this dreadful draught may carry me  
 The Heavens can only tell; yet I 'm resolved  
 To drink it off in spite of consequence.  
 Whisper him, oh, some angel! what I 'm doing:  
 By sympathy of soul let him too tremble  
 To hear my wondrous faith, my wondrous love,  
 “ Whose spirit not content with an ovation  
 “ Of ling'ring fate, with triumph thus resolv'd,  
 “ Thus in the rapid chariot of the soul,  
 “ To mount and dare as never woman dar'd. [*Drinks.*  
 “ 'Tis done—haste, Delia, haste—come, bring thy  
     lute,  
 “ And sing my waftage to immortal joys.  
 “ Methinks I can't but smile at my own bravery:  
 “ Thus from my lowest fortune rais'd to empire,  
 “ Crown'd and adorn'd, worshipp'd by half the earth,  
 “ While a young monarch dies for my embraces,  
 “ Yet now to wave the glories of the world”—  
 Oh, my Varanes! tho' my birth 's unequal,  
 My virtue sure has richly recompens'd,  
 And quite outgone example!

SONG.

“ *Ah, cruel bloody fair!*

“ *What canst thou now do more?*

" *Alas! 't is all too late*  
" *Philander to restore!*  
" *Why should the heavenly powers persuade*  
" *Poor mortals to believe*  
" *That they guard us here*  
" *And reward us there,*  
" *Yet all our joys deceive?*

" *Her poignard then she took*  
" *And held it in her hand,*  
" *And with a dying look*  
" *Cry'd, thus I fate command:*  
" *Philander, ah, my love! I come*  
" *To meet thy shade below:*  
" *Ah, I come! she cry'd,*  
" *With a wound so wide*  
" *There needs no second blow.*

" *In purple waves her blood*  
" *Ran streaming down the floor,*  
" *Unmov'd she saw the flood,*  
" *And bless'd her dying hour:*  
" *Philander! ah Philander! still*  
" *The bleeding Phillis cry'd;*  
" *She wept a while*  
" *And she forc'd a smile,*  
" *Then clos'd her eyes and dy'd."*

*Enter PULCHERIA.*

*Pulch.* How fares my dear Eudisia? Ha! thou  
look'st,

Or else the tapers cheat my sight, like one  
That's fitter for thy tomb than Cæsar's bed :  
A fatal sorrow dims thy shaded eyes,  
And in despite of all thy ornaments  
Thou seem'st to me the ghost of Athenais.

*Athen.* And what's the punishment, my dear Pulcheria !

What torments are allotted those sad spirits  
Who groaning with the burden of despair  
No longer will endure the cares of life,  
But boldly set themselves at liberty,  
" Thro' the dark caves of death to wander on,  
" Like 'wilder'd travellers without a guide,  
" Eternal rovers in the gloomy maze,  
" Where scarce the twilight of an infant moon,  
" By a faint glimmer check'ring thro' the trees,  
" Reflects to dismal view the walking ghosts,  
" And never hope to reach the blessed fields ?"

*Pulch.* No more o' that ; Atticus shall resolve thee ;  
But see, he waits thee from the emperor ;  
Thy father too attends.

*Enter LEONTINE, ATTICUS, &c.*

*Leon.* Come, Athenais—Ha ! what now, in tears ?  
Oh, fall of honour ! but no more, I charge thee,  
I charge thee, as thou ever hop'st my blessing  
Or fear'st my curse, to banish from thy soul  
All thoughts, if possible the memory,  
Of that ungrateful prince that has undone thee.  
Attend me to the temple on this instant

To make the emp'ror thine, this night to wed him,  
" And lie within his arms."

*Athen.* Yes, sir, I'll go——

Let me but dry my eyes and I will go;  
Eudisia, this unhappy bride, shall go :  
Thus like a victim crown'd and doom'd to bleed,  
I'll wait you to the altar, wed the emp'ror,  
" And if he pleases lie within his arms."

*Leon.* Thou art my child again.

*Athen.* But do not, sir, imagine any charms  
Or threat'nings shall compel me  
Never to think of poor Varanes more :  
No, my Varanes ! no——

While I have breath I will remember thee ;  
To thee alone I will my thoughts confine,  
And all my meditations shall be thine :  
" The image of my woes my soul shall fill,  
" Fate and my end, and thy remembrance still.  
As in some popular shade the nightingale  
" With piercing moans does her lost young bewail,  
" Which the rough hind observing as they lay  
" Warm in their downy nest had stol'n away ;  
" But she in mournful sounds does still complain,  
" Sings all the night, tho' all her songs are vain,  
" And still renews her miserable strain."

Yes, my Varanes ! till my death comes on  
Shall sad Eudisia thy dear loss bemoan. [ *Exeunt.*

*Enter VARANES.*

*Var.* 'Tis night, dead night, and weary nature lies

So fast as if she never were to rise ;  
No breath of wind now whispers thro' the trees,  
No noise at land nor murmur in the seas ;  
“ Lean wolves forget to howl at night's pale noon,  
“ No wakeful dogs bark at the silent moon,  
“ Nor bay the ghosts that glide with horror by  
“ To view the caverns where their bodies lie ;  
“ The ravens perch and no presages give,  
“ Nor to the windows of the dying cleave ;  
“ The owls forget to scream ; no midnight sound  
“ Calls drowsy Echo from the hollow ground ;  
“ In vaults the walking fires extinguish'd lie,  
“ The stars, heaven's sentry, wink, and seem to die :”  
Such universal silence spreads below,  
Thro' the vast shades where I am doom'd to go,  
Nor shall I need a violence to wound,  
The storm is here that drives me on the ground ;  
Sure means to make the soul and body part,  
A burning fever and a broken heart.  
What, ho, Arantes !

*Enter ARANTES.*

I sent thee to th' apartment of Athenais——  
“ I sent thee,” did I not, “ to be admitted ?”  
*Aran.* You did, my lord ; but oh !  
I fear to give you an account.

*Mar.* Alas,  
Arantes ! I am got on t' other side  
Of this bad world, and now am past all fear.  
Oh, ye avenging gods ! is there a plague

Among your hoarded bolts and heaps of vengeance  
Beyond the mighty loss of Athenais?  
'Tis contradiction—Speak then, speak Arantes,  
For all misfortune, if compar'd with that,  
Will make Varanes smile——

*Aran.* My lord, the Empress  
Crown'd and adorn'd with the imperial robes,  
At this dead time of night, with silent pomp,  
As they design'd from all to keep it secret,  
But chiefly sure from you; I say, the empress  
Is now conducted by the general,  
Atticus, and her father, to the temple,  
There to espouse the Emperor Theodosius.

*Var.* Say'st thou? Is't certain? Ha!

*Aran.* Most certain, sir. I saw them in procession.

*Var.* Give me thy sword. Malicious Fate! Oh  
Fortune!

Oh giddy Chance! Oh turn of love and greatness!  
Marry'd—she has kept her promise now indeed;  
And oh! her pointed fame and nice revenge  
Have reach'd their end. No, my Arantes, no;  
I will not stay the lazy execution  
Of a slow fever. Give me thy hand, and swear  
By all the love and duty that thou ow'st me,  
T'observe the last commands that I shall give thee:  
Stir not against my purpose, as thou fear'st  
My anger and disdain; nor dare t'oppose me  
With troublesome unnecessary formal reasons,  
For what my thought has doom'd my hand shall seal.  
I charge thee hold it stedfast to my heart,

Fix'd as the fate that throws me on the point,  
Tho' I have liv'd a Persian, I will fall  
As fair, as fearless, and as full resolv'd,  
As any Greek or Roman of them all.

*Aran.* What you command is terrible, but sacred;  
And to atone for this too cruel duty,  
My lord, I'll follow you——

*Var.* I charge thee not;  
But when I am dead, take the attending slaves,  
And bear me with my blood distilling down  
Straight to the temple: lay me, oh, Arantes!  
Lay my cold corse at Athenais' feet,  
And say, oh why! why do my eyes run o'er?  
Say with my latest gasp I groan'd for pardon.  
Just here, my friend; hold fast, and fix the sword;  
I feel the art'ry where the lifeblood lies;  
It heaves against the point—Now, oh ye gods!  
If for the greatly wretched you have room  
Prepare my place; for dauntless lo I come:  
The force of love thus makes the mortal wound,  
And Athenais sends me to the ground. [*Kills himself.*]

---

### SCENE III.

*The outward Part of the Temple. Enter PULCHERIA  
and JULIA at one Door, MARCIAN and LUCIUS at  
another.*

"*Pulch.* Look, Julia, see the pensive Marcian comes:  
" 'Tis to my wish; I must no longer lose him,

“ Lest he should leave the court indeed. He looks  
“ As if some mighty secret work’d within him  
“ And labour’d for a vent—Inspire me, woman !  
“ That what my soul desires above the world  
“ May seem impos’d and forc’d on my affections.

“ *Luc.* I say she loves you, and she stays to hear it  
“ From your own mouth—Now, in the name  
“ Of all the gods, at once, my lord, why are you silent !  
“ Take heed, sir, mark your opportunity,  
“ For if the woman lays it, in your way  
“ And you o’ersee it she is lost for ever.

“ *Mar.* Madam, I come to take my eternal leave ;  
“ Your doom has banish’d me, and I obey.  
“ The court and I shake hands, and now we part,  
“ Never to see each other more ; the court  
“ Where I was born and bred a gentleman,  
“ No more, till your illustrious bounty rais’d me,  
“ And drew the earthborn vapour to the clouds :  
“ But as the gods ordain’d it I have lost,  
“ I know not how, thro’ ignorance, your grace ;  
“ And now the exhalation of my glory  
“ Is quite consum’d and vanish’d into air.

“ *Pülch.* Proceed, sir.

“ *Mar.* Yet let those gods that doom’d me to dis-  
please you  
“ Be witnesses how much I honour you——  
“ Thus worshipping, I swear by your bright self,  
“ I leave this infamous court with more content  
“ Than fools and flatt’ers seek it ; but, oh Heaven !  
“ I cannot go if still your hate pursues me !



- “ Yes, I declare it is impossible  
“ To go to banishment without your pardon.  
“ *Pulch.* You have it, Marcian : is there ought beside  
“ That you would speak, for I am free to hear.  
“ *Mar.* Since I shall never see you more, what hinders  
“ But my last words should here protest the truth :  
“ Know then, imperial princess, matchless woman !  
“ Since first you cast your eyes upon my meanness,  
“ Ev’n, till you rais’d me to my envi’d height,  
“ I have in secret lov’d you—  
“ *Pulch.* Is this Marcian !  
“ *Mar.* You frown, but I am still prepar’d for all :  
“ I say I lov’d you, and I love you still,  
“ More than my life, and equal to my glory.  
“ Methinks the warring spirit that inspires  
“ This frame, the very genius of old Rome,  
“ That makes me talk without the fear of death,  
“ And drives my daring soul to acts of honour,  
“ Flames in your eyes ; our thoughts too are akin  
“ Ambitious, fierce, and burn alike for glory.  
“ Now, by the gods, I lov’d you in your fury  
“ In all the thunder that quite riv’d my hopes ;  
“ I lov’d you most ev’n when you did destroy me.  
“ Madam, I’ve spoke my heart, and could say more,  
“ But that I see it grieves you ; your high blood  
“ Frets at the arrogance and saucy pride  
“ Of this bold vagabond—May the gods forgive me—  
“ Farewell—a worthier general may succeed me,  
“ But none more faithful to the emperor’s interest  
“ Than him you’re pleas’d to call the traitor Marcian.

*Pulch.* Come back; you've subtly play'd your part indeed;

" For first, the emperor, whom you lately school'd,  
" Restores you your commission; next commands you,  
" As you're a subject, not to leave the court :  
" Next, but, oh Heaven! which way shall I express  
" His cruel pleasure! he that is so mild  
" In all things else, yet obstinate in this,  
" Spite of my tears, my birth, and my disdain,  
" Commands me, as I dread his high displeasure,  
" Oh, Marcian! to receive you as my husband.

*Mar.* Ha, Lucius! what does my fate intend?

*Luc.* Pursue her, sir; 't is as I said: she yields,  
" And rages that you follow her no faster.

*Pulch.* Is then, at last, my great authority  
" And my intrusted power declin'd to this?  
" Yet, oh my fate! what way can I avoid it?  
" He charg'd me straight to wait him to the temple,  
" And there resolve, oh, Marcian! on this marriage  
" Now, gen'rous soldier, as you're truly noble,  
" Oh, help me forth, lost in this labyrinth;  
" Help me to loose this more than Gordian knot,  
" And make me and yourself for ever happy.

*Mar.* Madam, I'll speak as briefly as I can,  
" And as a soldier ought: the only way  
" To help this knot is yet to tie it faster.  
" Since then the emperor has resolv'd you mine,  
" For which I will for ever thank the gods,  
" And make this holiday throughout my life,  
" I take him at his word, and claim his promise;

“ The empire of the world shall not redeem you.  
 “ Nay, weep not, madam ; tho’ my outside’s rough,  
 “ Yet by those eyes your soldier has a heart  
 “ Compassionate and tender as a virgin’s ;  
 “ Ev’n now it bleeds to see those falling sorrows ;  
 “ Perhaps this grief may move the emperor  
 “ To a repentance : come then to the trial,  
 “ For by my arms, my life, and dearer honour,  
 “ If you go back when given me by his hand,  
 “ In distant wars my fate I will deplore,  
 “ And Marcian’s name shall ne’er be heard of more.”

---

SCENE IV.

*The Temple.* THEODOSIUS, ATHENAI8—ATTICUS  
*joining their hands*—MARCIAN, PULCHERIA, LU-  
 CIUS, JULIA, DELIA, &c. LEONTINE.

Attic. *The more than Gordian knot is ty’d,  
 Which Death’s strong arm shall ne’er divide,  
 For when to bliss ye wafted are,  
 Your spirits shall be wedded there :  
 Waters are lost and fires will die,  
 But love alone can fate defy.*

*Enter ARANTHES with the body of VARANES.*

Aran. Where is the empress ? where shall I find  
 Eudisia ?

By fate I’m sent to tell that cruel beauty  
 She has robb’d the world of fame : her eyes have given  
 A blast to the big blossom of the war ;

Behold him there nipp'd in his flow'ry morn,  
Compell'd to break his promise of a day,  
A day that conquest would have made her boast:  
Behold her laurel wither'd to the root,  
Canker'd and kill'd by Athenais' scorn.

*Athen.* Dead, dead, Varanes!

*Theo.* "Oh, ye eternal powers

"That guide the world! why do you shock our reason

"With acts like these, that lay our thoughts in dust!

"Forgive me, Heaven, this start, or elevate

"Imagination more, and make it nothing."

Alas, alas, Varanes! But speak, Arantes,

The manner of his fate. "Groans choke my words—

"But speak, and we will answer thee with tears."

*Aran.* His fever would, no doubt, by this have done  
What some few minutes past his sword perform'd.

He heard from me your progress to the temple,

How you design'd at midnight to deceive him

By a clandestine marriage: but my lord,

Had you beheld his racks at my relation,

Or had you empress seen him in those torments,

When from his dying eyes swol'n to the brim

The big round drops roll'd down his manly face,

When from his hollow'd breast a murmur'ing crowd

Of groans rush'd forth, and echo'd all is well;

Then had you seen him, oh ye cruel gods!

Rush on the sword I held against his breast,

And dye it to the hilt with these last words—

Bear me to Athenais——

*Athen.* Give me way my lord;

I have most strictly kept my promise with you:

I am your bride, and you can ask no more :  
 Or if you did I'm past the power to give—  
 But here, oh here ! on his cold bloody breast  
 Thus let me breathe my last.

*Theo.* Oh, empress ! what, what can this transport  
 mean ?

Are these our nuptials, these my promis'd joys ?

*Athen.* Forgive me, sir, this last respect I pay  
 These sad remains—and oh, thou mighty spirit !  
 If yet thou art not mingled with the stars,  
 Look down and hear the wretched Athenais,  
 When thou shalt know before I gave consent  
 To this indecent marriage, I had taken  
 Into my veins a cold and deadly draught,  
 “ Which soon would render me, alas ! unfit  
 “ For the warm joys of an imperial lover,  
 “ And make me ever thine, yet keep my word  
 “ With Theodosius,” wilt thou not forgive me ?

*Theo.* Poison'd, to free thee from the Emperor !  
 Oh, Athenais ! thou has done a deed  
 That tears my heart ! What have I done against thee  
 “ That thou should'st brand me thus with infamy  
 “ And everlasting shame ? thou might'st have made  
 “ Thy choice without this cruel act of death :  
 “ I left thee to thy will, and in requital  
 “ Thou hast murder'd all my fame.”

*Athen.* Oh, pardon me !  
 I lay my dying body at your feet,  
 And beg, my lord, with my last sighs intreat you,  
 T'impute the fault, if 't is a fault, to love,

And the ingratitude of Athenais,  
To her too cruel stars. Remember, too,  
I begg'd you would not let me see the prince,  
Presaging what has happen'd; yet my word  
As to our nuptials was inviolable.

*Theo.* Ha! she is going!—"see her languishing eyes  
"Draw in their beams!" the sleep of death is on her.

*Athen.* "Farewell, my lord." Alas, alas, Varanes!  
T' embrace thee now is not immodesty,  
Or if it were, I think my bleeding heart  
Would make me criminal in death to clasp thee,  
"Break all the tender niceties of honour  
"To fold thee thus, and warm thee into life,  
"For oh, what man like him could woman move!"  
Oh, prince belov'd! oh, spirit most divine!  
Thus by my death I give thee all my love,  
And seal my soul and body ever thine—— [*Dies.*

*Theo.* Oh, Marcian! oh, Pulcheria! did not the Power  
Whom we adore plant all his thunderbolts  
Against self-murd'ers, I would perish too;  
But as I am I swear to leave the empire.  
To thee, my sister, I bequeath the world,  
And yet a gift more great, the gallant Marcian:  
On then, my friend, now shew thy Roman spirit!  
As to her sex fair Athenais was  
Be thou of thine a pattern of true honour:  
Thus we'll atone for all the present crimes,  
That yet it may be said in aftertimes,  
No age with such examples could compare,  
So great, so good, so virtuous, and so fair. [*Exeunt.*

---

---

## EPILOGUE.

---

*THRICE happy they that never wrote before;  
How pleas'd and bold they quit the safer shore!  
Like some new captain of the city bands,  
That with big looks in Finsbury commands,  
Swell'd with huge ald he cries, Beat, beat the drum;  
Pox o' the French king! Uds-bud! let him come;  
Give me ten thousand red-coats and alloo!  
We'll firh his Crequi and his Conde too.  
Thus the young scribblers mankind's sense disdain,  
For ignorance is sure to make 'em vain;  
But far from vanity or dang'rous pride  
Our cautious Poet courts you to his side;  
For why should you be scorn'd, to whom are due  
All the good days that ever authors knew?  
If ever gay, 'tis you that make 'em fine;  
The pit and boxes make the poet dine,  
And he scarce drinks but of the critic's wine.  
Old writers should not for vain-glory strive,  
But like old mistresses think how to thrive;  
Be fond of ev'ry thing their keepers say,  
At least till they can live without a play;  
Like one who knows the trade and has been bit,  
She dotes and fawns upon her wealthy cit,  
And swears she loves him merely for his wit.*